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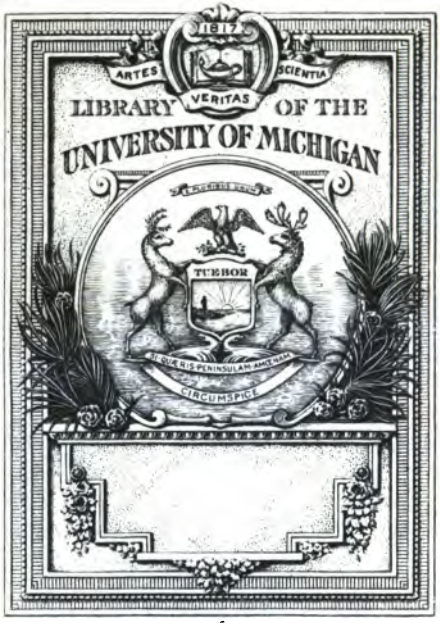
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"Alas!
If He that made us were extreme to mark
The trifled hour, what human soul could live?
We trifle all, and he who best deserves
Is but a trifler. What art thou whose eye
Follows my pen, or what am I that write?
Both trifers." HURDIS.

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PREFACE.

E.T. 9-7-2

Of the following Papers, the greater part have already been published, mostly in the New Monthly Magazine; and if the Author be asked why such productions, (many of them very frivolous in their nature,) should be preserved from that fate which condemns so much Literature of better quality to be strictly fugitive, he is really unprepared with an answer; unless it may be surmised that their very lightness may keep them awhile from sinking, as straws and bubbles will float upon those waters of oblivion, wherein things of greater weight and value are daily doomed to be engulphed. He may urge in extenuation, that he is only following the example of other Periodicalists, whose collections have been not unfavourably received by the Public:—and lastly, he may advance a plea which most Scribblers, whatever may be the opinion of their Readers, will consider valid,—that he ventures upon the present Work at the solicitation of his Publisher.

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

	Page
WINTER	1
The Englishman in France	13
Human Ossifrages	14
Pitcairn's Island	21
A Sprig of Spleenwort	27
Pleasant Illusions	36
The Culprit and the Judge	43
My Tea-Kettle	44
The Widow of the Great Army	53
The Spare Blanket	55
On Dancing	58
Song—To Fanny	68
On an Infant Smiling as it awoke	69
English Genealogy.—Sunday	70
On Noses	83
Walks in the Garden, No. I.	93
May Morning	104
Walks in the Garden, No. II.	117
Man, versified from an Apologue	127
Walks in the Garden, No. III.	128
Address to the Mummy at Belzoni's Exhibition	137
English Pride	140
Walks in the Garden, No. IV.	151
Coronation Extraordinary	158
Address to the Orange Tree at Versailles	165
The Cemetery of Père La Chaise, at Paris	168

Page

Sunday in Paris 179
Portrait of a Septuagenary 182
Address to the Alabaster Sarcophagus lately deposited in the British Museum 222
The Obliging Assassin 225
On Lips and Kissing 227
To a Log of Wood upon the Fire 237
The World 239
The First of March 249
Peter Pindarics.— The Milkmaid and the Banker . 250
——— The Farmer's Wife and the Gascon 251
The Eloquence of Eyes 254
The Lawyer and the Chimney Sweeper 262
Peter Pindarics.—The Surgeon and the House Painters 263
Advantages of having no Head 266
Letters from Paris, No. I.—Miss Mary Ball to Miss Jane Jenkins 273
——— No. II. 276
On Asses 280
Peter Pindarics.—The Auctioneer and the Lawyer . 287
——— The Gouty Merchant and the Stranger 290
The Cave of the Enchantress 291
Peter Pindarics.—The Fat Actor and the Rustic . 300
——— The Bank Clerk and the Stable Keepers 302
The Last of the Pigtails 304
Peter Pindarics.—Piron and the Judge of the Police . 313
——— The Farmer and the Counsellor . 315
——— The Collegian and the Porter . 317
Rousseau's Hermitage 320
Satirists of Women.—Chances of Female Happiness . 326
Advertisement for a Dedicatee 336
The Miseries of Reality 344

GAIETIES

AND

GRAVITIES.

WINTER.

THE mill-wheel 's frozen in the stream,
  The church is deck'd with holly,
Misletoe hangs from the kitchen-beam,
  To fright away melancholy:
Icicles clink in the milkmaid's pail,
  Younkers skate on the pool below,
Blackbirds perch on the garden rail,
  And hark, how the cold winds blow!

There goes the squire to shoot at snipe,
  Here runs Dick to fetch a log;
You'd swear his breath was the smoke of a pipe,
  In the frosty morning fog.
Hodge is breaking the ice for the kine,
  Old and young cough as they go,
The round red sun forgets to shine,
  And hark, how the cold winds blow!

IN short, winter is come at last—a mighty evil to the shivering hypochondriacs, who are glad to catch at any excuse to be miserable; but a visitation which, by

those who are in no actual danger of dining with Duke Humphrey, or of being driven, from lack of raiment, to join in the exclamation of poor Tom, may very appropriately be hailed in the language of Satan, "Evil, be thou my good!" The Spaniards have a proverb, that God sends the cold according to the clothes; and though the callousness and hardihood acquired by the ragged be the effect of exposure, and not an exemption from the general susceptibility, the adage is not the less true, and illustrates that beneficent provision of Nature, which, operating in various ways, compensates the poor for their apparent privations, converts the abused luxuries of the rich into severe correctives, and thus pretty nearly equalizes, through the various classes of mortals, the individual portions of suffering and enjoyment. In the distribution of the seasons, care seems to have been taken that mankind should have the full benefit of this system of equivalents. To an admirer of Nature, it is certainly melancholy to be no longer able to see the lusty green boughs wrestling with the wind, or dancing in the air to the sound of their own music; to lose the song of the lark, the nightingale, the blackbird, and the thrush; the sight of the waving corn, the green and flowery fields, the rich landscape, the blue and sunny skies. It appears a woeful contrast, when the glorious sun and the azure face of heaven are perpetually hidden from us by a thick veil of fog; when the poached and swampy fields are silent and desolate, and seem, with a scowl, to warn us off their premises; when the leafless trees stand like gaunt skeletons,

while their offspring leaves are lying at their feet, buried in a winding-sheet of snow. There is a painful sense of imposition, too, in feeling that you are paying taxes for windows which afford you no light; that for the bright and balmy breathings of Heaven, you are presented with a thick yellow atmosphere, which irritates your eyes, without assisting them to see. Well, I admit that we must betake ourselves, in-doors, to our shaded lamps and our snug fire-sides. There is no great hardship in that: but our minds are driven in-doors also, they are compelled to look inwards, to draw from their internal resources; and I do contend that this is the unlocking of a more glorious mental world, abundantly atoning for all our external annoyances, were they even ten times more offensive. That man must have a poor and frozen fancy who does not possess a sun and moon obedient to his own will, which he can order to arise with much less difficulty than he can ring up his servants on these dark mornings; and as to woods, lakes, and mountains, he who cannot conjure them up to his mind's eye with all their garniture and glory, as glibly as he can pronounce the words, may depend upon it that he is—no conjurer. It is well known, that in our dreams objects are presented to us with more vivid brilliancy and effect than they ever assume to our ordinary perceptions, and the imaginary landscapes that glitter before us in our waking dreams are unquestionably more enchanting than even the most picturesque reality. They are poetical exaggerations of beauty, the *beau idéal* of Nature. Then is it that a vivacious

and creative faculty springs up within us, whose omnipotent and magic wand, like the sword of harlequin, can convert a Lapland hut into the Athenian Parthenon, and transform the desolate snow-clad hills of Siberia, with their boors and bears, into the warm and sunny vale of the Thessalian Tempè, where, through the glimpses of the pines, we see a procession of shepherds and shepherdesses marching to offer sacrifice in the temple of Pan, while the air brings to us, at intervals, the faint sound of the hymn they are chanting. There was nothing ridiculous in the saying of the clown, who complained that he could not see London for the houses. Mine is a similar predicament in the month of June; I cannot see such landscapes as I have been describing, on account of the trees and fields that surround me. The real shuts out the ideal. The Vale of Health upon Hampstead Heath deprives me, for months together, of the Vale of Tempè; and the sand-boys and girls, with their donkies, drive away Pegasus upon a full gallop, and eject the nymphs and fauns from the sanctuary of my mind. The corporeal eye puts out the mental one: I am obliged to take pastoral objects as they present themselves, and to believe the hand-writing on the finger-posts which invariably and solemnly assert that I am within four miles of London, and not in "Arcady's delicious dales," on the "vine-covered hills and gay valleys of France," or in Italy's "love-breathing woods, and lute-resounding waves." But when the fields around me are covered with snow, and fogs and darkness are upon the land, I exclaim with Milton,

"so much the rather thou, shine inward, light divine;" and, betaking myself to my fire-side, lo! the curtain is drawn up, and all the magnificent scenery of classic realms and favoured skies bursts upon my vision, with an overpowering splendour. Talk not to me of the inspiration and rapture diffused around Parnassus and Helicon; of the poetic intoxication derived from quaffing the "dews of Castaly,"—"the true, the blushful Hippocrene,"—or "Aganippe's rill." I boldly aver, that Apollo himself walking amid the groves of the muse-haunted mountain, never shook such radiant inspiration from his locks as often gushes from the bars of a register-stove, when the Pierian "Wall's End" or "Russel's Main" has had its effulgence stimulated by a judiciously applied poker; and as to potable excitements of genius, I will set the single port of Canton against the whole of European and Asiatic Greece, and am prepared to prove, that more genuine Parnassian stimulus has emanated from a single chest of eight-shilling black tea, than from all the rills and founts of Arcady, Thessaly, and Bœotia. I am even seriously inclined to doubt whether the singing of the nightingale has ever awakened so much enthusiasm, or dictated so many sonnets, as the singing of the tea-kettle.

December is the true pastoral month. For my part, I consider my Christmas summer as having just set in. It was but last night that I enjoyed my first Italian sunrise. I was sitting, or rather standing, with my shoulders supported against a chesnut-tree, about half way down the slope of the celebrated

Vallombrosa, watching the ascent of the great luminary of day, whose coming was announced by that greenish hue in the horizon, which so often attends his uprising in cloudless climates. In the opposite quarter of the heavens, the pale moon was still visible; while the morning star, twinkling and twinkling, appeared struggling for a few moments' longer existence, that it might just get one peep at the sun. Behind me the tufted tops of the chesnut woods began to be faintly illumined with the ray; while the spot where I stood, and the rest of the vale, were still enveloped in a grey shade. Immediately opposite to me, two young shepherds had plucked up a wattle from the fold, and as their sheep came bleating forth, they stood on each side of the opening, singing, in a sort of measured chant, alternate stanzas from the Orlando Furioso. They had chosen that part of the 8th book, where Angelica is carried, by magic art, into a desolate island; and in the pride of my Italian lore, and my anxiety to "warble immortal verse and Tuscan air," I was on the very point of taking up the story, and quoting the uncourteous treatment she encountered from the licentious old Hermit, when——a gust of cold wind blowing in under the door of my room puffed out my sun, and a drop of half-frozen water falling from the ceiling upon my head, owing to the derangement of a pipe in the chamber above, simultaneously extinguished my moon! Ever while you live, let your parlour be an oblong square, with the door *in one corner*, and the fire-place in the centre of the farther end, by which means you will have two snug fire-side places, secure from these

reverie-breaking draughts of air; and if, before tuneing up your wind-pipe, you were just to take a look at the water-pipe, you need not, like me, be subject to the demolition of the loveliest sunrise that was ever invisible. Such are the casualties to which the most prudent visionaries are exposed: but are the plodding fellows of fact and reality a whit more secure of their enjoyments? I appeal to every man who has really visited the classic spot from which I was thus ejected without any legal notice, whether a cloud, a storm, the heat of the sun, or some other interruption, has not frequently driven him from the contemplation of a beautiful landscape which he has in vain endeavoured to resume under equally favourable circumstances. His position, somehow or other, presents the same objects in a less picturesque combination; the day is not so propitious; either there is less amenity and richness in the light, or the tints have decidedly altered for the worse; in short, his first view, as compared with the second, is Hyperion to a Satyr. Now mark the advantages of the fire-side landscape over that of the open fields. No sooner had I retrimmed my lamp, rendered doubly necessary by the extinction of my sun and moon; composed myself afresh in my arm-chair, and fixed my eyes steadfastly upon the fire-shovel, which happened to stand opposite,—than the whole scene of Vallombrosa, the god of day climbing over the mountains, the chesnut-woods, and the spouting shepherds, gradually developed themselves anew with all the effulgence and exact individuality of the first impression. The sun had stood still for me without

a miracle, and continued immovable until I had time to transfer the whole gorgeous prospect upon the canvas of my brain. There it remains; it is mine in perpetual possession, and no new Napoleon can take it down and carry it off to the Louvre. It is deeply and ineffaceably engraved upon my sensorium; lithographed upon the tablet of my memory, there to remain while Reason holds her seat. To me it is a portion of eternity enclosed within a frame; a landscape withdrawn from the grand gallery of Heaven, and hung up for ever in one of the chambers of my brain. Neither age nor mildew, nor heat nor cold, can crack its varnish, or dim the lustre of its tints.

> Fear no more the heat of the sun,
> Nor the furious winter's rages;
> Thou thy worldly task hast done,
> Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.

The "*exegi monumentum*," and other valedictory vain-glories of the classic poets, were very safe auguries, for they were either altogether unknown, or known to be true:

> Both bound together, live or die,
> The writing and the prophecy.

But I run still less risk in predicting the durability of my imaginary painting, for I can neither injure nor destroy it, even if I had the inclination. In all ethical, moral and didactic writings, how unceasingly are we reminded of the frailness and evanescence of human possessions—a truth which is inculcated upon us as we walk the streets, by those silent monitors,

sun-dials and tombstones. Who ever read Shirley's beautiful poem beginning

> "The glories of our earthly state
> Are shadows, not substantial things,"

without a deep and solemn conviction of the utter vanity and fugaciousness of all mortal grandeur; without feeling that it was perishable as the reflection of the world upon a bubble, insubstantial as the shadow of smoke upon the water? Such is the slippery nature of realities; but whoever urged this objection against the imperishable visions of the brain? You may as well talk of cutting a ghost's throat, as of cutting down any of the trees which I now see nodding in my ideal landscape, and which will continue to wave their green heads, spite of all the mortgagees and woodmen in existence. Show me the terra-firma in Yorkshire that can with impunity make such a boast as this. Mine is an estate upon which I can reside all the year round, and laugh at the Radicals and Spenceans, while the *bonâ fide* landholders are only redeeming their acres from the grasp of those hungry philanthropists, that they may be devoured piecemeal by the more insatiable maw of the poor's-rates. Fortresses and bulwarks are not half so secure as my little mental domain, with no other protection than its ring-fence of evergreens. Is there a castle upon earth that has not, at some period, been taken; and did you ever know a castle in the air that *was?* As the traveller, when he beheld the Colisæum in ruins, remarked that there was nothing stable and immutable at Rome except the river, which

had been continually running away; so I maintain that no human possession is positive and steadfast, except that which is in its nature aërial and unembodied. With these impressions, I should think rather the better of my theory, if it were proved to be inconsistent with facts; and should assert more strenuously than ever, that the moral is more solid than the physical, and that abstractions are the only true realities.

But methinks I hear some captious reader exclaim—"What is the value, after all, of your ideal landscape? it is a picture of nothing; and the more it is like, the less you must like it." Pardon me, courteous reader. Some sapient critic, in noticing Hunt's story of Rimini, (which with all the faults of its last canto is a beautiful and interesting poem,) remarks tauntingly that we may guess at the fidelity of the Italian descriptions of scenery, when the author had never wandered beyond the confines of Highgate and Hampstead Heath. So much the better. He never undertook to give us a fac-simile of Nature's Italian hand-writing, or a portrait of any particular spot; but to present the general features of the country, embellished with such graces as his fancy enabled him to bestow: and unless it be argued that every local prospect is incapable of improvement, it must be admitted that combination and invention are preferable to mere accuracy of copying. As well might it be objected to the statuaries who chiseled the Apollo Belvedere and Venus de Medici out of blocks of marble, that they had never seen a god or a goddess.

We may reasonably doubt whether the author of the Laocoon group ever saw a man and his three sons enwreathed by serpents; and we may be sure that if he had, and attempted to give a faithful and close delineation of the spectacle, he would not have succeeded half so well as he has. Such matter-of-fact critics might quarrel with Dante for never having been in Hell, and with Milton for not having visited Paradise before he presumed to describe it. Away with these plodders with scissars and shears, who would clip the wings of imagination! If we may snatch a grace beyond the reach of art, so may we snatch one beyond the reach of nature; and if I could be transported *in propriâ personâ* to the scene of my Italian landscape, I have little doubt that I should gaze around me with disappointment, and finally prefer the imaginary to the real scene.

From the operation of this benevolent system of equivalents springs the variety of national character, which depends in a great degree upon climate. Luxuriating in the deliciousness of warm suns, cloudless skies, beautiful scenery, and a soil spontaneously fertile, the Italian finds happiness enough in his external impressions, and, considering the *dolce far niente* as the *summum bonum* of existence, suffers his spirit to evaporate through his senses, and dreams away life in a kind of animal listlessness. An Englishman is obliged to draw upon his mind for the gratifications denied to his body, and apply to his fire-side for the warmth withheld from him by the sun: hence the two distinguishing traits of his character—mental

activity and domestic virtue. It is astonishing that nobody has thought of constructing an Intellectual Reaumur, graduated according to the degrees of cold, and shewing at one glance how much literary talent may be calculated upon in the different capitals of Europe. Up to a certain point acuteness would increase with the rigour of the climate; and in all of the knotty and abstruse problems of metaphysics, Edinburgh would be found at a higher pitch than London. There appears to be something in a Scotchman's brain equivalent to the gastric juice in his stomach, which enables him to digest, decompound, and resolve into their primitive elements, the most stubborn and intractable propositions. I should be disposed to assign to Edinburgh the post of honour upon this scale, and to consider this distinction as conferring upon it a much better claim to the title of the Northern Athens, than the fancied resemblance between the Calton Hill and the Acropolis. Farther north, both mind and body must be expected to degenerate; and I should no more dream of ideas flowing from the benumbed scull of a Laplander or a Kamschatkan, than of water gushing from a frozen plug. If my conjecture as to the influence of climate in forming the Italian character be correct, it may perhaps be asked, since the temperature has been in all ages equally luxurious, how I account for their ancestors having built Rome and conquered the world. He is no genuine theorist who cannot annihilate both time and space to reconcile contradictions. But I am not driven to this necessity, as I have only to adopt

the theory lately promulgated by Mr. Galiffe, who, because the grammars of the Russian and Roman languages are both without any article, and the foundations of some of the most ancient cities in each country are exactly similar in structure, boldly pronounces that Rome was founded by a colony of Muscovites. Braced with all the vigour of a northern temperament, they had time to extend their empire to the extremities of the earth, and rear the magnificent edifices of Rome, before they began to experience the degenerating effects of the climate. In fact they were only an earlier eruption of Goths and Vandals, and did not properly become Italians until about the period of the decline and fall. So far, therefore, from militating against my theory, they afford a beautiful confirmation of its accuracy.

THE ENGLISHMAN IN FRANCE.

A FRENCHMAN seeing as he walk'd
  A friend of his across the street,
Cried "Hem!" exactly as there stalk'd
An Englishman along the road,
  One of those Johnny Bulls we meet
In every sea-port town abroad,
  Prepared to take and give offence,
Partly, perhaps, because they speak
About as much of French as Greek,
  And partly from the want of sense!

The Briton thought this exclamation
Meant some reflection on his nation,

So bustling to the Frenchman's side,
"Mounseer Jack Frog," he fiercely cried,
"Pourquoi vous faire 'Hem!' quand moi passe?"
Eyeing the querist with his glass,
The Gaul replied, "Monsieur God-dem,
Pourquoi vous passe quand moi faire 'Hem?'"

HUMAN OSSIFRAGES.*

"Here's fine revolution, an' we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding but to play at loggats with them? Mine ache to think on't." *Hamlet.*

It was the latter end of April, which was ripening with a genial warmth into May; the flowers were every where emerging into the gaiety of the landscape that surrounded me, like young belles *coming out* for the first time at a ball-room; while the bees, like so many beaus, not only fluttered and sung around them, but occasionally kissed the honey from their lips with all that frankness of innocent enjoyment which is visibly inculcated by Nature: the south wind went merrily along, singing to the boughs "like a piping bacchanal amid the flowers;" birds and insects were enjoying in the sunny air their renovated being, new vegetation was gushing from bud and blossom, the ants were creeping out of the crevices of the soil; it appeared as

---

* That species of eagle termed the ossifrage or ospray is thus called from its breaking the bones of animals in order to feed upon them.

if re-animation was exuding from every pore of Nature, while her face seemed to be lighted up with a conscious smile, as if her mighty heart thrilled with complacent joy at the universal happiness she was diffusing.—A *smoky* shower, to use one of Chaucer's picturesque words, instead of disturbing, gave a keener relish to my sensations; for nothing is more delightful at this season than to contemplate in the quick alternations of rain and sunshine, carefully watering and warming the earth, the manifest presence of Nature, " dressing her plants visibly," as the author of The Months elegantly observes, " like a lady at her window." We want no miraculous handwriting on the wall, for he who can fail to perceive it on the earth in the punctual recurrence of this vernal process must be wilfully blind. For my own part, I can scarcely help imagining upon these occasions that the visible arm of the Creator is outstretched from the heavens to till and cultivate the beautiful garden of the world, and so dispense sustenance and delight, corn, fruit and flowers, to the innumerable beings, human and animal, whom he has called into existence.

Spring is undoubtedly the most exhilarating of all seasons, not only from its moral associations and promises of a flowery future, but from certain involuntary impulses arising from a quickened circulation and developement of the senses, wherein we sympathise physically with the vegetable and animal kingdoms. But there is nothing gloomy in any period or appearance of Nature. To the superficial observer indeed, who has seen the winds of April rocking as it were the cradle

of the young flowers, and breathing the breath of life into birds and insects, it may appear melancholy to follow them to their graves in the great funeral procession of autumn; but in the beautiful provisions of our system there is in reality no such thing as death. Nature's great business is reproduction; and as she works always upon the same materials, spirit and matter, life and extinction, one organisation and another, are perpetually interchanging substances and natures without any annihilation of either. With all due deference to Shakspeare, "Imperial Cæsar dead and turned to clay" might be converted to nobler purposes than those which Hamlet has assigned; for there is no product or element of Nature with which he may not have become renewed and blended under the vivifying and mysterious mouldings of her hand—

"The leprous corpse, touch'd by this spirit tender,
Exhales itself in flowers of gentle breath;
Like incarnations of the stars when splendour
Is changed to fragrance, they illumine death,
And mock the merry worm that wakes beneath:
Nought we know dies. Shall that alone which knows,
Be as a sword consumed before the sheath
By sightless lightning?" *

If Pythagoras had limited his system of transmigration to the body instead of the soul, he would not have been very remote from the truth; for he might have drawn from Nature abundant analogy for his

* Shelley's *Adonais*.

theory. The rains that fall to reascend in sap are but so much future leaves and flowers; wine is simply bottled sunshine and showers; corruption puts on incorruption, and even yonder dunghill, which has already passed through various stages of incarnation, is destined to others in the ceaseless round of reproduction, and changing into beauty, fragrance, and life, shall either be converted into tulips and roses, flutter in the air in the form of butterflies and moths, or reassuming a vegetable being, become again incorporated with men, beasts, or birds.

Never proposing to myself any definite object in my rural rambles, I know not whither they will conduct me, sometimes strolling to the uplands, at another roaming along the valleys, and not unfrequently exemplifying the "scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus" of Horace by plunging into the woods, and exclaiming as I stretch myself beneath the trees—

> "Here let me, careless and unthoughtful lying,
> Hear the soft winds above me flying,
> With all the wanton boughs dispute,
> And the more tuneful birds to both replying;
> Nor be myself, too, mute."

It is exactly the same in writing. I begin with one intention, and end with another; start for Cornwall, and am carried away by some freak of the pen to Harwich or the Highlands. The dunghill which I just now introduced by way of illustration has occasioned a new subject to shoot up in my imagination, and determined me to write a profound essay on the very interesting subject of manure! Not that I mean to be

stercoraceous and agrestick, as if I were inditing for the Farmer's Journal;—no, I shall endeavour, like Virgil, "to toss my dung about with an air of dignity," in which I have the better chance of succeeding, inasmuch as the material upon which I am about to dilate is no fat and filthy compost, but a curious and cleanly powder. Very few are probably aware that there is every year a considerable importation of bones from the Continent, which are crushed and used for manure; many an English farmer thus realizing towards his continental neighbours the well-known threat of the Giant to little Jack and his companions—"I'll grind their bones to make me bread," and affording at the same time a new and more striking illustration of that system of reproduction from old materials to which I have already alluded. Residing upon the eastern coast, and farming a considerable extent of country, I have made repeated and careful experiments with this manure; and as the mode of burial in many parts of the Continent divides the different classes into appropriated portions of the churchyard, I have been enabled, by a little bribery to sextons and charnel-house men, to obtain specimens of every rank and character, and to ascertain with precision their separate qualities and results for the purposes of the farmer, botanist, or common nurseryman. These it is my purpose to communicate to the reader, who may depend upon the caution with which the different tests were applied, as well as upon the fidelity with which they are reported.

A few cartloads of citizen's bones gave me a luxu-

riant growth of London pride, plums, Sibthorpia or base money-wort, mud-wort, bladder-wort, and mushrooms; but for laburnum or golden chain I was obliged to select a lord mayor. Hospital bones supplied me with cyclamen in any quantity, which I intermixed with a few seeds from the Cyclades Islands, and the scurvy-grass came up spontaneously; while manure from different fields of battle proved extremely favourable to the hæmanthus or blood-flower, the trumpet-flower and laurel, as well as to widow-wail and cypress. A few sample sculls from the poet's corner of a German abbey furnished poet's cassia, grass of Parnassus, and bays in about equal quantities, with wormwood, crab, thistle, stinging-nettle, prickly holly, teazel, and loose-strife. Courtiers and ministers, when converted into manure, secured an ample return of jack-in-a-box, service-apples, climbers, supplejacks, parasite plants, and that species of sun-flower which invariably turns to the rising luminary. Nabobs form a capital compost for hepatica, liver-wort, spleen-wort, hips, and pine; and from those who had three or four stars at the India House I raised some particularly fine China asters. A good show of adonis, narcissus, jessamine, cockscomb, dandelion, monkey-flower, and buckthorn, may be obtained from dandies, although they are apt to encumber the ground with tickweed; while a good drilling with *dandisettes* is essential to those beds in which you wish to raise Venus's looking-glass, Venus's catchfly, columbines, and love-apples. A single dressing of jockies will ensure you a quick return of horse-mint, veronica or speedwell, and colt's-foot; and a

very slight layer of critics suffices for a good thick spread of scorpion senna, viper's bugloss, serpent's tongue, poison-nut, nightshade, and hellebore. If you are fond of raising stocks, manure your beds with jobbers; wine-merchants form the most congenial stimulant for sloes, fortune-hunters for the marygold and golden-rod, and drunkards for Canary wines, mad-wort and horehound. Failing in repeated attempts to raise the chaste tree from the bones of nuns, which gave me nothing but liquorice-root, I applied those of a dairy-maid, and not only succeeded perfectly in my object, but obtained a good crop of butter-wort, milk-wort, and heart's ease. I was equally unsuccessful in raising any sage, honesty, or everlasting from monks; but they yielded a plentiful bed of monk's hood, jesuit's bark, medlars, and cardinal flowers. My importation of shoemakers was unfortunately too scanty to try their effect upon a large scale, but I contrived to procure from them two or three ladies' slippers. As schoolboys are raised by birch, it may be hardly necessary to mention, that when reduced to manure they return the compliment; but it may be useful to make known as widely as possible, that dancing-masters supply the best hops and capers, besides quickening the growth of the citharexylum or fiddle-wood. For your mimosas or sensitive plants there is nothing better than a layer of novel-readers, and you may use up the first bad author that you can disinter for all the poppies you may require. Coffee-house waiters will keep you supplied in cummin; chronologists furnish the best dates, post-office men serve well for

rearing scarlet-runners, poulterers for hen-bane, tailors for cabbage, and physicians for truffles, or any thing that requires to be quickly buried. I could have raised a few bachelors' buttons from the bones of that class; but as nobody cares a button for bachelors, I did not think it worth while. As a general remark it may be noticed, that young people produce the passion-flower in abundance, while those of a more advanced age may be beneficially used for the elder-tree, the sloe, and snapdragon; and with respect to different nations, my experiments are only sufficiently advanced to enable me to state that Frenchmen are favourable to garlic, and that Poles are very good for hops. Of mint I have never been able to raise much; but as to thyme, I have so large a supply, as the reader will easily perceive, that I am enabled to throw it away; and as he may not possibly be in a similar predicament, I shall refer him for the rest of my experiments to the records of the Horticultural Society.

PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.

——— Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer cloud,
Without our special wonder?

SHAKSPEARE.

IN the Spring of last year I landed with a watering party from the American brig Washington upon the remote Island of Pitcairn, where the mutineers of the

Bounty have establised a colony of English faces, and awakened echoes of the English tongue, amid the unexplored solitudes of the great Pacific Ocean. To me as a Briton every thing I beheld was intensely interesting;—the recognised countenances of my country, as exhibited in the male population—the soft skins and olive hue of the elderly females—the blended characteristics of both races in the younger inhabitants of either sex—the incipient corruption of the language by the adoption of Otaheitean terms and pronunciation—the strange incongruous union of civilization and barbarism,—were all so many distinct objects of curious speculation. Declining the proffered hospitality of the natives, I struck inland towards a hill at some distance, from whose summit I conjectured that I could easily command the whole limited extent of the country. On the side where I ascended there were but partial marks of cultivation, but the whole surface was a natural garden of palm, cocoa-nut, banana, and plantain trees, interspersed with guava and orange; and never had I beheld a more magnificent sun-set than that which burst upon my vision when I gained the top. Not a cloud floated in the horizon—the great orb of fire seemed to be sinking into an ocean of molten gold, the glowing waves heaving towards the shore with a slow and majestic undulation, while the sky exhibited every gradation of tint from the intensity of light to the rosy flushes and mellow purple of evening. While I was yet gazing, another and more silvery light seemed to steal across the heavens; and turning to the opposite quarter, I beheld the full moon

ascending with solemn splendour, although the rival luminary was yet more than half visible. Such was the transparency of the atmosphere, that notwithstanding this plenitude of light, the planets and constellations already began to sparkle in their blue depths with a fullness of brilliancy unknown in our northern latitudes. One might have thought it was a jubilee in heaven—that all its glorious magnificence was put forth; and as I contemplated the sky, and sea, and earth, and all the sublime pageant of creation, I felt lifted above humanity and its petty thoughts, and brought into a holy and ineffable communion with the great Creator.

Descending on the opposite side of the hill, whose broken and uneven declivity presently reconducted me towards the shore, I sat myself down at the foot of a projecting rock, from which a cascade fell into a beautiful little lake, and flowing out again at the other extremity in the form of a meandering runnel, was presently lost in the sea. Tufts of scattered water-lilies alternately caught and lost the brightness of the moonbeam as they danced upon the troubled surface of the waves in the vicinity of the cascade; and towards the centre of the lake there was a pigmy island of not more than twenty yards diameter. Nature seemed to have wrought every thing in miniature, yet with a surpassing beauty and exquisite proportion. Notwithstanding the rich verdure of the little floating garden, and the garland of flowers with which it was belted round, I observed in the middle one of those barren circles denominated Fairy-rings; and while I was wondering

whether those tiny elves ever visited this sequestered and romantic nook, and in what language they would be found to discourse if their parleyings became audible to mortal ears, I heard a low and mellow symphony, as if of Eolian harps, but withal more musical and delicate. Looking round to discover its source, I could behold nothing but the serene and silent moon, from whose full orb a bar of rippling light ran along the sea, appearing to terminate at my very feet. A schoolboy might have fancied that he was holding an illuminated kite by a cord of silver, and Endymion would gladly have favoured the same imagination that he might send his heart up as a messenger to the goddess whom it adored. For myself, I could only dream that I was brought by that connecting stream of light into some sort of communication with the inhabitants of the moon, if such indeed there be, or at all events with the traditionary old man who sits in that desolate sphere with no other accompaniments than his lantern and bush.

Again the same symphony breathed around me, appearing now to proceed from the little island, towards which I turned; and as I beheld the hyacinths and snowdrops, campanulas and lilies of the valley, all shaking their little white bells in the breeze, I could not help conceiting that from their silvery turrets they had rung out that floral music upon the wind, so liquid was it, so sweet and gracious, so like some rich spontaneous modulation of the air. But who shall describe my astonishment when, in the midst of the magic circle I have before mentioned, and in the full

lustre of the moonbeams, I beheld a company of fairies surrounding one who lay extended as if in death, and who, from the crown upon his head which shook out a dazzling splendour, appeared to have been their king. She whom I conjectured to be their queen, advancing before the others, knelt down beside the body, and placing her hand upon its bosom, exclaimed in a bird-like voice, but infinitely "more tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,"—

"Feel his heart,—'tis cold as stone!
He's dead—dead—quite dead and gone!
While in a water-lily sleeping,
Down came the mountain-torrent sweeping,
And, before my love could fly,
Dash'd him on the rocks—to die!"

Hereupon the symphony was renewed, and the rest of the company gathering round the mourner, endeavoured to console her in the following choral dirge:—

"Mourn no longer his mishap,—
Move, oh move him from thy lap;
Braid no more his golden locks,
All dishevell'd by the rocks,
And his face of marble hue
With thy tears no more bedew.
All our fairy troops shall hover
Round the hearse that bears thy lover,
And his bright remains shall be
Sepulchred right royally."

But the widowed Queen of Shadows ejaculated in a tone of still more impassioned grief—

"From these arms he shall not stir,
These shall be his sepulchre;

Come, my love—look up—behold,—
Again to my breast
Thy cheek is press'd:
Oh! how cold—how shuddering cold!"—

No sooner had she ceased than the attendants resumed their consolatory chaunt.

"For a winding-sheet we'll take
Leaf of lily from the lake:—
Silver shell of nautilus
Shall his coffin be—and thus
Will we see him tomb'd afar
In some silent cave of spar,
Where a glow-worm in an urn
Of chrystal for a lamp shall burn.
His toll-bell shall the death-watch ring,
Humming birds his dirge shall sing,
And for banners he shall have
Tulips waving o'er his grave.
Thus shall he enshrined be,
Royally—right royally."

Gazing upwards with a look of appealing grief, the disconsolate Queen exclaimed—

"Must I leave him?—Never, never!
Lay me by his side for ever,
For my bosom's thrilling smart
Tells me,—oh, my heart! my heart!"

Still the mourner would have spoken,
But, alas! her heart was broken;—
Still her scarlet lips she stirr'd,
But their music was not heard:
Prone she fell upon her lover,
Heaved a sigh—and all was over!

Methougnt a wailful cry was uttered by the whole assemblage, followed by a sad and strange funereal mu-

sic, which was suddenly interrupted by the loud barking of a dog; when I found that the volume of Shakspeare in which I had been reading the Midsummer Night's Dream, having fallen from my hand upon my pointer's head, he had instantly dissipated my reverie, and most unwelcomely hurried me back from the Pacific Ocean, and the dreams of imagination, to the dull and dusty reality of my chambers in Gray's Inn Square.

A SPRIG OF SPLEENWORT.

"A fancy would sometimes take a Yahoo to retire into a corner, to lie down and howl and groan, and spurn away all that came near him, although he were young and fat, wanted neither food nor water; nor did the servant imagine what could possibly ail him. And the only remedy they found was to set him to hard work; after which he would infallibly come to himself." SWIFT.

IF the only rational animal were not by far the most unreasonable of beings, we should never have heard so many lugubrious complaints about the wretched lot and miserable destiny of man. Moralists and divines, with the intention of impressing the probationary nature of our existence, have harped upon this strain *usque ad nauseam;* for it may be doubted whether their doctrine be perfectly salutary in its tendency, while it is clear that it is by no means tenable as to truth. Ingratitude and discontent can never be the constituents of virtue, nor can our unhappiness in this world confer upon us the smallest

additional claim to happiness in the next. If it be self-inflicted, we may rather presume the contrary; and it is our interest to favour this impression, for however prone we may be to indulge in mental sufferings and despondency, there are very few of us who would attempt to compete in bodily anguish with the Hindoo fanatics who keep their hands clasped till the nails grow out at the back, hang before a slow fire with their faces downwards, or while they swing upon hooks suspended from elevated beams, shower down flowers upon their admirers, as if in the act of beatitude. *Ille placet Deo cui placet Deus*, says St. Augustine; Addison asserts that "Cheerfulness is the best hymn to the Divinity," and in fact it is impious to suppose that the Great Father of mankind, whose benignity and love so strikingly pervade universal Nature, could delight in the misery of his children, or have created them for other purposes than those of virtuous enjoyment.

Let us consider the fate of this unhappy creature in the abstract. We, whose lot is cast in the temperate regions of the earth, have at least no reason to complain of the habitation provided for us. We might have been freezing under the pole, or scorched beneath the torrid zone: this forms at least one ground of gratitude.

Who can place limits to the gratifications which may be administered to us through the senses alone, inferior as they are to those of the mind? Nature has been prodigal in supplying delights, and the ingenuity of man has been unceasingly occupied in con-

tributing to their increase or modification. A whole world of pleasure is perpetually streaming into us through the eye, to whose sensations the green livery of Nature has been rendered peculiarly grateful and refreshing. This little organ, like the vases of the Belides, is never filled, although perpetually replenished; and we pass from the contemplation of natural beauties to the study of artificial ones,—from the ever-changing landscape, heavens and sea, to the endless succession of buildings, statues and paintings, as if the day were too short for its enjoyments. When the bodily eye is shut the mental vision is opened, and the same sights are again presented to us, heightened to the exquisite of ideal perfection, or made attractive by every species of grotesque and fantastic combination. What a succession of pleasant tattoos are perpetually beating upon the tiny drum of the ear, from the siren mouth of Beauty, "warbling immortal verse and Tuscan air," or the rich harmonies of "song and cymbal, cithern, harp and lute," "in many a bout of linked sweetness long drawn out," to the symphonious concert of the birds, the music of the winds, "the murmuring woodlands, the resounding shore," or that "deep and dreadful organ-pipe—the thunder!" Is there a fish, bird, or animal in any of the elements, or one of the corners of the world, however remote, which has not been rendered subservient to the indulgences of our palate; while earth spreads before us a never-ending banquet of inanimate productions, stretching up her branching hands from the ground, and pouring into our mouths corn, wine, and

honey, with a thousand varieties of fruit and vegetable luxury? And that they may not leave a single sense ungratified, do not the greater part of them emit delicious fragrance, while myriads of flowers impregnate the very winds with odours the most exquisite? Yet these ministerings to the sense, manifold and voluptuous as they are, were always meant to be kept in subjection to the enjoyments provided for the celestial part of this lord of the creation! Pleasures of bodily perception he shares with the beasts that perish; but what a new creation of unbounded beatitude is opened to him by the possession of the reasoning faculty, and the consciousness of an immortal soul! The consolations of religion—the delights of literature—the joys that emanate from the head and heart—books and intellectual society, friendship and domestic bliss,—every one of these is an inexhaustible source of joy, whose runnels and streamlets it would require a separate essay to specify; and yet the happy creature who combines them all with the keen though subordinate delights of sense—who is placed in the midst of this transitory paradise under a promise that if he walks in that path which imparts the most intense enjoyment to existence, he may exchange it for an eternal one,—dares, in the blindness of ingratitude, to murmur at his fate! It only depends upon himself to be a demi-god, and to convert the world into an elysium.

——————— "Let us but strive
To love our fellow-men as heaven loves us,
(Which is true piety,) and earth will seem
Itself a heaven."—

'That the quantity of human happiness actually enjoyed is less than might be fairly presumable from the above premises, and the circumstances in which man is placed, cannot be controverted; but it is the creature who has frustrated the benevolent intentions of the Creator. Artificial modes of existence, imaginary wants, luxury, excess, and all those sophistications which highly civilized life introduces, undoubtedly tend to destroy, or at least vitiate, our susceptibility to natural and simple pleasures. Of the laws which regulate the mysterious union of mind and matter we know little or nothing: experience teaches us, however, that the health of the sentient faculty is governed by that of our organisation; and as most of the upper classes of society dedicate their bodies to indolence, indulgence, and injurious habits foreign to the original purposes of Nature, we may fairly presume that their minds are in a morbid state of inaptitude to their fair portion of happiness. Tædium, spleen, vapours, blue-devils and megrims of the spirit, are consequently the ordinary characteristics of these ranks,—the taxes paid for their privileges; but they are by no means the inevitable concomitants of superior station. Exercise of the mind and body, temperance, virtue,—these are the ingredients of happiness; these are in the power of all who will submit to a little self-denial; and I believe it will be generally found that the wisest and best of men have been remarkable for possessing the best spirits, even to an occasional degree of playfulness and puerility. Minds capable of the greatest things can enjoy the

most trivial, as the elephant's trunk can knock down a lion or pick up a pin. Cheerfulness is the health of virtue, or man in his natural state: melancholy is a disease either of the body or mind—a derangement of Nature's plan.

There may be many real miseries in life; but the imaginary ones, or those created by self-love, are infinitely more numerous. Who does not reckon among his acquaintance a counterpart of Gozzi's friend Giulio?—"He listens patiently to all my calamities, but it is that he may match every one with a greater of his own. Has the hail injured my crops this year, after two or three words of hasty condolence he informs me that five years ago his farm was devastated by the overflowing of a river. Have I a sick wife, he bewails the horrors of ill health, and tells me he has a servant lying dead in the house. Has my house fallen out of repair, he has lately been obliged to rebuild his own entirely. Have I been robbed, he curses all thieves, and exclaims that he has just found it necessary to put a new lock upon his escritoire. Whatever I say to Giulio only serves to awaken his self-love."—Very true, Signor Gozzi; but what prompted you to the recital of all these misfortunes but the very same feeling? There are thousands of people who delight in retailing or even magnifying these doldrums, merely that they may be talking about themselves. They find a pleasure in prating about their pains: the ingenuity of their selfishness rivals the skill of the bee who extracts honey from nettles. They obtain a growth of fresh joys by manuring

their minds with misery, and build up a new happiness out of the ruins of the old. Were they to expatiate upon their wealth, or rank, or talents, or high connexions, or any of the advantages they enjoy over their neighbours, as so many others do, they might justly be accused of pride and vanity; but nobody can accuse them of these propensities when they confess, with a perfect candour, their losses, trials, and misfortunes; their want of health, personal attractions, and mental abilities. Lay not that flattering unction to your souls, most crafty simpletons and oblique egotists! This is the commonest though shallowest subterfuge of self-love. There is hardly a crime, folly, or misery of which some men will not accuse themselves, even wrongfully, rather than not be the subject of conversation. Not a few love to detail all their bodily ailments, and recapitulate a whole Buchan of remedies with a most nauseating minuteness. If they did but know how sincerely their compassionate and sympathising auditors regret that none of them proved mortal! Others again will boast of a bad leg or cadaverous complexion with a vanity as deformed as their figures, holding every defect to be redeemed if it happen to appertain to that impeccable object of their idolatry—self. Disserting upon their misfortunes operates their immediate cure; their misery is like silence—it ceases the moment it is talked about.

"They make self-love supply an ointment
For all defect and disappointment,
As dogs by their own tongues can cure
Whatever evils they endure."

Then again we have a fashionable sect of volunteers in hypochondria, amateurs of misery, knights of the woeful countenance, enacting Jaques without his intellect, and sighing like furnace without the accompaniment of a ditty; who are sad and lack-a-daisical upon principle, who sentimentalize by rote, talk about Rousseau and Werter, weep over a heart-rending novel whenever they are observed by others, and happen to have a clean white handkerchief; expatiate upon the luxury of woe, and pathetically exclaim in the language of Rogers—

> "Go, you may call it madness, folly,
> You shall not steal away my rest;
> There's such a charm in melancholy,
> I would not, if I could, be blest.
> Oh if you knew the pensive pleasure
> That fills my bosom when I sigh,
> You would not rob me of a treasure
> Monarchs are too poor to buy."

Now surely this is a very sorry and pitiful way of playing the fool. A Merry-Andrew is despicable enough; occasionally we laugh at him, now and then with him, and sometimes he fails to excite even a smile; but his object is at least intelligible,—he strives to elicit our risibility, and if he succeed by tickling our sides instead of our fancies, he has still added a modicum to the general sum of pleasant sensations. But what is the motive of the *Sad*-Andrew, the lugubrious zany, the moping mountebank, who with his lacrymose visage and sickly suspirations plays the fool to make us cry, and in the lack of substantial sorrows, or the insufficiency of those that actually fall to his

share, sets his perverted wits to work in coining and issuing a whole Birmingham of counterfeit calamities?

After all, exclaims some genuine or mimic *Hypochon*, if life be even so fraught with enjoyments as you have pretended, and our mind could be so regulated as to avail itself of all its pleasurable susceptibilities, it would but imbitter the thought that we must be shortly torn away from earth and all its attractions! And then with a paviour's sigh he quotes from Horace—"Linquenda tellus et domus, et placens uxor."—Most perverse and insatiable malcontent, dost thou blow hot and cold with the same breath,—complain that life is wretched, and lament that it is not of longer duration? If thou accusest heaven for not giving thee more, whom art thou to thank for calling thee out of the dumb darkness of nonentity and giving thee so much; for bestowing upon thee three or four score years of pleasant existence, and making it dependent upon thyself whether thou shalt exchange it for an eternity of beatitude? Go—and learn that there is no deeper ingrate than he whose real melancholy arraigns the dispensations of Providence, and no greater fool than the coxcomb who assumes a sadness that he does not feel.

PLEASANT ILLUSIONS.

"Where Ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

Madame de Genlis, in her ingenious fiction of the Palace of Truth, whose inmates unconsciously uttered the real sentiments of their hearts, while they imagined themselves to be courteously pouring forth the customary amenities of politeness and flattery, has inculcated a very doubtful moral. She has proved, indeed, the hollowness and insincerity of civilised life; the ridiculous contrast between smiles upon the face, and curses on the lip; between hatred in the bosom, and compliments from the tongue: she has exposed the general inconsistency between professions and feelings, and the confusion with which most individuals would be covered, could they be aware that the suggestion of Momus had been realised, and that a window had been secretly opened in their bosoms for public inspection:—but she has at the same time convinced us, that without this amiable dissimulation and exterior falsehood, the world would be one wretched scene of ingenuous strife. It would, in fact, exhibit all the envy, hatred, and malice of her Palace of Truth, without the affability of look and demeanour which varnished them over: we should have all the nauseousness of the pill, and miss nothing but the gilding. Falsehood and duplicity may be rendered vices by their quantum or their motive, but they cannot be

essentially culpable if we admit absolute unqualified truth to be inconsistent with civilised life. Nobody can doubt that, with the unconditional exercise of this latter virtue, we should quickly degenerate into savageness. When our first parents knew sin, they put on garments; from that moment our minds have required to be clothed as carefully as our bodies, perhaps more so; for it is the skill with which we conceal deformities, assist defects, and embellish beauties, that constitutes the charm of our moral as well as of our personal appearance.

Let the designing hypocrite be branded as he deserves—let every honest hand be furnished with a whip for the interested or malignant liar—let selfish cunning and deceit be ever, as they are now, the objects of our scorn; but, avaunt! ye rigourists and moral puritans, who would render us all a set of matter-of-fact misanthropes, who would dissipate every pleasant illusion of life, and, fishing up Truth from the bottom of that well into which the first inhabitants of the world very properly cast her, would instal her as a household deity, and the grim idol of our worship. Mistaken zealots! how could ye render her empire universal? Are there not falsehoods by implication which could not be rendered amenable to your jurisdiction? Even could ye indict a smile or a bow, and impose a fine upon complimentary superscriptions and signatures, are there not substantial infractions of your law, which, though tangible, ye cannot touch? He must be a shrewd officer of your court who shall discover and bring up for judgment

all the false teeth, false hair, eyebrows, whiskers, and legs, and the numerous other lies, whether ivory, crinical, or cork, with which our sex pass themselves off upon the world for pleasanter and more perfect beings than they would otherwise appear. He must be a still keener inquisitor who shall detail the finer subterfuges of female delinquents, and painfully undeceive mankind by verifying the simulated forms, features, and complexions of those fair impostors. Not all the gnomes and sprites of the Rosicrucians could form a police numerous enough to serve a subpœna upon every white hair that was mendaciously plucked out; to arrest every broad-cloth untruth, in the form of a dandy-jacket upon old shoulders; or confiscate the fraudulent pads and fibbing rouge of emaciated belles. Should they succeed thus far, they will have to lay informations against all constructive falsehoods in the mode of living; against rich paupers and poor spendthrifts; against married couples, who wear the semblance of peace to the public, while they carry on a private domestic war; and against every vice which pays Virtue the compliment of imitating her exterior. They must arraign, in short, all those decent forgeries and amiable impositions which give a zest to polished society, by borrowing the garb of the Graces, and throwing it becomingly around our frailties and imperfections.

Nor would their duties, though already sufficiently arduous, be terminated here. To be consistent, they must endeavour to introduce a similar uniformity of Truth into the other departments of Nature. The

bee must not offer us at the same moment honey and a sting; the snake must surrender either his poison or his painted coat; the cat must not sleek over her talons with softness; no nettles must be concealed beneath the flowers; the Siberian crab must taste as sweet as it looks; hemlock and nightshade must shed their green leaves; and our fields must nourish no types of that blooming fruit which flourished upon the borders of the Dead Sea. Truth declares the existence of evil, moral and physical; we must, therefore, use no disguises to render vice less hideous, or make our deformities less apparent; and life, embittered by the naked hatefulness of the passions, must sink into a painful disease, of which sleep will be the welcome palliative, and death the sole remedy.

There is a fanaticism of virtue as well as of religion, and the extremes of both are equally to be avoided. The Quakers have no more got rid of falsehood and bad grammar by the affectations of their phraseology, than they have conquered vanity by the elaborate plainness of their garb. As we cannot lift ourselves above human nature, all aspirations after absolute perfection are useless; while all those venial transgressions of Truth, which have an amiable motive, may safely be pronounced more praiseworthy and beneficial, than the malignant tenets of Diogenes in his tub, Timon upon the sea-shore, or the Cynic in his cell, however their virulent satires may be susceptible of proof and demonstration. Motive is every thing. He who promulgates Truth with a malicious intention, is more culpable than the man who infringes it with a bene-

volent one. So far, at least, we may hold with the anomalous dictum of the jurists, that the greater the truth, the greater the libel. "O qu'il est aimé qui rend amiable!" says Gentil Bernard: and what is this amiability but a constant deviation from the strict integrity of fact, an avoidance of unpleasant veracities, and an indulgence in soothing illusions; a benevolent endeavour to make others pleased with themselves and us, by placing the character of all parties in a better light than if we brought it within the strict focus of the rays of truth? "Where Nature has been severe," said Hoppner, the portrait-painter, "we soften; where she is kind, we aggravate." Such is the art of the amiable man in painting the minds of his acquaintance, or exhibiting his own; and who would dream of accusing either the one or the other of a culpable duplicity? No, no; a pleasant deception is better than a painful reality: let us be happy in the dark, rather than be enlightened into misery. We have all our little foibles of self-love, our vanities of egotism, our illusions and inflations which may sometimes cause us, perhaps, to flutter a little too high, and enjoy ourselves out of our real sphere; but let us not anticipate the Fates in clipping one another's pinions. Alas! the best of us are but as butterflies; cut off our wings, and we are nothing but worms.

"All the world 's a stage," exclaims Shakspeare; and Champfort, enlarging upon this idea, observes:—"La societé, les salons, les cercles, ce qu'on appelle le monde, est une pièce misérable, un mauvais opéra,

sans intérêt, qui se soutient un peu par les machines et les décorations." This is only partially true. To him who is willing to sit quietly in the front of the house, and lend himself to the illusion of the stage, the world is a goodly, glorious, and magnificent drama, possessing the deepest of all interests, and exciting the pleasantest or the sublimest of all sensations: but if, in our busy and mischievous anxiety for ferreting out the real truth, we insist upon going behind the scenes, we have no one to blame but ourselves if "we lose by seeking what we hope to find;" if we turn in disgust from the painted visages, narrow intellects, and heartless indifference of the actors, while we contemplate with scorn the tinsel decorations and palpable trickery which so lately deluded us into astonishment and rapture. Then, indeed, the world becomes what Champfort has described it to be: but if a man will wither up his soul by plunging into the moral desert, when he might be luxuriating in some smiling Oasis, let him not complain of that barrenness and suffering which is wilful and self-inflicted. The last-quoted author himself confesses that—"Il y a des hommes à qui les illusions sur les choses qui les intéressent sont aussi nécessaires que la vie. Quelquefois cependant ils ont des aperçus qui feroient croire qu'ils sont près de la vérité; mais ils s'en éloignent bien vîte, et ressemblent aux enfans qui courent après un masque, et qui s'enfuient si le masque vient à se retourner."

Such men are right in flying from the Medusean head, which, by dissipating their illusions, and shaking the serpents with which it is environed, would convert

their hearts into stone. Let me for ever remain defenceless, a butt to every consolatory falsehood and pleasant cheat, rather than be armed with the fatal spear of Ithuriel. Rather would I hold with the wily Gaul, that speech was given to man to conceal his thoughts, than have his tongue betray all the secrets of his bosom, unless we could approximate his nature nearer to the angelic. I do not acknowledge Truth to be more my friend than Plato; it is because she is great, and in some respects as terrible as great, that I wish her *not* to prevail. Away, then, ye croaking forethoughts and foresights, that would pour your dark bodings in our ear, and make us think unfavourably, although, perchance, too truly, of our species! Avaunt! ye ravens, who would tell us that love is a dream, and friendship a romance; that all the glittering joys of life are splendid lies, while all its miseries are dark realities! Keep your pestilent and gloomy wisdom to yourselves, and leave us to our happy ignorance. Tell us not that the distrustfulness of age will quickly dissipate our flattering visions; reprobating, with Fontaine, "cette philosophie rigide qui fait cesser de vivre avant que l'on soit mort," let us cling, even in second childhood, to the pleasant delusions of our first, and continue to be dupes, rather than finish by being misanthropes. It is better to know nothing than to know too much. In the beginning of the world, the knowledge of the tree of good and evil was accompanied with death: so it is still, with death to the soul, with extinction to the heart. Taking the scriptural fact either literally or allegorically, let us profit by its lesson.

THE CULPRIT AND THE JUDGE.

The realm of France possess'd, in days of old,
A thriving set of literati,
Or men of letters, turning all to gold:—
The standard works they made less weighty
By new abridgments—took abundant
Pains their roughnesses to polish,
And plied their scissars to abolish
The superficial and redundant;
And yet, instead of fame and praise,
Hogsheads of sack, and wreaths of bays,
The law, in those benighted ages,
By barbarous edicts did enjoin,
That they should cease their occupation,
Terming these literary sages
Clippers and filers of the coin:
(Oh, what a monstrous profanation!)
Nay, what was deeper to be dreaded,
These worthies were, when caught, beheaded!

But to the point. A story should
Be like a coin—a head and tail
In a few words enveloped. Good!
I must not let the likeness fail.

A Gascon, who had long pursued
This trade of clipping,
And filing the similitude
Of good King Pepin,
Was caught by the police, who found him
With file and scissars in his hand,
And ounces of Pactolian sand
Lying around him.

The case admitting no denial,
They hurried him forthwith to trial;
When the Judge made a long oration
About the crime and profanation,
And gave no respite for repentance,
But instantly pronounced his sentence—
"Decapitation!"

"As to offending Powers divine,"
The culprit cried, "be nothing said—
Your's is a deeper guilt than mine:
I took a portion from the head
Of the king's image; you, oh, fearful odds!
Strike the whole head at once from God's!"

MY TEA-KETTLE.

"O madness to think use of strongest wines,
And strongest drinks, our chief support of health."
MILTON.

A CERTAIN popular writer who is wasting his time and misemploying his formidable pen in vituperating that most innocent and ingratiating of all beverages, 'Tea, should be condemned, for at least six months, to drink from a slop-basin the washing of a washerwoman's Bohea; or be blown up with some of Twining's best Gunpowder: or be doomed to exemplify one of Pope's victims of spleen, and

"A living tea-pot stand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the spout."

His cottage economy may be very accurate in its calculations: I dispute not his agrestical or bucolic lore; but why should this twitter of Twankay presume to denounce it as insalubrious, or brand its frugal infusions with riot and unthrift? Is Sir John Barleycorn, after the brewer's chymist has "drugged our possets;" or "Blue Ruin," with all its juniper seductions; or Roman Purl, still more indigestible than Cleopatra's,—to leave no alternative of tipple to the thirsty cottager? Is he to have no scruples for drams, and yet to be squeamish and fastidious about a watery decoction, to play the anchorite about a cup of tea? Sobriety and temperance are not such besetting virtues among our lower orders, that we can afford to narrow their influence by circumscribing the use of this antidote against drunkenness; and the champion of the brewers should recollect the dictum of Raynal—that tea has contributed more to sobriety than the severest laws, the most eloquent harangues of Christian orators, or the best treatises of morality. But we have within our realm five hundred as good as he, who have done full justice to the virtues of this calumniated plant. Dr. Johnson, as Mrs. Thrale knew to her cost, was an almost insatiable tea-bibber, and praised that salutiferous potation with as much cordiality as he drank it.

Bontikoe, a Dutch physician, considers it a universal panacea; and after bestowing the most extravagant encomiums upon it, declares that two hundred cups may be drank in a day with great benefit. The learned Grusterzippius, a German commentator, is of opinion

that the "Te veniente die, te decidente," alludes to the morning and evening use of this beverage among the Romans, while the "Te teneam moriens deficiente manu" seems to intimate its being occasionally used as a species of extreme unction among the ancients. The late Emperor of China, Kien Long, of pious memory, composed a laudatory ode upon this fragrant product of his country, and a nephew of the writer's, a Guinea-pig on board one of the East India ships, having occasion to go to Nankin to buy a pair of trowsers for himself, and a piece of Indian rubber for his brother, found means of procuring a copy, of which I submit the first verse to the reader's inspection:—

"Kou-onen peing-tcho onen-chang,
King-tang shoo kin Cong-foo-tse;
Chong-choo lee-kee kou-chon whang,
To-hi tche-kiang She-whang-te."

The artful allusion to Confucius in the second line, and the happy introduction of the subject beverage in the fourth, will not escape the most careless critic.

Candour requires that we should not disguise, on the other hand, the opinion of Swift, who thus writes in his Journal to Stella:—"I was telling Sir George Beaumont of my head;—he said he had been ill of the same disorder, and by all means forbid me Bohea Tea, which he said always gave it him, and that Dr. Radcliffe said it was very bad. Now I had observed the same thing, and have left it off this month, having found myself ill after it several times; and I mention it that Stella may consider it for her poor own little head."—This libellous insinuation does not amount to much. Swift was

a splenetic and deficient being, unimpassioned by the beauties of Stella and Vanessa, and therefore naturally unimpressed by the beauties of Bloom,—incapable of Bohea—a Narses or a Menophilus among the lovers of Tea. What! is China, with its 330 millions of inhabitants, a nation of invalids? Rather may we apprehend from the universal potion of Tea an acceleration of the Malthusian dilemma, when the population shall press upon the limits of food, than any debilitation of our national strength. For my own part, I am so persuaded of its benign influences upon vitality, hospitality, conviviality, comicality, and all the other *'alities*, that if there be any adventurous spirits abroad, any fellows of pith and enterprize stirring, any champions of the aqueous infusion instead of that of the grape, we will hoist the standard of revolt against the vine-crowned Bacchus, dispossess him of his Pards to yoke a couple of milch cows to his car, twitch from his hand the Thyrsus "dropping odours, dropping wine," to enwreath it with tea-leaves, substitute for the fir-cone at its tip a tiny sugar-loaf, convert Pan into a slop-basin, and Silenus and the Satyrs into cups and saucers.

Fecundi calices quem non fecere Disertum?

Apply this to *tea*-cups; and why should we not be as jovial and Anacreontic under their pacific inspiration as if we revelled in the orgies of the rosy god, and were stunned and stimulated by all the cymbals of the Bacchanals? Surely it is more natural to make a toast of our mistresses at tea than at dinner-time; and if upon the authority of the "Nævia sex cyathis, sep-

tem Justina libatur," we are to toss off a bumper to every letter of her name, be the idol of my heart as interminable as she pleases in her baptismal application, a Polyhymnia or Sesquipedalia at the least, Bacchus will not look the worse in an Anacreontic for combining his old and new attributes, the vine and the tea plant. Let us try—

Fill the Tea-pot, fill!
Round my rosy temples twine
A Tea-leaf wreath, that I may sing
Like the conquering God of wine.
When the whole East proclaim'd him king,
When to the sky, with music ringing,
Shouts of "Io Bacche!" flinging,
Each Satyr, nymph, and piping-boy,
Danced around him mad with joy,
Until on Ariadne's breast
His flushing cheek he wildly press'd,
The mingled ecstasies to prove
Of music, wine, Bohea, and love.

Fill the Tea-pot, fill!
Give me a nymph whose lengthen'd name
In longer spells my heart may fetter,
That I may feed, not quench my flame,
By bumper-toasts to every letter.

And so on. As I'm an honest man, and a sober, I think these verses, as flowing, bibulous, and hilarious as any that were ever roared over a magnum of Port, or a beaker of Burgundy, to a shrieking set of three-bottle Corinthians. Falstaff and his followers may bluster about their sherries-sack; but I maintain against all impugners, that it will not mount into the brain and fill

it so full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes as your genuine Souchong, one *cup* of which ——. But this reminds me, before I go any farther, to caution all neophytes, or old tea-drinkers, to abstain from the use of the word *dish*: it is a vile phrase, in spite of the authority of Addison,—a scullion term—washerwomanish—fit only for the gossips of the laundry or the kitchen. Let them take the counsel, moreover, of a not inexperienced practitioner, and prefer the homely kettle to the patrician look and classical pretensions of the urn. All associations connected with the latter are lugubrious and mortuary; it has funeral, cinerary, and lachrymal namesakes, with whom we need not sadden our thoughts in the hours of recreation. Besides, it is like a hollow friend: its heart soon gets cold, it ceases to pour forth its consolations with any warmth of feeling, and so spoils our tea that it may gratify our sight. It is hallowed by no fire-side reminiscences, fit only for some ostentatious tea-tippler, whose palate is in his eye, or for some dawdling and slip-shod blue-stocking who loves—

> "To part her time 'twixt reading and Bohea;
> To muse, and spill her solitary tea."

What revolution in taste can be effected without compromising the interests of some individual or other? Here is a Bardolph-faced friend who tells me it will be very hard for him to have the complexion and reputation of drunkenness without its enjoyment; but there is no help for it—he must look his fortunes in the face, and reflect that it is better to

be accused of a vice, being innocent, than acquitted of it, being guilty. Next comes a punster, who trembles lest his occupation should be gone; assuring me that many of his best jokes would never have been relished, had not his half-tipsy auditors been enabled to hear, as well as to see double; and that the only good hit he ever made at a tea-table, was at a Newmarket party, when incautiously burning his fingers by taking up the toast from the fire, and breaking the plate as he let it fall upon the floor, he observed that it was too bad to lose the plate after having won the heat. My dear sir, as Dr. Johnson said upon another occasion, rest your fame for colloquial excellence upon *that*, and judge from such a specimen what you may hope to accomplish when you become more copiously saturated with Souchong. Writers as well as utterers of good things will be spiritualised and clarified in their intellects, by substituting libations of tea for those of wine; and, as to the averment of the miscalled *Teian* bard—

> "If with water you fill up your glasses,
> You'll never write any thing wise;
> For wine is the steed of Parnassus,
> That hurries a bard to the skies."

I hold it to be a pernicious, false, and Bacchanalian heresy, for which he was deservedly choked with a grape-stone. No; your genuine Apollo sits throned upon a pile of tea-chests instead of Parnassus: your authentic Castaly flows from a tea-pot, your legitimate Muses haunt the plantations of Canton. If a man were

naturally so prosaic as to be enabled to say, with *Benedick* — "I can find out no rhyme to lady but baby,—an innocent rhyme," I defy him to persevere in the use of this verse-compelling beverage, without committing poetry. Even a tea-board will convert and stimulate the most inert. Look you there! I am unconsciously lapsing into rhyme—an involuntary Improvisatore!—Tea, I was going to state, inspires such warm poetical desires.—Lo, where it comes again! One would imagine I had dipped my pen in Souchong instead of ink. It absolutely runs away with me, perpetrating *bouts rimés* in its course, and forcing me to commit to paper the following

ADDRESS TO MY KETTLE.

Leaving some operatic zany
To celebrate the singers many,
From Billington to Catalani,
Thy voice I still prefer to any,—
MY KETTLE!

Some learned singers, when they try
To spout, become embarrass'd, dry,
And want thy copious fluency,—
MY KETTLE!

They, when their inward feelings boil,
Scold, storm, vociferate, turmoil,
And make a most discordant coil,—
MY KETTLE!

You, when you 're chafed, but sing the more;
And when just ready to boil o'er,
In silent steam your passions soar,—
MY KETTLE!

To hear their strains, one needs must bear
Late hours, noise, lassitude, hot air,
And dissipation's dangers share,—
MY KETTLE!

But thine, my nightly Philomel,—
Thine is a voice whose magic spell,
Like Prospero's can tempests quell,—
MY KETTLE!

Peace, home, content, tranquillity,
Domestic bliss and friendship's tie,
Own its endearing melody,—
MY KETTLE!

Others, of Bacchanalian life,
Find nothing in their cups so rife,
As wrath and Lapithæan strife,—
MY KETTLE!

Those filled by you a balm bestow,
Warming the heart, whose social glow
Bids all the kindly feelings flow,—
MY KETTLE!

Then is thine inspiration seen,—
Then is thy classic tide serene
My Helicon and Hippocrene,—
MY KETTLE!

For these, and more than I've related,
Joys with thy name associated,
To thee this verse be dedicated,—
MY KETTLE!

THE WIDOW OF THE GREAT ARMY.

At the time that the great army under Napoleon perished in the snows of Russia, a French woman, stated to be of respectable family and education, was so deeply affected by the calamity of her country, and her melancholy apprehensions for its future fate, that she became deprived of her senses, put on widows' weeds, and wandered about Paris, bewailing the fate of the unfortunate armament. Dressed in deep sables, she may still almost daily be seen in the Champs Elysées, in the same state of mental alienation; and the Parisians, who allow neither national nor individual sorrows to deprive them of a heartless joke, have long since christened her "The Widow of the Great Army." This unfortunate female is supposed to utter the following stanzas at the period of the first invasion:—

Half a million of heroes—I saw them all:
O God! 'twas a sight of awful delight
To gaze on that army, the glory of Gaul,
As it roll'd in its fierceness of beauty forth,
Like a glittering torrent, to deluge the North!

The war-horses' tramp shook the solid ground,
While their neighings aha! and the dread hurra
Of the myriad mass made the skies resound,
As th' invincible Chief, on his milk-white steed,
Vanwards gallop'd, their host to lead.

Sword, sabre, and lance of thy chivalry, France,
And helmet of brass, and the steel cuirass,
Flash'd in the sun as I saw them pass;
While day by day, in sublime array,
The glorious pageant roll'd away!

Where are ye now, ye myriads? Hark!
O God! not a sound;—they are stretch'd on the ground,
Silent and cold, and stiff and stark:
On their ghastly faces the snows still fall,
And one winding-sheet enwraps them all.

The horse and his rider are both o'erthrown:—
Soldier and beast form a common feast
For the wolf and the bear; and, when day is flown,
Their teeth gleam white in the pale moonlight,
As with crash of bones they startle the night.

Oh, whither are fled those echoes dread,
As the host hurraed, and the chargers neigh'd,
And the cannon roar'd, and the trumpets bray'd?—
Stifled is all this living breath,
And hush'd they lie in the sleep of death.

They come! they come! the barbarian horde!
Thy foes advance, oh, beautiful France,
To ravage thy valleys with fire and sword:
Calmuc and Moscovite follow the track
Of the Tartar fierce and the wild Cossack.

All Germany darkens the rolling tide;
Sclavonian dun, Croat, Prussian, Hun,
With the traitorous Belgian bands allied;
While the Spaniard swart, and the Briton fair,
Their banners wave in our southern air.

Sound the tocsin, the trumpet, the drum!
Heroes of France, advance, advance!
And dash the invaders to earth as they come!
Where 's the Grand Army to drive them back?—
March, countrymen, march!—attack, attack!

Ah me! my heart—it will burst in twain!
One fearful thought, to my memory brought,
Sickens my soul, and maddens my brain,—
That army of heroes, our glory and trust,
Where is it? what is it?—bones and dust!

THE SPARE BLANKET.

Cold was the wind, and dark the night,
When Samuel Jinkins, call'd by some
The Reverend, (tho' I doubt his right,)
Reach'd Yarmouth's town, induced to come
By ardour in the cause of Zion,
And housed him at the Golden Lion.
His chamber held another bed,
But, as it was untenanted,
Our hero, without fear or doubt,
Undress'd, and put the candle out;
And, Morpheus making haste to drop his
Drowsiest soporific poppies,
Sleep soon o'ertook the weary elf,
Who snored like—nothing but himself.
The night was pretty far advanced,
When a stray smuggler, as it chanced,
Was by the yawning Betty led
To the aforesaid empty bed.
'Tis plain that, since his own bassoon
Did not awake him with its tune,
Sam could not hear his neighbour,
Who very leisurely undress'd,
Put out the light, retired to rest,
And, weary with his labour,
Form'd a duet with nose sonorous,
Although it sounded like a chorus.

The witching-time of night is near—
  Hark! 'tis the hollow midnight bell,
Whose echoes, fraught with solemn fear,
  Far o'er the land and ocean swell.
The sentry, on his lonely post,
Starts, and bethinks him of a ghost;
Lists, eager for the distant sound
Of comrades marching to the round,
And bends athwart the gloom his eye,
The glimmer of their arms to spy:—
While many a startled nymph awaking,
  Counts the long chime so dull and dread,
Fancies she sees the curtains shaking,
  Draws underneath the clothes her head,
Feels a cold shudder o'er her creep,
Attempts to pray, and shrinks to sleep.

Although our Missionary woke
  Just at this moment in a shiver,
'Twas not the clock's appalling stroke
  That put his limbs in such a quiver;—
The blankets on his bed were two,
So far from being thick and new,
  That he could well have borne a dozen;
No wonder that, with such a store,
When his first heavy sleep was o'er,
  The poor incumbent woke half-frozen.

"Since Betty has forgot the clothes,"
  Quoth Sam, (confound her stupid head!)
"I 'll just make free to borrow those
  That lie upon the empty bed:"
So up he jump'd, too cold and raw
  To be punctilious in his work,
Grasp'd the whole covering at a claw,
  Offstripp'd it with a single jerk,
And was retreating with his prey,
When, to his horror and dismay,

His ears were almost split asunder
By a "Hollo!" as loud as thunder!
He stood transfix'd, afraid to breathe,
With trembling lips and chatt'ring teeth;
But cry'd at last, with desperate shout,
"Satan, avaunt!—I've found thee out."

Meanwhile, the Smuggler, who had shouted
At finding all the blankets gone,
Though for a little while he doubted
The cause of the phenomenon,
Soon as he heard Sam's exclamation,
Concluded, without hesitation,
'Twas an exciseman come to seize
His contraband commodities;
Wherefore, within his fist collecting
His vigour and resentment too,
And by the voice his aim directing,
Since every thing was hid from view,
He launch'd a more than mortal blow,
Intended to conclude the matter,
Which, whizzing on its work of woe,
Fell, with a desolating clatter,
Just where our Missionary bore his
Two front teeth, or Incisores.
This made the Jinkins fiercer burn
To give his foe a due return,
And punish him for what the brute did
When his front teeth he had uprooted.
Rearing, with this intent, his fist,
Although the Smuggler's face it miss'd,
It met his ear with such a rap,
He thought it was a thunder-clap,
Especially as from the crash
His eye-balls gave a sudden flash:
Jinkins, meanwhile, with clamour dire,
Vociferating "Thieves!" and "Fire!"

Host, hostess, men and maids, rush'd in,
Astounded by his fearful din,
While many more prepared to follow
With lights and buckets, hoop and hollo!
His foe, who saw how matters lay,
Slipp'd on his clothes, then slipp'd away;
And, being somewhat waggish, thus
Began the adventure to discuss:—
"Sure, neither acted like a wise man,
To think the devil would fight th' exciseman,
When both pursue the self-same ends
Like fellow-labourers and friends.
Both have authority to seize
Unlawful spirits, where they please;
Both have a right to claim as booties
All those, who have evaded duties;
They roam together, hour by hour,
Both seeking whom they may devour;
And since th' inseparable two
A partnership in this world form,
Heaven grant that both may have their due,
And, in the next, be friends as warm!"

ON DANCING.

A good man's fortune may be out *at heels.*

SHAKSPEARE.

WERE a book to be written upon the discordant opinions held by different nations, or by the same people at different periods, upon any given subject, none would present a more contradictory estimate, than the harmless recreation of dancing. For some

thousand of years, in the early stages of the world, it was exclusively a religious ceremony. The dance of the Jews, established by the Levitical law to be exhibited at their solemn feasts, is, perhaps, the most ancient upon record. The dancing of David is also frequently quoted; and many commentators have thought, that every Psalm was accompanied by a distinct dance. In several of the temples, a stage was specially erected for these exercises; but, in process of time, they seem to have been practised by secular, as well as spiritual, performers. The daughters of Shiloh were thus recreating themselves in the vineyards, when they were caught by the young men of the tribe of Benjamin, who presently danced into their good graces, and carried them off for wives—a process which is frequently imitated, even in these degenerate days. The heathens, also, could "sport a toe" in the very earliest ages. Pindar calls Apollo "the dancer;" Homer, in one of his hymns, tells us that this deity capered to the music of his own harp; and from Callimachus we learn that the Nereides were proficients in this elegant accomplishment, at the early age of nine years*. For several centuries, it was confined to military movements, when a battle was a grand *Ballet of Action*, opposing armies became partners in the dance of death, and cut throats and capers with equal assiduity. Since those truculent and operatic days, it has been limited to festive and joyous occasions; but how various the estimation in

* See the Vestriad, a mock Epic Poem.

which it has been held by inconsistent mortals! Socrates, a wise Grecian, took lessons in this art from Aspasia. Cicero, an enlightened Roman, urges the practice of dancing against Galbinius, as a grave and heinous offence. Of the moderns, many hold it an utter abomination to dance upon a Sunday; while others signalize the Sabbath by an increased hilarity of heel. In Germany, a band of enthusiastic damsels formerly testified their devotion to St. Vitus, by dancing round his shrine, until they contracted a malady which still bears his name: the modern Herrnhuters, of the same district, would suffer martyrdom, rather than heathenize their legs by any similar profanation.

Our own country, at the present moment, possesses a sect of Jumpers, who, seeming to imagine that he who leaps highest must be nearest to Heaven, solemnize their meetings by jumping like kangaroos, and justify themselves very conclusively from Scripture, because—David danced before the Ark—the daughter of Shiloh danced in the yearly festival of the Lord—and the child John, the son of Elizabeth, leapt before it was born! The Methodists, on the other hand, maintain, in its full latitude, the doctrine of the ancient Waldenses and Albigenses, that as many paces as a man makes in dancing, so many leaps he makes towards Hell. Even the amiable Cowper, the poet, suffered his fine mind to be so darkened by bigotry, as to believe that a great proportion of the ladies and gentlemen, whom he saw amusing themselves with dancing at Brighthelmstone, must necessarily be

damned*; and in a religious publication, now before me, I find it stated, that a sudden judgment overtook a person for indulging in this enormity: a large lump started up in his thigh while dancing; but upon his solemn promise not to repeat the offence, the Lord heard his prayer, and removed his complaint†. A writer in the same work, after denouncing those who admit "dancing and other vain amusements into their schools," concludes with an alarming belief, "that this dancing propensity has, in some places, nearly danced the Bible out of the school!"‡ In conformity with these enlightened views, and in defiance of the sacred writer, who expressly declares that there is *a time to dance*, the Methodists exclude from their communion all those who practise dancing, or teach it to children, while their ministers refuse to administer the Sacrament to all persons guilty of frequenting balls. Let us hope that the increasing good sense of these well-meaning, but misguided ascetics, will speedily get the better of such monkish austerities; that the time may come, when they may feel persuaded that our Heavenly Father can contemplate this innocent recreation of his creatures with as much benignity as a parent beholds the gambols of his children; and that the now gloomy inmates of the Tabernacle may justify the change, by adopting the beautiful sentiment of Addison—"Cheerfulness is the best Hymn to the Deity." I do not despair of seeing a whole

* Hayley's Life, p. 100.
† Evangelical Magazine, Aug. 1812. ‡ Ibid. June 1808.

brotherhood and sisterhood standing up in pairs for a country-dance, all anxious to make amends for lost time; while he, who is to lead off, claps his yellow gloves in ecstasy, and calls aloud to the band to play up Wesley's Fancy, or the Whitfield Reel.

I abhor that atrocious and impious doctrine, that France and England are natural enemies, as if God Almighty had made us only to cut one another's throats; and yet I must say that I hate the French, and hate them too for one of their most elegant accomplishments—their inexhaustible genius for dancing. With the fertility of their ballet-masters, I have no quarrel: let them attitudinize till they have twisted the human form into as many contortions as Fuseli; let them vary figures and combinations *ad infinitum*, like the kaleidoscope; let them even appropriate distinct movements to each class of the human and superhuman performers. I admit the propriety of their celebrated *pas* called the *Gargouillade*, which, as a French author informs us, is devoted to the *entrée* of *winds*, *dæmons*, and *elementary spirits*, and of whose mode of execution he gravely proceeds to give an elaborate and scientific description. But why must their vagaries quit their proper arena, the Opera stage, and invade our ball-rooms and assemblies? They have kicked me out of dancing society full twenty years before my time. The first innovation that condemned me to be a spectator, where I used to be a not undistinguished performer, was the sickening and rotatory Waltz; of which I never saw the object, unless its votaries meant to form a contrast to

the lilies of the valley, "which toil not, neither do they spin." Waiving all objections upon the ground of decorum, surely the young men and women of the present age were giddy enough before, without the stimulus of these fantastical gyrations. If a fortune-hunter choose to single out an heiress, and spin round and round with her, like a billiard-ball, merely to get into her pocket at last, there is at least a definable object in his game; but that a man should volunteer these painful circumvolutions for pleasure, really seems to be a species of saltatory suicide. I never saw the *figurantes* at the Opera whirling their *pirouettes*, like whipping-tops, without wishing to be near them with a stout thong, that I might keep up the resemblance; and as to imitating their ungraceful roundabouts, by joining in a waltz, I would rather be a tetotum at once, or one of the front wheels of Mrs. C——y's carriage. Thanks to the Goddess of fashion, fickle as she is foolish, our ball-room misses have at length ceased to be twisted and twirled in this unmerciful manner, and our spinning-jennies are again pretty nearly confined to Manchester and Glasgow.

Tired as I was of sitting like a spondee, with my two long feet hanging idle on my hands, (if the catachresis may be allowed,) I began now to entertain hopes of again planting my exploded heel upon a chalked board. But alas! I was doomed to experience, that there are as many disappointments between the toe and the ground as between the cup and the lip. France, my old enemy, was upon the watch to export a new annoyance: the Genius of

Quadrille started up from amid the roses painted on a ball-room floor, and my discomfited legs were again compelled to resume their inglorious station beneath the benches. I could not put them into a go-cart, and begin all my steps again: I could not make a toil of a pleasure, rehearse beforehand, and study my task by card and compass, merely to make an exhibition of myself at last. It was too like amateur acting; the constraint of a ballet, without its grace or skill—the exertion of dancing, without its hilarity; and it was moreover an effort in which I was sure to be eclipsed by every boarding-school miss or master, who would literally learn that by heart, which I, in my distaste to these innovations, could only expect to learn by foot. In this melancholy and useless plight, do I wander from one ball-room to another, dancing nothing but attendance, and kicking nothing but my heels; sometimes, like a tripod that has lost a leg, leaning disconsolately against the wall, because I cannot stand up in my proper place; and sometimes beating time to the music with my foot, which is as bitter a substitute for genuine jumps, as is the coculus Indicus for real hops.

Oh, for the days that are gone!—the golden age of cocked hats; the Augustan era of country-dance; the apotheosis of minuet! How well do I remember the first night I ventured upon the latter, that genuine relic of the old French court! What an awful recollection have I of the trying moment, when, with a slow and graceful curve of my arm, I first deposited the triangular beaver upon my powdered locks, press-

ing it down upon my forehead, with a firm determination to look fierce and fascinating, and yet with a tender and sympathetic regard for the economy of my elaborate curls; somewhat in the style recommended by old Izaak Walton, when, in instructing you to impale a worm for angling, he bids you handle him tenderly withal, and treat him like a friend. The scented pulvilio, which the untwisted hairs reproachfully effused, still seems to salute my nose, and flutter between my eyes and the dipping and swimming figure of my partner. With what pride I led her to her seat, and what a bewitching bow I flattered myself I had made, when she blushed into her chair! In those happy days, the next operation was a regular and persevering set-to at the genuine old English country-dance; and the amusements of the night were invariably wound up by the Boulanger, or Sir Roger de Coverley. One of my nieces played me those exploded tunes a few days ago, and what a flush of rosy recollections did they conjure up! Their music seemed to penetrate into the quiet caves and grottoes of memory, awakening ideas that had long slumbered undisturbed. Methought they issued from their recesses like so many embodied sprites; and, fastening their flowery wreaths to the spokes of Time's great wheel, they dragged it rapidly backward, until the days of my youth became evolved before me in all the fidelity and vividness of their first existence. Then did I again behold the rich Miss B——, the sugar-baker's daughter, whom my parents invariably urged me to engage for the supper-dances, with many a shrewd

hint that a partner at a ball often became a partner for life;—nor was her corpulent mother omitted, who carried vanity so far as even to affect a slight degree of palsy, that the motion of her head might give a more dazzling lustre to the magnificent diamonds with which it was thickly studded. I see her now, at her old place in the card-room, shaking and sparkling like an aspen-tree in the sunshine of a white frost. I behold, also, the bustling little old man, her father, receiving the tickets of admission in all the pomp of office, with his snuff-coloured suit, and the powdered and pomatumed peak coming to a point in the centre of his bald head. I hear him boasting, at the same time, of his wealth and his drudgery, and declaring that, with all the hundreds he had spent upon his hot-houses and plantations at Hackney, he had never seen them except by candle-light. As for the daughter, thank Heaven, I never danced with her but once; and my mind's eye still beholds her webby feet paddling down the middle, with the floundering porpus-like fling she gave at the end, only accomplished by bearing half her weight upon her partner, and invariably out of tune. Often have I wondered at the patience of the musicians, in wasting rosin and catgut upon her timeless sprawls. She was obtuse in all her perceptions, and essentially vulgar in appearance: in the consciousness of her wealth she sometimes strove to look haughty, but her features obstinately refused to assume any expression beyond that of inflexible stupidity. She was too opulent, according to the sapient calculations of the world, to marry any but a rich

man; and she succeeded, at length, in realizing her most ambitious dreams. Her husband is a yellow little nabob, rolling in wealth, and half suffocated with bile. She has three rickety children, whom she is ashamed to produce. With no more ear than a fish, she has a box at the Opera, and gives private concerts. In short, there is no luxury she is incapable of relishing, which her fortune does not enable her to command; and no enjoyment really adapted to her taste, in which her imagined gentility does not deter her from indulging.

What a contrast was the accomplished, the fascinating Fanny ———, with her lovely features irradiated with innocent hilarity, yet tempered with sentiment and deep feeling. She was all intelligence—spiritual—ethereal; at least, I often thought so, as her sylph-like form seemed to be treading upon air, while it responded spontaneously to every pulsation of the music, like a dancing echo. In the romance of a first love, one who thought it would be delightful to die for her sent her the inclosed song, but she never noticed the effusion, though she never returned it. Poor Fanny! she fell a sacrifice to one of those pests of society, a dangler, a male coquet; who paid her his addresses, won her affections, changed his mind, and married another—the scoundrel! Her pride might have borne the insult, but her love could not be recalled—her heart was broken. Her fine mind began to prey upon itself—the sword wore out the scabbard—her frame gradually faded away, and a rapid decline at length released her from her uncom-

plaining misery. Many a vow have I made to suppress my unavailing grief, and refrain from visiting the place of her burial; when, in the very midst of my resolutions, my feet have unconsciously carried me to it again. Most truly might I have exclaimed with Tibullus,

"Juravi quoties rediturum ad limina nunquam?
Cùm bene juravi, pes tamen ipse redit."

SONG.—TO FANNY.

When morning through my lattice beams,
And twittering birds my slumbers break,
Then, Fanny, I recall my dreams,
Although they bid my bosom ache,
For still I dream of thee.

When wit, and wine, and friends are met,
And laughter crowns the festive hour,
In vain I struggle to forget;
Still does my heart confess thy power,
And fondly turn to thee.

When night is near, and friends are far,
And, through the tree that shades my cot
I gaze upon the evening star,
How do I mourn my lonely lot,
And, Fanny, sigh for thee!

I know my love is hopeless—vain,
But, Fanny, do not strive to rob
My heart of all that soothes its pain—
The mournful hope, that every throb
Will make it break for thee!

ON AN INFANT SMILING AS IT AWOKE.

After the sleep of night, as some still lake
  Displays the cloudless Heavens in reflection,
And, dimpled by the breezes, seems to break
  Into a waking smile of recollection,
As if from its calm depths the morning light
Call'd up the pleasant dreams that gladden'd night:—

So does the azure of those laughing eyes
  Reflect a mental Heaven of thine own;
In that illumined smile I recognize
  The sunlight of a sphere to us unknown;
Thou hast been dreaming of some previous bliss
In other worlds, for thou art new to this.

Hast thou been wafted to Elysian bowers,
  In some blest star where thou hast pre-existed;
Inhaled th' ecstatic fragrancy of flowers
  Around the golden harps of Seraphs twisted,
Or heard those nightingales of Paradise
Pour thrilling songs and choral harmonies?

Perchance all breathing life is but an essence
  From the great Fountain Spirit in the sky,
And thou hast dreamt of that transcendant presence
  Whence thou hast fall'n, a dew-drop from on high,
Destined to lose, as thou shalt mix with earth,
Those bright recallings of thy heavenly birth.

We deem thy mortal memory not begun,—
  But hast thou no remembrance of the past—
No lingering twilight of a former sun,
  Which o'er thy slumbering faculties hath cast
Shadows of unimaginable things,
Too high or deep for human fathomings?

Perchance, while reason's earliest flush is brightening
Athwart thy brain, celestial sights are given;
As skies that open to let out the lightning
Disclose a transitory glimpse of Heaven;
And thou art wrapt in visions, all too bright
For aught but Cherubim, and Infant's sight.

Emblem of heavenly purity and bliss—
Mysterious type which none can understand,
Let me with reverence approach, to kiss
Limbs lately touch'd by the Creator's hand:—
So awful art thou, that I feel more prone
To claim thy blessing than bestow mine own.

ENGLISH GENEALOGY.—SUNDAY.

"I am no herald to enquire of men's pedigrees; it sufficeth me if I know their virtues." SIDNEY.

"Sunday must needs be an excellent institution, since the very breaking of it is the support of half the villages round town." BONNEL THORNTON.

IF it were possible to trace back the current of an Englishman's blood to its early fountains, what a strange compound would the mass present! What a confusion and intermingling of subsidiary streams from the Britons, Romans, Danes, Saxons, and Normans; amalgamating with minor contributions from undiscoverable sources, mocking the chemist's power to analyse, and almost bewildering imagination to conceive! Being myself "no tenth transmitter of a foolish face," I have sometimes maliciously wished

that a *bonâ fide*, genuine, scrupulously-accurate family tree, shooting its branches up into the darkness of antiquity, could be displayed before some of our boasters of high descent and genealogical honours. Heavens! how would it vary from their own emblazoned parchment and vellum records! What confusion of succession—what scandal thrown upon Lady Barbaras and Lady Bridgets, all immaculate in their time—what heraldic bars in noble scutcheons, ancient and modern, from the now first-detected intrigues of chaplains, captains, pages, and serving-men, with their frail mistresses, whose long stomachers, stuck up in the picture-gallery of the old Gothic hall, look like so many insurance-plates against the fire of Cupid's unlawful torch! Strange that there should be a limit to this pride of ancestry! If it be glorious to trace our family up to Edward the First, it should be still more so to ascend to Edward the Confessor; yet pride seldom mounts higher than the first illustrious name, the first titled or celebrated progenitor, whom it chooses to call the founder of the family. The haughtiest vaunter of high pedigree and the honours of unbroken descent, from the time of William the Conqueror, would probably weep with shame at being enabled to follow his name three hundred years farther back, through a succession of ploughmen, mechanics, or malefactors. As it cannot be denied that all families are, in point of fact, equally ancient, the distinction consists in possessing records to prove a certain succession; and even this, it appears, ceases to be a boast beyond a certain point. Fantastical vanity!

which, while it cannot deny to the beggar at the gate the privilege of being equally descended from Adam and Eve, rests its own claim to superiority upon being enabled to prove a fiftieth part of the same antiquity, struts, like the jay in the fable, in others' finery, and piques itself upon the actions of ancestors, instead of its own. Give me the man, who is an honour to his titles; not him whose titles are his honour!

But if an Englishman be such a heterogeneous compound as to his personal composition, he has the consolation of knowing that his language is, at least, equally confused and intermingled with Teutonic, Celtic, and classical derivations. Let us consider, for instance, the hebdomadary (as Dr. Johnson would call it), or the days of the week, named after the Sun, the Moon, Tuisco, Woden or Odin, Thor, Freya, and Saturn; four Scandinavian or northern deities, three Pagan gods worshipped in the south, and not one Christian sponsor! Let the reader lift up the curtain of time, and, taking a hasty glimpse of the last ten or twenty centuries, suffer his imagination to wander amid the scenes and associations suggested by the enumeration we have just made. Perched on the crags of rocks and mountains, and frowning at the rolling clouds and snow-storms that lour beneath, he will mark the gigantic heroes of the north; the warriors of Ossian will stalk gloomily before him; he will roam through the five hundred and forty halls of Thor's palace, till he find him seated on his throne with his terrific wife Freya by his side, and in his

hand the gigantic hammer of which he has read in the Runic poetry; and finally, he will ascend into the Scandinavian Elysium, or Palace of Valhalla, where he will behold the beatified warriors drinking mead out of the skulls of their enemies, administered by the fair hands of the Valkyriæ, those virgin Houris of the north, blessed with perpetual youth and never-fading beauty. Turning from the appalling sublimity of these cold, desolate, and warlike regions, let his fancy revel in the rich and sunny luxuriance of Grecian landscape, awakening from their long sleep all the beautiful realities and classical fictions connected with the glorious god of the Sun, the Apollo of the poets, the patron deity of Delphi and of Delos. How beautiful is the morning! Slowly rising above the mountains of Argos, the sun shoots a golden bloom over the undimpled waters of the Ægean and the sea of Myrtos, gilding every height of the Cycladean Islands, as if the very hills had caught fire to do honour to the quinquennial festival of Apollo, now celebrating at Delos. See! in every direction the green ocean is studded with the white sails of barks (like daisies in the grass) hastening to the ceremony, from Attica, Bœotia, and Thessaly; from Lesbos and Crete; from Ionia and the coasts of Asiatic Greece. As they approach, their crews are seen doing reverence to the sun, and the faint dulcet sound of flutes and hautboys melts along the wave.

Let me stop while I can, for I have got astride upon my favourite hobby-horse, and if I am suffered to proceed, I shall gallop to every province of Greece,

and visit every scene of jubilee, from the great Olympic Games to the Feast of Adonis, which the Syracusan gossips of Theocritus were so anxious to witness. Suffice it that a slight sketch has been attempted of a Sun-day among the people of Delos. Let us see how it has been celebrated by other nations. In Hebrew, the word Sabbath signifies rest; and the Jews fixed it on the Saturday, the last day of the week, to commemorate the completion of the work of creation, and the reposing of the Lord. It was not distinguished by a mere cessation from labour, but was enlivened by every species of rejoicing, they who took the most pleasure deeming themselves the most devout; and, amid a variety of puerile and superstitious ceremonies, they were particularly enjoined to lie longer in bed on that morning. If it were allowable to reverse the profane jest of the pork-lover, who wished to be a Jew, that he might have the pleasure of eating pork and sinning at the same time, I should be tempted to express a similar desire for the contemporaneous comfort of lying in bed and performing a religious duty. The Sunday, or Christian Sabbath, was appropriated to the first day of the week, in eternal remembrance of the resurrection of Christ; but was not strictly solemnized as a period of cessation from all business until about the year 321, when Constantine ordered its more rigorous observance, and interdicted all prosecutions, pleadings, and juridical processes, public or private. Of all the blessings ever bestowed on the world, it may be questioned whether any have been attended with more beneficial conse-

quences to morals, health, and happiness, than the institution of a seventh day of rest, without which the lot of mortality, to the mass of mankind, would be hardly endurable. What contemplation so kindly, social, and endearing, as to behold the great human family linked by religion in one domestic brotherhood, and reduced to one common level, assembling weekly under the same roof to pour forth their gratitude to God, their universal benefactor and father? And yet how various have been the temper and spirit with which the Sabbath has been solemnized in different ages, fluctuating from the sternest self-mortification and the most inexorable rigour, to the opposite extreme of irreverend and licentious hilarity. Well might Erasmus say, that the human understanding was like a drunken clown attempting to mount a horse;—if you help him up on one side, he falls over on the other. The old Puritan, who refused to brew on a Saturday, lest his beer should work on the Sunday, was scarcely more ridiculous than the sceptical G. L. Le Sage of Geneva, who, according to his biographer Prevost, being anxious to ascertain whether the great Author of Nature still prescribed to himself the observance of the original day of rest, measured, with the nicest exactitude, the daily increase of a plant, to ascertain whether it would cease growing on the Sabbath, and finding that it did not, of course decided for the negative of the proposition. By statute 1 Car. I. no persons on the Lord's-day "shall assemble out of their own parishes, for any sport whatsoever; nor, in their parishes, shall use any bull

or bear-baiting, interludes, plays, or other unlawful exercises or pastimes; on pain that every offender shall pay 3*s.* 4*d.* to the poor." In 1618, King James, on the other hand, was graciously pleased to declare, "That for his good people's recreation, his Majesty's pleasure was, that after the end of divine service they should not be disturbed, letted, or discouraged from any lawful recreations; such as dancing, either of men or women; archery for men; leaping, vaulting, or any other harmless recreations; nor having of May-games, Whitsun-ales, or Morrice-dances; or setting up of May-poles, or other sports therewith used, so as the same may be had in due and convenient time, without impediment or let of divine service." A statute, the 29 Charles II. enacts, "that no person shall work on the Lord's day, *or use any boat or barge;*" and by the non-repeal of this absurd law, the population of London, on the only day when its labouring classes have leisure for recreation, are denied the healthy enjoyment of their noble river, unless they choose to subject themselves to a penalty of 5*s.*

Our own times have had their full share of this pendulating between extremes. To the lively Parisians nothing appeared more atrociously tyrannical, than that their restored sovereign should shut up the shops on a Sunday, and compel some little external reverence to the day, beyond the mere opening of the church-doors for the accommodation of a few devout old women. His pious inflexibility, on this point, had very nearly occasioned a counter-revolution. "Eh!

mon Dieu," said the Frenchman in London, when he looked out of window on a Sunday morning in the city, "what national calamity has happened?" The houses all shut up—the silent and deserted streets, forming such a sepulchral contrast to their ordinary bustle—the solemn countenances of the few straggling passengers, and the dismal tolling of innumerable bells, might well justify this exclamation in a foreigner; nor would his wonder be diminished, upon learning that this was the English mode of exhibiting their cheerfulness and gratitude to Heaven. What would such a man say, especially when he reflected upon the Sunday theatres, dances, and festivities of France, were he to be told that, even in these times, the lawfulness of shaving on a Sunday had been seriously discussed by one of our most numerous sects? The question was thus gravely submitted to the Methodist Conference of 1807: "As it has been suggested that our rule respecting the exclusion of barbers, who shave or dress their customers on the Lord's day, is not sufficiently explicit and positive, what is the decision of the Conference on this important point?" And thus replieth that august body to the weighty interrogatory: "Let it be fully understood that no such person is to be suffered to remain in any of our societies. We charge all our superintendants to execute this rule in every place, without partiality and without delay." Poor human nature! how often, in thy failure to enforce these and other unattainable austerities, dost thou verify the lines of Dryden!—

" Reaching above our nature does no good,
We must fall back to our old flesh and blood."

Is there no island of rest for thee between Scylla and Charybdis? must thou be for ever bandied to and fro by the conflicting battledores of fanaticism and indifference?

It may not be unamusing, perhaps not uninstructive, to consider the mode in which some of the various classes of London society dispose of themselves upon the Sabbath.

The rational Christian goes to church in an exhilarating spirit of grateful devotion to God, and universal charity to mankind; and, feeling persuaded that the most acceptable homage to the Creator must be the happiness of the creature, dedicates the rest of the day to innocent recreations, and the enjoyment of domestic and social intercourse.

The bigot enters his Salem or Ebenezer, hoping to propitiate the God of unbounded benignity by enforcing systems of gloom and horror; by dreadful denunciations against the rest of mankind, and ascetical self-privations. He holds with the Caliph Omar, that we must make a hell of this world to merit heaven in the next. In all probability, he is a vice-suppresser, and, hating to see others enjoy that which he denies to himself, wages a petty but malignant warfare against human happiness, from the poor boy's kite to the old woman's apple-stall. If in good circumstances, he orders out his coachman, footman, and horses, to go to chapel, that the world may at once know his wealth and his devoutness; yet dines

upon cold meat, to let God Almighty see that he does not unnecessarily employ his servants on the Sabbath. Music on this day is an utter abomination; and, if he had his will, he would imprison the running waters for making melody with the pebbles; set the wind in the stocks for whistling; and cite the lark, the thrush, and the blackbird, into the Ecclesiastical Court.

The man of fashion cannot possibly get dressed in time for church; the park is *mauvais ton*;—there is no other place to ride in;—he hates walking—lounges at the subscription-house, and votes Sunday a complete *bore*, until it is time to drop in at the Marchioness's, in Arlington-street.

Jammed in by other carriages, and sometimes unable to move from the same spot for hours together, the woman of fashion spends her Sunday morning in the Ring, exposed to sun, wind, and dust, and the rude stare of an endless succession of Oriental vulgarians.

Half filling his showy and substantial carriage, the rich citizen rides from his country-house to the church, fully impressed with the importance of the duty he is performing, and not altogether unmindful of the necessity of acquiring an appetite for dinner. He has, moreover, a lurking hope that his supplications may not have an unpropitious effect on the fate of his missing ship, the Good Intent, on which he is short insured;* to strengthen which influence, he deplores

* An insurance company at Cadiz once took the Virgin Mary into formal partnership, covenanting to set aside her

to his son their religious omission of the introductory and concluding prayer in the newly printed bills of lading; censures the same impropriety in the form of modern wills; and informs him that most of the old mercantile ledgers had the words "Laus Deo" very properly printed in their first page. His wife, fat and fine, with a gorgeous pelisse, and a whole flower-garden in her bonnet, sits opposite to him, and, as they go to church to abjure all pomps and vanities, their rich-liveried servant, with fifty bobs and tags dangling from his shoulder, clatters up the aisle behind them, to perform the essential offices of carrying one little Prayer-book, and shutting the door of their pew. Whatever be the rank of those who practise this obtrusive and indecorous display, it is of the very essence of vulgar upstart pride, and constitutes an offence, which the beadle of every parish ought to have special orders to prevent.

The city dandy and dandisette, arrayed in the very newest of their septenary fashions, pick the cleanest way to the Park, and leaving the verdant sward, umbrageous avenues, and chirping birds of Kensington Gardens, to nurserymaids and children, prefer taking the dust, and enjoying the crowd by the roadside, accompanied by the unceasing grating of the carriage-wheels in the gravel.

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portion of profits for the enrichment of her shrine in that city. Not doubting that she would protect every vessel, in which she had such a manifest interest, they underwrote ships of all sorts, at such reduced rates, that in a few months the infatuated partners were all declared bankrupts.

The maid-servant, having a smart new bonnet, asks her mistress's permission to go to morning-service; and, when her fellow-servants inquire what the sermon was about, exclaims, with a toss of her head, "I always told Mary what the flirting of that fellow Tomkins would come to: spite of all his fine speeches about the banns, they wasn't no more asked in church than I was."

The labourer, or mechanic, who was formerly enabled to freshen his feet in the grass of the green fields, and recreate his smoke-dried nose with the fragrance of a country breeze, can no longer enjoy that gratification, now that London itself is gone out of town. He prowls about the dingy swamps of Battersea or Mile-End, with a low bull-dog at his heels, which he says he will match, for a gallon of beer, with e'er a dog in England. Being of the same stock with the cockney young lady, who pathetically lamented that she "never could *exasperate* the *Haitch*," and then innocently inquired "whether the letter *We* wasn't a *wowell?*" he, with a scrupulous inaccuracy, misplaces his H's, V's, and W's. At Vauxhall he stops to buy an ash-stick; because, as he argumentatively tells Bill Gibbons, his companion, "I always likes a hash un." However numerous may be his acquaintance, he never meets one without asking him what they shall drink, having a bibulous capacity as insatiable as that of a dustman, who, beginning at six o'clock in the morning, will swallow a quart of washy small beer at every door on both sides of a long street.

The more decent artisan, having stowed four young children, all apparently of the same age, in a hand-cart, divides with his wife the pleasure of dragging them, for the benefit of country air, as far as the Mother Red Cap in the Hampstead-road, where he ascends into a balcony commanding a fine view of the surrounding dust, smokes his pipe, drinks his ale, and, enjoying the heat of the high road as he lugs his burden back again, declares, that "them country excursions are vastly wholesome."

It was my intention to have contrasted with these scenes "the sound of the church-going bell" in a quiet sequestered village; but, in writing of London, I have so far caught its spirit, as to have left myself little room for further enlargement, and I shall, therefore, comprise all I had to say in the following extract from Wordsworth's "White Doe of Rylstone:"—

"From Bolton's old monastic tower,
The bells ring loud with gladsome power;
The sun is bright; the fields are gay,
With people in their best array
Of stole and doublet, hood and scarf,
Along the banks of the crystal Wharf,
Through the vale, retired and lowly,
Trooping to that summons holy.

And up among the moorlands, see
What sprinklings of blithe company!
Of lasses and of shepherd grooms,
That down the steep hills force their way,
Like cattle through the budded brooms;
Path, or no path, what care they?
And thus, in joyous mood, they hie
To Bolton's mouldering Priory."

ON NOSES.

And Liberty plucks Justice by the nose.
SHAKSPEARE.

IT has been settled by Mr. Alison, in his "Essay on the Philosophy of Taste," that the sublimity or beauty of forms arises altogether from the associations we connect with them, or the qualities of which they are expressive to us; and Sir Joshua Reynolds, in discoursing upon personal beauty, maintains, that as nature, in every nation, has one fixed or determinate form towards which she is continually inclining, that form will invariably become the national standard of bodily perfection. "To instance," he proceeds, "in a particular part of a feature: the line that forms the ridge of the nose, is beautiful when it is straight; this, then, is the central form, which is oftener found than either concave, convex, or any other irregular form that may be proposed;"—but this observation he is careful to limit to those countries where the Grecian nose predominates, for he subsequently adds, in speaking of the Æthiopians, "I suppose nobody will doubt, if one of their painters was to paint the goddess of beauty, but that he would represent her black, with thick lips, flat nose, and woolly hair; and it seems to me that he would act very unnaturally if he did not; for by what criterion will any one dispute the propriety of his idea?" And he thus concludes his observations

on the subject: "From what has been said, it may be inferred, that the works of Nature, if we compare one species with another, are all equally beautiful; and that preference is given from custom, or some association of ideas; and that, in creatures of the same species, beauty is the medium or centre of all various forms." If this definition be accurate, we are not authorised in admiring either the Roman or the Jewish noses, both of which are too exorbitant and overbearing—the high-born *ultras* of their class;—still less can we fall in love with the Tartarian notions, where the greatest beauties have the least noses, and where, according to Ruybrock, the wife of the celebrated Jenghiz Khan was deemed irresistible, because she had only two holes for a nose. These are the radical noses. *In medio tutissimus* seems to be as true upon this subject as almost every other, and, in the application of the dictum, we must finally give the preference to the Grecian form, of which such beautiful specimens have been transmitted to us in their statues, vases, and gems. Whether this were the established *beau idéal* of their artists, or, as is more probable, the predominant line of the existing population, it is certain that, in their sculptures, deviations from it are very rare. In busts from the living, they were, of course, compelled to conform to the original; but I can easily imagine, that if it did not actually break the Grecian chisel, it must have nearly broken the heart of the statuary, who was doomed to scoop out of the marble the mean and indented pug-nose of Socrates. Whence did that extraordinary people derive their noble figure

and beautiful features, which they idealised into such sublime symmetry and exquisite loveliness in the personification of their gods and goddesses? If they were, indeed, as the inhabitants of Attica pretended, the Autocthones, or original natives, springing from the earth, it were an easy solution to maintain, that the soil and climate of that country are peculiarly adapted to the most faultless and perfect developement of the human form: but if, as more sober history affirms, they were a colony from Sais in Egypt, led by Cecrops into Attica, we must be utterly at a loss to account for their form, features, and complexion. Traces of this derivation are clearly discernible in their religion and arts; and the sources of their various orders of architecture are, even now, incontestably evident in the ancient and stupendous temples upon the banks of the Nile; in none of whose sculptures, however, do we discover any approximation to the beautiful features and graceful contour of the Greeks. Æthiopians, Persians, and Egyptians, are separately recognisable, but there are no figures resembling the Athenians. The features of the Sphinx are Nubian; the mummies are invariably dark-coloured; and though their noses are generally compressed by the embalming bandages, there is reason to believe that they have lost very little of their elevation in the process. Leaving the elucidation of this obscure matter to more profound antiquaries, let us return to our central point of beauty—the Nose.

A Slawkenbergius occasionally appeared among the Greeks, as well as the moderns; but from the exube-

rant ridicule and boisterous raillery with which the monster was assailed, we may presume that a genuine proboscis was of rare occurrence. Many of the lampoons and jokes, circulated by the wits of Athens, are as extravagant as the noses themselves, and enough has been preserved to fill a horse's nose-bag. Let the following, from the Anthology, suffice as a sample :—

"Dick cannot wipe his nostrils if he pleases,
(So long his nose is, and his arms so short;)
Nor ever cries "God bless me!" when he sneezes;
He cannot hear so *distant* a report."

Or this, which is attributed to the Emperor Trajan :—

"Let Dick some summer's day expose
Before the sun his monstrous nose,
And stretch his giant-mouth to cause
Its shade to fall upon his jaws;
With nose so long, and mouth so wide,
And those twelve grinders side by side,
Dick, with a very little trial,
Would make an excellent sun-dial."

Many of these epigrams were derived by the Greeks from the Oriental Facetiæ; and if we would trace the pedigree of a joke, which even at our last dinner-party set the table in a roar, we should probably hunt it back to the symposia of Athens, and the festive halls of Bagdat. It must be confessed that, in several of these instances, if the wit be old, it is very little of its age; for Hierocles, like his successor Joe Miller, seems now and then to have thought it a good joke to put in a bad one.

Ovid, it is well known, derived his *sobriquet* of Naso from the undue magnitude of that appendage, though

it did not deter him from aspiring to the affections of Julia, the daughter of Augustus. It is not, perhaps, so generally known, that the cry of "Nosey!" issuing from the gallery of the play-house, when its inmates are musically inclined, is the nick-name, which has long survived a former leader of the band, to whom nature had been unsparingly bountiful in that prominent feature; and who, could he have foreseen his immortality among the gods, might have exclaimed, with his illustrious namesake,

> "Parte tamen meliore mei super alta perennis
> Astra ferar, nomenque erit indelebile nostrum."

Though a roomy nose may afford a good handle for ridicule, there are cases in which a certain magnificence and superabundance of that feature, if not abstractedly becoming, has, at least, something appropriate in its redundancy, according with the characteristics of its wearer. It has advantages as well as disadvantages. A man of any spirit is compelled to take cognisance of offences committed under his very nose, but with such a promontory as we have been describing, they may come within the strict letter of the phrase, and yet be far enough removed to afford him a good plea for protesting that they escaped his observation. He is not bound to see within his nose, much less beyond it. Should a quarrel, however, become inevitable, the very construction of this member compels him to meet his adversary half way. Nothing could reconcile us to a bulbous excrescence of this inflated description, if we saw it appended to a poor little insignificant creature, giving him the appearance of the

Toucan, or spoon-bill; and suggesting the idea of his being tied to his own nose to prevent his straying. But suppose the case of a burly, jovial, corpulent alderman, standing behind such an appendage, with all its indorsements, riders, addenda, extra-parochial appurtenances, and Taliacotian supplements, like a sow with her whole litter of pigs, or (to speak more respectfully) like a venerable old abbey, with all its projecting chapels, oratories, refectories, and abutments; and it will seem to dilate itself before its wearer with an air of portly and appropriate companionship. I speak not here of a simple bottle-nose, but one of a thousand bottles, a polypetalous enormity, whose blushing honours, as becoming to it as the stars, crosses, and ribbons of a successful general, are trophies of past victories, the colours won iu tavern-campaigns. They recal to us the clatter of knives, the slaughter of turtle, the shedding of claret, the deglutition of magnums. Esurient and bibulous reminiscences ooze from its surface, and each protuberance is historical. One is the record of a Pitt-club dinner; another of a corporation feast; a third commemorates a tipsy carousal, in support of religion and social order; others attest their owner's civic career, "until, at last, he devoured his way to the Lord Mayor's mansion, as a mouse in a cheese makes a large house for himself by continually eating:"—and the whole pendulous mass, as if it heard the striking up of the band at a public dinner on the entrance of the viands, actually seems to wag to the tune of "O, the roast Beef of Old England!"

As there are many who prefer the arch of the old bridges to the straight line of the Waterloo, so there are critics who extend the same taste to the bridge of the nose, deeming the Roman handsomer than the Grecian—a feeling which may probably be traced to association. A medallist, whose coins of the Roman emperors generally exhibit the convex projection, conceives it expressive of grandeur, majesty, and military pre-eminence; while a collector of Greek vases will limit his idea of beauty to the straight line depictured on his favourite antiques. The Roman unquestionably has its beauties; its outline is bold, flowing, and dignified; it looks as if Nature's own hand had fashioned it for one of her noble varieties; but the term has become a misnomer; it is no longer applicable to the inhabitants of the Eternal City, whose nasal bridges seem to have subsided with the decline and fall of their empire.

While we are upon the subject of large noses, we must not forget that of the Jews, which has length and breadth in abundance, but is too often so ponderous, ungraceful, and shapeless, as to discard every idea of dignity, and impart to the countenance a character of burlesque and ugly disproportion. It is not one of nature's primitive forms, but a degeneracy produced by perpetual intermarriages of the same race during successive ages.

Inest sua gratia parvis; let it not be imagined that all our attention is to be lavished upon these folio noses; the duodecimos and Elzevirs have done execution in the days that are gone, and shall they pass

away from our memories like the forms of last year's clouds? Can we forget "le petit nez retroussé" of Marmontel's heroine, which captivated a sultan, and overturned the laws of an empire? Was not the downfal of another empire, as recorded in the immortal work of Gibbon, written under a nose of the very snubbiest construction? So concave and intangible was it, that when his face was submitted to the touch of a blind old French lady, who used to judge of her acquaintance by feeling their features, she exclaimed "Voilà une mauvaise plaisanterie!" Wilkes, equally unfortunate in this respect, and remarkably ugly besides, used to maintain, that in the estimation of society a handsome man had only half an hour's start of him, as within that period he would recover by his conversation what he had lost by his looks. Perhaps the most insurmountable objection to the pug or cocked-up nose, is the flippant, distasteful, or contemptuous expression it conveys. To turn up our noses is a colloquialism for disdain; and even those of the ancient Romans, inflexible as they appear, could curl themselves up in the fastidiousness of concealed derision. "Altior homini tantum nasus," says Pliny, "quam novi mores subdolæ irrisioni dicavêre:" and Horace talks of sneers suspended, "naso adunco." It cannot be denied, that those who have been snubbed by nature, not unfrequently look as if they were anxious to take their revenge by snubbing others.

As a friend to noses of all denominations, I must here enter my solemn protest against a barbarous abuse to which they are too often subjected, by converting

them into dust-holes and soot-bags, under the fashionable pretext of taking snuff; an abomination for which Sir Walter Raleigh is responsible, and which ought to have been included in the articles of his impeachment. When some "Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain," after gently tapping its top with a look of diplomatic complacency, embraces a modicum of its contents with his finger and thumb, curves round his hand, so as to display the brilliant on his little finger, and commits the high-dried pulvilio to the air, so that nothing but its impalpable aroma ascends into his nose, we may smile at the custom as a harmless and not ungraceful foppery: but when a filthy clammy compost is perpetually thrust up the nostrils with a voracious pig-like snort, it is a practice as disgusting to the beholders as I believe it to be injurious to the offender. The nose is the emunctory of the brain, and when its functions are impeded, the whole system of the head becomes deranged. A professed snuff-taker is generally recognisable by his total loss of the sense of smelling—by his snuffling and snorting—by his pale sodden complexion—and by that defective modulation of the voice, called talking through the nose, though it is in fact an inability so to talk, from the partial or total stoppage of the passage. Not being provided with an ounce of civet, I will not suffer my imagination to wallow in all the revolting concomitants of this dirty trick; but I cannot refrain from an extract, by which we may form some idea of the time consumed in its performance. "Every professed, inveterate, and incurable snuff-taker, (says Lord Stanhope,) at a mo-

derate computation takes one pinch in ten minutes. Every pinch, with the agreeable ceremony of blowing and wiping the nose, and other incidental circumstances, consumes a minute and a half. One minute and a half, out of every ten, allowing sixteen hours to a snuff-taking day, amounts to two hours and twenty-four minutes out of every natural day, or one day out of every ten. One day out of every ten amounts to thirty-six days and a half in a year. Hence, if we suppose the practice to be persisted in forty years, two entire years of the snuff-taker's life will be dedicated to tickling his nose, and two more to blowing it." Taken medicinally, or as a simple sternutatory, it may be excused; but the moment your snuff is not to be sneezed at, you are the slave of a habit which literally makes you grovel in the dust: your snuff-box has seized you as Saint Dunstan did the Devil, and if the red-hot pincers, with which he performed the feat, could occasionally start up from an Ormskirk snuff-box, it might have a salutary effect in checking this propensity among our real and pseudo-fashionables.

It was my intention to have written a dissertation upon the probable form of the nose mentioned in Solomon's Song, which, we are informed, was like "the tower of Lebanon looking toward Damascus;" and I had prepared some very erudite conjectures as to the composition of the perfume which suggested to Catullus the magnificent idea of wishing to be *all nose:*

> "Quod tu cum olfacies, Deos rogabis,
> Totum ut te faciant, Fabulle, nasum."

But I apprehend my readers will begin to think I have led them by the nose quite long enough; and lest they should suspect that I am making a handle of the subject, I shall conclude at once with a

SONNET TO MY OWN NOSE.

O nose! thou rudder in my face's centre,
Since I must follow thee until I die,—
Since we are bound together by indenture,
The master thou, and the apprentice I,—
O be to your Telemachus a Mentor,
Though oft invisible, for ever nigh;
Guard him from all disgrace and misadventure,
From hostile tweak, or Love's blind mastery.
So shalt thou quit the city's stench and smoke,
For hawthorn lanes, and copses of young oak,
Scenting the gales of Heaven, that have not yet
Lost their fresh fragrance since the morning broke,
And breath of flowers "with rory May-dews wet,"
The primrose—cowslip—blue-bell—violet.

WALKS IN THE GARDEN.—No. I.

Heureux qui, dans le sein de ses dieux domestiques,
Se dérobe au fracas des tempêtes publiques,
Et dans un doux abri, trompant tous les regards,
Cultive ses jardins, les vertus, et les arts.

DELILLE.

A GENTLE fertilizing shower has just fallen—the light clouds are breaking away—a rainbow is exhibiting itself half athwart the horizon, as the sun shoots

forth its rays with renewed splendour, and the reader is invited to choose the auspicious moment, and accompany the writer into his garden. He will not exclaim with Dr. Darwin,

> " Stay your rude steps! whose throbbing breasts enfold
> The legion fiends of glory or of gold;"—

but he would warn from his humble premises all those who have magnificent notions upon the subject; who despise the paltry pretensions of a bare acre of ground scarcely out of the smoke of London, and require grandeur of extent and expense before they will condescend to be interested. To such he would recommend the perusal of Spence's translation from the Jesuits' Letters, giving an account of the Chinese emperor's pleasure-ground, which contained 200 palaces, besides as many contiguous ones for the eunuchs, all gilt, painted, and varnished; in whose enclosure were raised hills from twenty to sixty feet high; streams and lakes, one of the latter five miles round; serpentine bridges, with triumphal arches at each end: undulating colonnades; and in the centre of the fantastic paradise a square town, each side a mile long. Or they may recreate their fancies with the stupendous hanging gardens of Babylon—a subject which no living imagination could perfectly embody and depict, unless it be his who has realised upon canvass such a glorious conception of Belshazzar's feast. Or he may peruse Sir William Temple's description of a perfect garden, with its equilateral parterres, fountains, and statues, " so necessary to break the effect of large grass-plots, which, he thinks, have an ill ef-

fect upon the eye;" its four quarters regularly divided by gravel walks, with statues at the intersections; its terraces, stone flights of steps, cloisters covered with lead, and all the formal filigree-work of the French and Dutch schools.—If the reader be a lover of poetry, let him forget for a moment, if he can, the fine taste and splendid diction of Milton, in describing the Garden of Eden, the happy abode of our first parents—

"——From that sapphire fount the crisped brooks,
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
With mazy error under pendant shades
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
Flow'rs worthy of Paradise, which not nice art
In beds and curious knots, but nature boon,
Pour'd forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unpierced shade
Imbrown'd the noontide bowers. Thus was this place
A happy, rural seat of various view."—

Let him also banish from his recollection the far-famed garden of Alcinous, which however, as Walpole justly observes, after being divested of Homer's harmonious Greek and bewitching poetry, was a small orchard and vineyard, with some beds of herbs, and two fountains that watered them, enclosed within a quickset-hedge, and its whole compass only four acres. Such was the rural magnificence which was in that age deemed an appropriate appendage to a palace with brazen walls and columns of silver.—Modern times, however, have shewn us how much may be accomplished in a small space. Pope, with the assistance of Lord Peterborough, "to form his quincunx, and to

rank his vines," contrived to impart every variety of scenery to a spot of five acres; and might not, perhaps, have been insincere when he declared, that of all his works, he was most proud of his garden.—But a truce to these deprecations and dallyings with our own modesty: the breezes are up, the sky is cloudless; let us sally forth, and indulge in the associations and chit-chat suggested by the first objects that we encounter.

This border is entirely planted with evergreens, so benignantly contrived by nature for refreshing us with their summer verdure and cheerfulness, amid the sterility and gloom of winter. This, with its graceful form, dark-green hue, and substantial texture, is the prickly-leaved Phillyræa, said to have been first brought into Europe by the Argonauts, from the island of the same name in the Pontus Euxinus. From the river Phasis in Colchis these voyagers are reported to have first introduced pheasants, though many writers contend that the whole expedition was fabulous, and that all the bright imaginings and poetical embellishments lavished upon the Golden Fleece, resolve themselves into the simple and not very dignified fact of spreading sheep-skins across the torrents that flowed from Mount Caucasus, to arrest the particles of gold brought down by the waters. Our own Crusades, however irrational their object, were attended with many beneficial results, not only introducing us to the knowledge of Saracenic architecture, but supplying our European gardens with many of the choicest Oriental productions. While we are on the subject of the Crusades, let us not omit to notice this Planta

genista, or broom, said to have been adopted in those wars as a heraldic bearing, and ultimately to have furnished a name to our noble English family, the Plantagenets. Next to it is the Arbutus, the most graceful and beautiful of all plants, and nearly singular in bearing its flowers and strawberry-like fruit at the same time, although the florets be but the germ of the next year's fruit. Virgil seems to have been very partial to this elegant shrub. By its side is a small plant of that particular Ilex, or holm oak, on which, in the south of Europe, more especially in Crete, are found those little insects, or worms, called kermes, whence a brilliant scarlet dye is extracted, and which are so rapidly reproduced, that they often afford two crops in a year. From these small worms the French have derived the word *vermeil*, and we our vermillion; though the term is a misnomer, as the genuine vermillion is a mineral preparation. The Juniper-tree need not detain us long, now that its berries are no longer used for flavouring gin, the distillers substituting for that purpose oil of turpentine, which, though it nearly resembles the berries in flavour, possesses none of their valuable qualities. Box and Arbor vitæ, those treasures of our ancient gardeners, may also exclaim that their occupation is nearly gone, since the taste for verdant sculpture is exploded, and giants, animals, monsters, coats of arms, and peacocks, no longer startle us at every turn*. Yews also, which,

* This false taste, however, may boast the sanction of a most classical age. Pliny, in the description of his Tuscan Villa,

from their being so easily tonsile, were invaluable for forming mazes, now only retain their station in our church-yards, where they were originally ordered to be planted by law, that, upon occasion, their tough branches might afford a ready supply of bows. But this Laurel cannot be so easily dismissed; it is literally and truly an evergreen, for classical associations assure to it an imperishable youth and freshness. Into this tree was Daphne metamorphosed when she fled from Apollo in the vale of Tempè; with these leaves did the enamoured god bind his brows, and decree that it should be for ever sacred to his divinity; since when, as all true poets believe, it has been an infallible preservative against lightning;—and from tufted bowers of this plant did the Delphic girls rush out upon Mount Parnassus, when with music, dancing, and enthusiastic hymns, they celebrated the festival of the god of day. A wreath of laurel was the noblest reward to which virtue and ambition aspired, before the world became venal, and fell down to worship the golden calf. Cæsar wore his, it is said, to hide a defect; and our modern kings have little better plea for their crowns, from the Tartar dandy down to Ferdinand the Embroiderer. Yonder is the *Laurus*,

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might be supposed to be pourtraying some of the worst specimens of the art of gardening which our own country exhibited in King William's time, dwelling, with apparent pleasure, on box-trees cut into monsters, animals, letters, and the names of the master and artificer; with the usual appendages of slopes, terraces, water-spouts, rectangular walks, and the regular alternations by which "half the garden just reflects the other."

or bay-tree, a garland of whose leaves was deemed their noblest recompense by ancient poets; but our modern Laureates, not even content with the addition of a hundred pounds and a butt of sack, must have pensions and snug little sinecures besides. Virgil places Anchises in Elysium, in a grove of sweet-scented bays. Those three shrubs planted close together are the Privet, and two varieties of Holly, so placed that their black, yellow, and red berries might be intermixed;—the Misletoe, with its transparent pearls, would have formed a beautiful addition; but it is a parasite, and requires larger trees to support it. On New Year's Day the ancient Druids went out to seek this plant with hymns, ceremonies, and rejoicings, distributing it again among the people as something sacred and auspicious.

Two or three hundred years hence this young plant, which has only lately been added to the garden, may become a majestic Cypress: it is of very slow growth, and still slower decay, on which account the ancients used it for the statues of their gods. The gates of St. Peter's church at Rome, made of this wood, had lasted from the time of Constantine, eleven hundred years, as fresh as new, when Pope Eugenius IV. ordered gates of brass in their stead. Some will have it that the wood Gophir, of which Noah's ark was made, was cypress. Plato preferred it to brass for writing his laws on; the Athenians, according to Thucydides, buried their heroes in coffins of this wood, and many of the Egyptian-mummy chests are formed of the same material. The beautiful youth who killed Apollo's

favourite stag, was metamorphosed into this tree.—Those taller trees at the back of the plantation are Firs and Pines, sacred in the olden time to Pan. Unacquainted with brandy, the ancients used to tap these trees for a species of turpentine to fortify and preserve their wines, whence the Bacchanalian Thyrsus was always terminated with a fir cone. Our garden cannot boast a single Pinaster; but there is a noble one on the lawn of the Episcopal Palace at Fulham, whence these large flakes of smooth bark were lately peeled off, and, by subdividing them into thin laminæ, they may be written on like so many sheets of paper, without the smallest preparation. For this purpose they were used by the ancients, who also formed a papyrus from the bark of the mulberry-tree, whence the Latin word *liber* signified both the bark of a tree, and a book; and the term *folium*, a leaf, was on the same account equally applied to both. From *liber* comes *libellus*, a little book; and hence have we derived our Libel law, with all its difficulties and anomalous inflictions. Who would have thought that, amid all the delightful associations of our garden, the Attorney-General would have popped his gown and wig upon our thoughts from behind the peaceful bark of a pine?

Leaving these evergreens, let us for a moment take a seat beneath this beautiful Plane, a tree which was brought originally from the Levant to Rome, and formed such a favourite decoration in the villas of her greatest orators and statesmen, that we read of their irrigating them with wine instead of water. Pliny affirms, that no tree defends more effectually from the

heat of the sun in summer, nor admits its rays more kindly in the winter. Its introduction into England is generally ascribed to Lord Bacon, who planted a noble parcel of them at Verulam:—nor can I gaze through its branches upon the blue benignant heavens, without participating that enthusiasm of natural religion by which Bacon himself was actuated, when he occasionally walked forth in a gentle shower without any covering on his head, in order, as he said, that he might feel the spirit of the universe descending upon him. Mention is made of a plane-tree growing at a villa of the Emperor Caligula, whose hollow trunk was capacious enough to contain ten or twelve persons at dinner, with their attendants; but the most celebrated upon record, is that with which Xerxes was so much smitten, that he halted his whole army for some days to admire it; collecting the jewels of his whole court to adorn it; neglecting all the concerns of his grand expedition, while he passionately addressed it as his mistress, his minion, his goddess; and, when he finally tore himself away, causing a representation of it to be stamped on a gold medal, which he continually wore about his neck.

Some interesting reflections will be suggested by the mere nomenclature of plants, if we attend to a few of the more common sorts, as we stray along the borders, and through the green-house. This little elegant flower, with its hoar and dark green leaves, and golden crown, has had two sponsors; having first been honoured with the name of Parthenis, imparted to it by the Virgin Goddess, until Artemisia, the wife of

Mausolus, adopted it, and ordered that it should bear her own. The columns, and obelisks, and towers of the far-famed mausoleum built by this Queen have gradually crumbled, until they have become so effectually mingled with the dust, that even the site of one of the wonders of the world is utterly unknown; while this fragile flower, immutable and immortal, continues precisely the same as when her youthful fingers first pruned its leaves in the windows of her palace. In this Teucrium, or tree germander, we recognise the name of King Teucer, who first introduced it among his Phrygian subjects, as well as the worship of Cybele, and the dances of the Corybantes. Black Hellebore, or melampodium, is not very inviting in its associations, if we merely consider its dangerous qualities; but it possesses an historical interest, when we recollect, that with this plant Melampus cured the mad daughters of King Prætus, and received the eldest in marriage for his reward. Euphorbia commemorates the physician of Juba, a Moorish prince; and Gentiana immortalizes a King of Illyria.* These references might be extended among ancient names to the end of our walk; but we will now advert to a few of the more modern derivations. Tournefort gave to this scarlet jasmine the name of Bignonia, in honour of Abbot Bignon, librarian to Louis XIV. The Browallia demissa and elata record a botanist of humble origin, who afterwards became Bishop of Upsal; and the French, by a Greek pun upon Buo-

* See Smith's Introduction to Botany, p. 374.

naparte's name, introduced a Calomeria into their botanical catalogue, although it has now probably changed its name with the dynasty. Linnæus, in his Critica Botanica, has, in several instances, drawn a fanciful analogy between botanists and their appropriate plants; but as it might be tedious to go more minutely into this subject, the reader can refer to the same authority from which we have already quoted.

Other motives than the natural and laudable one of commemorating distinguished botanists have sometimes influenced the bestowal of names upon plants, and satire and irony have occasionally intruded themselves into the sanctuary of science. "Buffonia tenuifolia is well known to be a satire on the *slender* botanical pretensions of the great French zoologist; as the Hillia parasitica of Jacquin, though perhaps not meant, is an equally just one upon our pompous Sir John Hill. I mean not to approve of such satires: they stain the purity of our lovely science. If a botanist does not deserve commemoration, let him sink peaceably into oblivion. It savours of malignity to make his crown a crown of thorns; and if the application be unjust, it is truly diabolical." *

But see! this Convolvulus begins to shut up its flowers, a sure indication of approaching rain; and the Calendula pluvialis, commonly called the poor man's weather-glass, has already closed its petals in anticipation of an April shower. These barometers of nature are seldom mistaken; the big drops are already

* Smith's Introduction to Botany, p. 382.

falling around us;—run, run, let us seek the shelter of the house, and at our next walk we will take the opposite side of the garden, in the hope of gleaning some reflections from its variegated borders.

MAY MORNING.

Up and away! 'tis a holiday!
Comē lads and lasses with merry faces
To the May-bowers;
Behold the grass is pranckt with daisies,
The banks with flowers.
The sun is flinging on waters glancing
His early light;
The birds are singing, and branches dancing,
At the glad sight.
Come, let us rush in the maze of boughs,
And meet at the May-pole to dance and carouse;
He that is first shall be Jack in the Green,
And the forwardest lass shall be crown'd our Queen.

LISTEN to the author of the Faery Queen, who curbs the exuberance of his rich imagination, and, confining himself to a simple though beautiful transcript from nature, thus ushers in the month of May:—

"Is not thilke the merry moneth of May,
When love-lads masken in fresh array?
How falles it, then, we no merrier beene,
Ylike as others, girt in gaudy greene?
Our bloncket liveries* bene all too sadde
For thilke same season, when all is ycladde

---

* Gray coats.

With pleasaunce; the ground with grasse, the woods
With greene leaves, the bushes with bloosming buds.
Youngthes folke now flocken in every where,
To gather May-buskets* and smelling brere;
And home they hasten the postes to dight,
And all the kirk pillows, eare day-light,
With hawthorne buds, and sweete eglantine,
And girlonds of roses, and soppes in wine.
Such merimake holy saints doth queme,†
But we sitten here as drownde in dreme."

Reader! if thou dost not catch the fragrance of the May-garlands, and inhale the freshness of the morning grass, springing up from beneath thy feet; if thou dost not see the sparkling eyes and joy-flushed cheeks of the country damsels and youths as they return from their Maying; if thou dost not hear their songs and laughter, borne fitfully to thine ear by the balmy breeze,—then do I maintain that thou lackest taste to relish the rural accuracy, the cordial and countrified simplicity, the *gusto*, in short, with which Spenser, in the above passage from his Shepheards Calender, commences his May Eclogue. Perhaps thou art offended with the rude antiquity of the garb in which it is clothed:—nay then, thou shalt have something as gorgeous and modern as thy heart could wish, if thou wilt but read Darwin's Invocation to the same month.

"Born in yon blaze of orient sky,
Sweet May! thy radiant form unfold,
Unclose thy blue voluptuous eye,
And wave thy shadowy locks of gold.

* *Boskets*, bushes: from *Boschetti*, Ital. † Please.

"For thee the fragrant Zephyrs blow,
For thee descends the sunny shower;
The rills in softer murmurs flow,
And brighter blossoms gem the bower.

"Light graces dress'd in flowery wreaths,
And tiptoe joys, their hands combine;
And Love his sweet contagion breathes,
And laughing dances round thy shrine.

"Warm with new life the glittering throngs
On quivering fin and rustling wing,
Delighted join their votive songs,
And hail thee, Goddess of the Spring!"

Here are mellifluous diction, poetical personifications, and elaborate generalities, but no picture of life, or portrait of nature; none of that kindly union of human happiness and nature's flowery outpouring; nothing of that holiday of earth and its inhabitants, which form the charm of Spenser's delineation. The modern is correct and insipid, heartless and fine. Alas! these extracts illustrate but too accurately the feelings of the respective periods in which they were produced, and the different cordiality with which the same festival was celebrated. May-day is no holiday dependent on the rubric, or the musty fables of monks and saints;—it is a jubilee of Nature's own appointing, when the earth, dressing herself up in flowers and green garlands, calls aloud to her children to come out into the fields and participate in her merry-making—a gladsome invitation which has been accepted with sparkling eyes and happy hearts since the world itself was young. Romulus named the month of May in honour of his nobles and senators,

termed *Majores*, or Elders; as the following month was called June out of compliment to the *Juniors*, who served him in his wars; and though it is well known that we have some absolute wisdom among our Elder or Alder-men, yet it must be admitted that those worshipful dignitaries, in the time of Romulus, evinced a more genial and cheerful sagacity than has been ever exemplified by their successors, for they nearly converted the whole month of May into holidays. As they saw the young year advancing towards them, budding with beauty, and pouring out bounteous promises of fruits and harvests, they sent out their hearts and voices into the valleys and meadows to meet her, escorting her emblematically into the city under the symbol of the Goddess Flora, crowned with triumphant garlands, and preceded by banners and dancing. Jack in the Green, and our gambols round the May-pole, are but sorry types of this splendid festival, so far as externals are concerned; but they "have that within which passeth show;" they retain the essentials of the old Pagan jubilee:—to go a-Maying is not less healthy to the spirit than the frame; it is a reprieve from the thraldom of cities and artificial life, and rubs the canker of care from our hearts, by sending them out among the green leaves. It enables the plodders and the sons of toil to shake hands with nature; and as they pluck the blossom bough amid freshness and fragrance, and the music of birds and the sounds of human happiness, it brings them into direct and grateful communion with that benignant Deity whom

they have been too apt to view through the medium of gloomy or mysterious abstractions. This is to render it a religious rejoicing in the finest sense of the word; and so was it observed and felt over the west of Europe for a number of happy centuries, a special act having passed in our own country so late as the time of James I. legalising the observance of the usual May-games, Morris-dances, and dancing round the pole, *even on a Sunday.* Who but must feel his face flush with delight, if he suffer his imagination to run back through all the Mays of antiquity, with their awakening suns, delicious meadows, budding groves, sparkling waters, and rejoicing creatures? Who but must feel his heart sink within him, when he reflects that all this bloom of happiness was blighted by the withering hand of the Puritans, who, after having suppressed the theatres, enacted that all convicted actors should be publicly whipped, and all spectators of plays fined five shillings for every offence, proceeded to denounce May-poles and Morris-dances as "the devil's standards, which all those who follow do it unto damnation." "It is certain," says the historian and apologist of the Puritans, "that the Lord's day was *duly* observed, neither servants nor children being allowed to *walk in the fields,* or frequent the public-houses."* What strange notions must these miserable fanatics have entertained, when they deemed it irreligious to pour forth their grateful hearts to the Deity amid the glories of his own creation!

* Neale's History of the Puritans Abridged, chap. 19.

In the fresh fields, his own cathedral meet,
Built by himself—star-roof'd, and hung with green;
Wherein all breathing things, in concord sweet,
Organ'd by winds, perpetual hymns repeat.

Thank Heaven! these wretched tormentors of themselves and others have passed away; at least the rod has been wrenched from their hands, and their successors are but puny whipsters, waging a petty warfare of annoyance against the recreations of the poor and the defenceless. But as if human happiness were for ever to be sacrificed to some fatal mistake, the god of Avarice succeeded to the empire from which the dæmon of Bigotry had been expelled, and we drudged and toiled, and made ourselves slaves, for the base ambition of wearing chains of gold. Then began the period when our children were educated in the faith of "wise saws and modern instances," and Poor Richard's morals, such as—"stick to your business, and your business will stick to you," "a penny saved is a penny got," "a fool and his money are soon parted," and a thousand similar axioms, until a holiday was considered an enormity, and the expenditure of an unnecessary shilling a profligate abomination. Such were the sordid prostrations that prepared us for the toilsome and anxious delirium of the last twenty or thirty years—the æra of our commercial prosperity, as it is called, when increased taxation excited fresh efforts to defray it, and the enlarged manufactures and trade justified additional imposts; when speculators and capitalists became wholesale slave-masters, and men, women, and children

voluntarily and rapidly wore out their frames by task-work, until the former were bloated and choaked with their overgrown wealth, and the latter had no more enjoyment of life, or communion with nature, than the steam-engines and spinning-jennies to which they were made subsidiary. This was indeed the "propter vitam vivendi perdere causas,"—an enormous mistake of the means for the end; a desperate struggle to keep our heads above water, which was worse than drowning. But this long fit of Mammon-madness is subsiding; the convulsions are abated: we have time at last to wipe the perspiration from our brows; and though we may emerge from our agonies somewhat poorer and more exhausted than we could wish, we may be ultimate gainers, both in health and happiness, if we dedicate the first fruits of our unaccustomed leisure to the rural duties, and the renewal of that cheerful and cordial intercourse with nature, which exhilarated the lives of our ancestors; but from which we have profanely cut ourselves off by our plodding, sophisticated, and artificial modes of existence.

How can we begin this reform better than by recurring to the ancient and heart-refreshing observance of May-day?—*C'est le premier pas qui coute.*—Who will step out of the dust, and smoke, and anxious turmoil of London, into the green fields, and, with a sprig of blossoming hawthorn in his hand, give up the day to rural rambles and holiday associations? I will, for one; and I hereby invite the reader, whether gentle or simple, to accompany me. What! obey the

call of a stranger?—Ay, or you will not go at all; for to many of ye Nature is a greater stranger still, and yet she wafts you a perfumed billet, which she dispatches by the breeze; she has decorated her festive halls with boughs and garlands, painted the floor where we are to dance with living buttercups and daisies; and hark! her feathered orchestra has already struck up its music, for I can distinguish the notes of the blackbird and the thrush. Into such oblivion has the celebration of May fallen of late years, that you know not, perchance, the glories and eulogies with which it has been hailed. Old Izaak Walton records a saying of his friend Sir Henry Wootton, that he would rather live ten May months than forty Decembers—a sentiment to which you shall gladly subscribe before we part. Listen to the song of Milton:—

"Hail, bounteous May! that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire:
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.—
Thus we salute thee with thy early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long!"

And mark into what exclamations an Italian poet bursts in his passionate worship of the Spring:—

"O dolce primavera—o fior' novelli,
O aure, o arboscelli—o fresche erbette,
O piagge benedette—o colli, o monti,
O valli, o fiumi, o fonti—o verde rivi,
Palme, lauri, e olivi—edere e mirti;
O gloriosi spirti de gli boschi;
O Eco, o antri foschi—o chiare limfe,
O faretrate Ninfe—o agresti Pani,
O Satiri e Silvani—o Fauni e Driadi,

Naiadi ed Amadriadi—o Semidee,
Oreadi e Napee,—or siete sole." SANNAZZARO.

Which Leigh Hunt has thus happily translated, preserving the same recurrence of rhime in the middle of the line:—

"O thou dèlicious Spring—O ye new flowers,
O airs, O youngling bowers—fresh thickening grass,
And plains beneath Heaven's face—O hills and mountains,
Valleys, and streams, and fountains—banks of green,
Myrtles and palms serene, ivies and bays;
And ye who warm'd old lays, spirits o' the woods,
Echoes, and solitudes, and lakes of light:
O quiver'd Virgins bright, Pans rustical,
Satyrs and Sylvans all, Dryads, and ye
That up the mountains be; and ye beneath
In meadow or flowery heath,—ye are alone!"*

Shame on us, sluggards of the South! Although the Scottish breezes have hardly yet been warmed by the sun, and the panting buds and blossoms have scarcely burst their cerements, the country-folks have been out by moon-light waiting the arrival of May-morning, and singing, in the silent woods, Cunningham's May-eve, or Kate of Aberdeen.

"The silver moon's enamour'd beam
Steals softly through the night,
To wanton with the winding stream,
And kiss reflected light.

"To beds of state go, balmy Sleep!
('Tis where you've seldom been,)
May's vigil while the shepherds keep
With Kate of Aberdeen." &c. &c.

* See an admirable paper in the Indicator, No. 29.

Nay, if ye will not obey my summons, I shall class ye with the superannuated, to whom a contemporary writer refers in his description of Spring:—

"O how delightful is the bursting spring,
When the warm blood leaps nimbly through the veins,
And with the budding forth and blossoming
Of fields and groves, methinks the soul attains
Fresh life and greenness, wantons in the breeze,
Sings with the birds, and with the waving trees
Dances in unison. The spring-time gushes
In us as in the lusty grass and bushes;
And the same hand that o'er the meadow showers
King-cups and daisies, daffodils and pansies,
Garlands the human heart with all the flowers
Of love, hope, rapture, and poetic fancies.
If, when all nature feels this pregnant thrilling,
To its delicious promptings thou art mute,
Be sure that age begins, with touches chilling,
To freeze thy sap and wither up thy root."

Let those who are willing to enrol themselves in this class keep their May-day in London; for even in its murkiest precincts the penetrating voice of nature is heard and answered on that auspicious morn, with ghastly smiles and a lugubrious hilarity. To what do its festivities amount? This is the solitary jubilee of those wretched boys who climb up our dark suffocating chimneys at the risk of limb and life; whose ribbons and tinsel, and forced unnatural gambols, do but impress upon our minds, with a more painful intensity, their ordinary state of privation, suffering, and squalor. Reader! compare these rejoicings, and their heart-rending associations, with the extracts you have been perusing, and the genial, exhilarating, and

ennobling impressions with which they spontaneously connect themselves; and if (having the power to escape) you are still found within the bills of mortality, I can only say you have no right to be there, for you must be more or less than a mortal.

But what will Dr. Killjoy say? What will the world think, if a man of my religious character is seen——? O, Sir, I cry your mercy. You are, perhaps, one of the saints,—one of those who make religion a matter of public form and observance between man and man, rather than a governing principle, or silent communion between your own heart and its Creator. You have no idea of devotion, except in the House of God; and give me leave to add, that even there you have very little notion, except of the House itself. You have converted the accessory into the principal; the stimulant of inspiration into the inspirer. Your spiritual conceptions are essentially material; your imagination is of brick and mortar, and has built up the type into the archetype; you know nothing of the Deity but by symbols. Has not your own poet Cowper declared that "God made the country, man the town?" and think you he is more likely to be found in a temple built by hands, than in the midst of his own glorious and imperishable works? Was this most beautiful earth and its magnificent canopy made for brutes to gaze at? Was the sun set in a blaze, that it might light oxen and sheep to the pond; or the moon hung on high for dogs to howl at? Is no celestial aspiration, no pious enthusiasm to be awakened when we "look

through Nature up to Nature's God?" You may, for once, believe Shakspeare, when he assures you that there are

> "Sermons in stones, books in the running brooks—
> And good in every thing."

Well, then, since you are inexorable, let me appeal to the grave-looking gentleman by your side, with a bill of lading in one hand, Lloyd's List in the other, and moving his lips in some deep calculation to himself.

Do you mean me, Sir? I would attend you with pleasure if I thought it would give me a good appetite for my dinner; but you *must* know that I cannot possibly be absent from 'Change.—I am quite aware of that;—but how do you mean to manage after your death? or do you imagine that the grim king will put up his scythe in its scabbard, and walk down stairs again, if you assure him that you are positively engaged to meet your broker at four o'clock? How you must envy the statue of Charles the Second, which keeps its happy station night and day, holidays and Sundays! Why, the pauper who scrapes the mud off the high road is less of a drudge than you, who are incessantly scraping up gold. His body is not half so much exposed to annoyance as your mind; and, when his day's labour is done, and his appetites satisfied, he falls asleep without thinking of the morrow;—whereas your head is perpetually at work; you can hardly sleep from the fear of losing what you have got; and so far from your cravings being appeased by plenty, you are everlastingly hungering and thirsting for more.

There you are mistaken; for as soon as I have completed a plum, I mean to retire to my box in the country.

My most solvent friend, you may deceive yourself, but you cannot deceive me. You will no more be satisfied with one plum in your second childhood, than you were in your first;—there is but one box to which you will ever retire, and into that you will be screwed down, narrow as it is, with all your Consols and Reduced, and your villa at Mile End; ay, and your Bank-stock and Exchequer-bills into the bargain: so you may as well make holiday while you can, and follow me into the green lanes and fresh-smelling groves.

But I don't want to see any trees: it was only last Wednesday week that I got down to Mile End time enough to walk round my own plantations with a lantern, when I saw ever so many; some of them twenty feet high.

Nay, then, you may well be sick of the country, and can have no possible occasion to go a-Maying.—Gentle maiden, you, at least, will not refuse me when I assure you that, whatever the ancients may have said to the contrary*, May is Love's own month. Was not

"Zephyr with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying,"

* It was formerly considered inauspicious to marry in this month, to which Ovid alludes in his Fasti:

"Nec viduæ tædis eadem, nec virginis apta
Tempora; quæ nupsit, non diuturna fuit:
Hac quoque de causa, si te proverbia tangunt,
Mense malum Maio nubere vulgus ait."

when he became the happy father of Mirth? "Love, whose month is ever May," is a phrase of Shakspeare's, no uninitiated investigator of the human heart; but he meant the May of the country, not the season of fashion and dissipation in London, where the young men are too much absorbed by ambition or avarice to feel any kindly expansion of the affections. Will you not join in our rural rambles?

Hark! the cuckoo calls us; and I cannot wait a moment longer. If you wish to share our festival, follow me into the warm thick-flowering meadows, or the budding copses.

WALKS IN THE GARDEN.—No. II.

But are not wholesome airs, though unperfumed
By roses; and clear suns, though scarcely felt;
And groves, if unharmonious, yet secure
From clamour, and whose very silence charms;
To be preferr'd to smoke, to the eclipse
That metropolitan volcanoes make,
Whose Stygian throats breathe darkness all day long;
And to the stir of commerce, driving slow,
And thundering loud, with his ten thousand wheels?

COWPER.

In our last walk, we discovered the approach of rain from the shutting up of the Convolvulus, and Anagallis arvensis, commonly called the poor man's weather-glass;—the rain is now over; but as the clouds have not yet dispersed, we can derive no assistance from this sun-dial in ascertaining the time of the day.

However, we need not be at a loss; this Helianthus, or annual sunflower, is not only

> "True as the dial to the sun,
> Although it be not shone upon;"

but enables us to form some estimate of the hour, even when the great luminary is invisible—an advantage which we cannot obtain from the dial. See, its large radiated disc already inclines westward, whence we may be sure that the afternoon has commenced: it will follow the setting sun, and at night, by its natural elasticity, will again return to the east, to meet the morning sun-beams. It was thought, that the heat of the sun, by contracting the stem, occasioned the flower to incline towards it; but the sensibility to light seems to reside in the radiated florets, as other similarly formed flowers, such as several of the Aster tribe, the daisy, marigold, &c. exhibit the same tendency, though not in so striking a manner. Many leaves likewise follow the sun, of which a clover-field affords a familiar instance. But the flowers we have enumerated, as they resemble the sun in their form, seem to have a secret sympathy with its beams, in absence of which some will not expand their blossoms at all; while on hot cloudless days they absorb such a quantity of light, that they emit it again in the evening in slight phosphoric flashes. These scintillations were first observed to proceed from the Garden Nasturtion: subsequently M. Haggren, of Sweden, perceiving faint flashes repeatedly darting from a Marigold, extended his ex-

aminations, and stated, as the result, that the following flowers emitted flashes more or less vivid, in this order: the Marigold; Garden Nasturtion; Orange Lily; African Marigold; Annual Sun-flower. Bright yellow, or flame colour, seemed in general necessary for the production of the light, for it was never seen on flowers of any other hue. It would have been well if every plant possessed as appropriate a name as the Helianthus; and if Ovid, in his notice of this flower, had always been equally fortunate in adapting botanical qualities to poetical purposes.

Nature has provided us with various substitutes for watches besides the Sunflower, many others opening and shutting their petals at certain hours of the day,—thus constituting what Linnæus calls the horologe, or watch of Flora. He enumerates forty-six which possess this kind of sensibility, dividing them into, 1st, *Meteoric* flowers, which expand sooner or later, according to the cloudiness, moisture, or pressure of the atmosphere. 2dly, *Tropical* flowers, opening in the morning and closing in the evening, earlier or later as the length of the day increases or diminishes. 3dly, *Equinoctial* flowers, which open at a certain and exact hour of the day, and, for the most part, close at another determinate hour. We need not give the list, but can refer to their respective hours of rising and setting, if we encounter any of them in our rambles.

Observe this Pear-tree; in its wild state it has strong thorns, which have entirely disappeared from culture, whence Linnæus denominates such plants

tamed, or deprived of their natural ferocity, as wild animals sometimes lose their horns by domestication. The analogy between vegetable and animal life approaches much nearer than is generally imagined. Recent observation has traced the progress of the sap, from its first absorption by the roots, through the central vessels of the plant, into the annual shoot, leafstalk, and leaf, whence it is returned, and, descending through the bark, contributes to the process of forming the wood; thus describing a course, and fulfilling functions, very nearly correspondent to the circulation of the blood. There is something equivalent to respiration through the whole plant, the leaves principally performing the office of the lungs:—it has one series of vessels to receive and convey the alimental juices, answering to the arteries, veins, &c. of animals; and a second set of tracheæ, wherein air is continually received and expelled. It absorbs food regularly, both from the earth and the atmosphere, converting the most vitiated effluvia, in the process of digestion, into the purest air. The vegetable and animal parts of creation are thus a counterbalance to each other, the noxious parts of the one proving salutary food to the other. From the animal body certain effluvia are continually passing off, which vitiate the air, and nothing can be more prejudicial to animal life than their accumulation; while, on the other hand, nothing can be more favourable to vegetables than these very effluvia, which they accordingly absorb with great avidity, and convert into the purest air. Plants are provided

with muscles, by which they open and shut their flowers, turn their leaves to the sun, even if they have been repeatedly folded back from it, and perform more complicated motions, as may be witnessed in the sensitive plants, the Dionæa Muscipula (or Fly-trap), and many others; nor have calm and reflecting writers been wanting who strenuously maintain the doctrine of a perceptive power in vegetables. As Corallines, Madrepores, and Sponges, formerly considered as fossil bodies or maritime plants, have by subsequent investigations been raised to the rank of animals, Dr. Percival does not consider it extravagant to suppose that, at some future period, perceptivity may be discovered to extend even beyond the limits now assigned to vegetable life.* A Hop-plant turning round a pole follows the course of the sun, and soon dies when forced into an opposite line of motion; but remove the obstacle, and the plant quickly returns to its former position. When the straight branches of a Honeysuckle can no longer support themselves, they strengthen themselves by becoming spiral: when they meet with other branches of the same kind, they coalesce for mutual support, and one spiral turns to the right, one to the left; thus increasing the probability of their finding support by the diversity of their course. Lord Kames relates, that among the ruins of New Abbey, in Galloway, "there grows on the top of a wall a plane-tree twenty feet high. Straitened for nourishment, it several

* Manchester Transactions, Vol. II.

years ago directed roots down the side of the wall, till they reached the ground, ten feet below: and now the nourishment it afforded to those roots, during the time of descending, is amply repaid, having every year since that time made vigorous shoots."—If a plant be placed in a room which has no light except from a hole in the wall, it will shoot towards the hole, pass through it into the open air, and then vegetate upwards in its natural direction. Even in the profoundest calm, the leaves of the Hedysarum gyrans are in perpetual spontaneous motion; some rising, and others falling, and others whirling circularly by twisting their stems. From these and other evidences of spontaneity, Dr. Percival infers that vegetables have a limited degree of sensation and enjoyment; that they have an inferior participation in the common allotment of vitality; and thus that our great Creator hath apportioned good to all things, "in number, weight, and measure."

Leaving these physiological researches to those who are more competent to discuss them, let us resume our desultory notices as we sit beneath this Laburnum; and, as we cannot record many poetical phrases of the Dutch, let us not omit to mention that they call this tree, with not less fancy than propriety, the Golden Rain. Was it from one of these trees that Jupiter climbed to the window of the brazen tower in which Danaë was confined, and thus gave rise to the fable of his visiting her in a golden shower? —Fix your eyes steadfastly upon the cup of this Narcissus growing at our feet, and by suffering your

imagination to wave its magic wand, you will see, slowly rising from its petals, and expanding into manhood, the beautiful youth who, in the early ages of the world, sat beside the Bœotian fountain, and wooed the reflection of his own face, mistaking it for the Naiad of the waters, until his heart and the delusion were both broken together. Methinks I see the astonished and awe-struck countenances of the nymphs, when, on proceeding to take up his body that it might be placed on the funeral pile, they saw nothing but a beautiful flower, around which they knelt in silent reverence. What is it that brings the bees buzzing around us so busily? See, it is this tuft of Coltsfoot which they approach with a harmonious chorus, somewhat like the "*Non nobis, Domine,*" of our singers; and, after partaking silently of the luxurious banquet, again set up their tuneful pæans. Honey is of no other use to plants than to tempt insects, who, in procuring it, fertilize the flower by disturbing the dust of the stamens, and even carry that substance from the barren to the fertile blossoms. Observe what a quantity of this yellow material is collected on the legs and thighs of the little pilferers; who, as they carry it home for the construction of their combs, settle upon a thousand different flowers, and assist the great purpose of vegetable reproduction, while they are providing a receptacle for their own. Lavender and Rosemary afford a wax already prepared, as may be easily perceived on a close inspection of the leaf, and on this account are particularly acceptable to these winged marauders. It

has been held a gross libel upon animals to say, that a man has made a beast of himself when he has drunk to such excess as to lose his reason; but we might without injustice say, that he has made a humble-bee of himself, for those little debauchees are particularly prone to intoxication. Round the nectaries of Hollyhocks you will generally observe a set of determined topers quaffing as pertinaciously as if they belonged to Wilkes's Club; and round about the flower (to follow up the simile) several of the bon-vivants will be found lying on the ground, inebriated, and insensible. Honey is found in Aloes, Colocynthis, and other bitter flowers, as constantly as in Cowslips, Foxglove, and Honeysuckle; and the assertion of Strabo, that a sort was produced in Pontus which was a strong poison, owing to the bees having fed on Aconite and Hemlock, is not credited. Besides the flowers we have mentioned, bees are particularly fond of the Lime-tree, Privet, and Phillyrea; but the cultivation of these useful insects is now nearly neglected. Mead was the nectar of the Scandinavian nations, which they quaffed in heaven out of the sculls of their enemies: we may, therefore, conclude that its use was not forgotten upon earth, and that the honey whence it was prepared must have been produced in amazing quantities to supply those thirsty tribes. In fact, it continued the prevailing beverage of the common people in the north of Europe until very modern times, when it was superseded by malt liquors, and the bees were abandoned to the wastes and wilds. There is hardly bees-wax enough produced in England to answer the

demand for lip-salve alone; but importation from America supplies all our wants, for the quantity obtained in that country is annually increasing. A few years ago the hum of a bee had never been heard on the western side of the Allegany mountains: a violent hurricane carried several swarms over that lofty ridge, and finding a new unexhausted country, singularly favourable to their propagation, they have multiplied, until the whole of those boundless savannahs and plains have been colonized by these indefatigable emigrants. Little thinks the ball-room beauty, when the tapers are almost burnt out, that the wax by whose light her charms have been exalted was once hidden in the bells and cups of innumerable flowers, shedding perfume over the silent valleys of the Susquehannah, or nodding at their own reflected colours in the waters of the Potomac and Delaware.

Intoxication is not confined to the humble-bee, for yonder is one of the common sort, whom I have been watching within the calyx of that flower, where he seems to be motionless and insensible. Look again, my friend, and you will find your eyes have deceived you. That is the Ophrys, commonly called the Bee-orchis, which grows wild in many parts of England, and whose nectary and petals closely resemble, in form and colour, the insect whence it takes its name. By this contrivance the flowers have the appearance of being pre-occupied, and often escape those hourly robbers; or would it be too visionary to imagine that the bee first appeared in this vegetable state, detached itself in process of time from its parent plant, and ac-

quired its present vitality? There is a Fly-orchis also, as well as a Spider-orchis, which may have undergone similar changes. "A fanciful naturalist, who had studied this subject, thought it not impossible that the first insects were the anthers and stigmas of flowers, which had by some means loosened themselves, like the male flowers of Vallisneria, and that other insects, in process of time, had been formed from these; some acquiring wings, others fins, and others claws, from their ceaseless efforts to procure food, or secure themselves from injury*."

I see, by the expression of your countenance, that you hesitate to ask the name of the humble plant upon which your eyes are fixed, doubting whether it be a flower or a weed. For my part, I know not which are the most beautiful—the wild flowers, or those that are cultivated; but the little tuft on which you are gazing is the pretty weed called "Forget-me-not."

A poet has seldom any thing to bestow but the productions of his Muse, although she be often as poor as himself, as the reader will readily admit when he peruses the following return for a present of this plant:—

Thanks, Mira, for the plant you sent:—
My garden whensoe'er I enter,
'Twill serve at once for ornament
And for a vegetable Mentor.—
If Duty's voice be heard with scorning,
Or absent friends be all forgot,
Each bud will cry, in tones of warning,
"Forget me not!—Forget me not!"

* Dr. Darwin's "Origin of Society," canto 2.

A nobler theme its flowers of blue
Inculcate on the thoughtful gazer,
That the same hand which gave their hue
Painted yon glorious arch of azure.
Yes—He whose voice is in the thunder
Planted this weed beside the cót,
And whispers through its lips of wonder,
"Forget me not!—Forget me not!"

A poor return your gift insures,
When paid in this poetic greeting;—
The flowers which I exchange for yours
Are less delightful, quite as fleeting.—
Yet when the earth my bones shall cover,
Some few may live to mark the spot,
And sigh, to those that round it hover,
"Forget me not!—Forget me not!"

MAN,

VERSIFIED FROM AN APOLOGUE BY DR. SHERIDAN.

Affliction one day, as she hark'd to the roar
Of the stormy and struggling billow,
Drew a beautiful form on the sands of the shore,
With the branch of a weeping willow.

Jupiter, struck with the noble plan
As he roam'd on the verge of the ocean,
Breath'd on the figure, and calling it Man,
Endued it with life and motion.

A creature so glorious in mind and in frame,
So stamp'd with each parent's impression,
Among them a point of contention became,
Each claiming the right of possession.

He is mine, said Affliction; I gave him his birth,
I alone am his cause of creation:—
The materials were furnished by me, answer'd Earth;—
I gave him, said Jove, animation.

The gods, all assembled in solemn Divan,
After hearing each claimant's petition,
Pronounced a definitive verdict on Man,
And thus settled his fate's disposition:

Let Affliction possess her own child, till the woes
Of life cease to harass and goad it;
After death give his body to Earth, whence it rose;
And his spirit to Jove, who bestow'd it.

WALKS IN THE GARDEN.—No. III.

"The life and felicity of an excellent gardener is preferable to all other diversions." EVELYN.

"What could I wish that I possess not here?
Health, leisure, means to improve it, friendship, peace,
No loose or wanton, though a wandering Muse,
And constant occupation without care."

To me the branches of the trees always appear to stretch themselves out and droop their leaves with an obvious sense of enjoyment, while they are fed by the renovating moisture of a shower. I have been complacently watching my shrubs and plants during this repast; but the rain is now over, they have finished their meal, and as they have already begun with fresh spirits to dance in the breeze and glitter in the sunshine, let us sally forth to share their festivity. What a delicious fragrance gushes from the freshened

grass and borders! It is the incense which the grateful earth throws up to heaven in return for its fertilising waters. Behold! here is one of the many objects which the shower has accomplished: by moistening the wings of the flying Dandelion, it has conveyed it to the earth at the very moment when it was best adapted for the reception of its seed. "The various modes by which seeds are dispersed, cannot fail to strike an observing mind with admiration. Who has not listened in a calm and sunny day to the crackling of furze bushes, caused by the explosion of their little elastic pods; or watched the down of innumerable seeds floating on the summer breeze, till they are overtaken by a shower, which, moistening their wings, stops their further flight, and at the same time accomplishes its final object, by immediately promoting the germination of each seed in the moist earth? How little are children aware, as they blow away the seeds of Dandelion, or stick burs in sport upon each other's clothes, that they are fulfilling one of the great ends of nature!"* The various mechanism and contrivances for the dissemination of plants and flowers are almost inexhaustible. Some seeds are provided with a plume like a shuttlecock, which, rendering them buoyant, enables them to fly over lakes and deserts; in which manner they have been known to travel fifty miles from their native spot. Others are dispersed by animals; some attaching themselves to their hair or feathers by a gluten, as Misletoe; others by hooks,

* Smith's Introduction to Botany, p. 302.

as Burdock and Hounds-tongue; and others are swallowed whole, for the sake of the fruit, and voided uninjured, as the Hawthorn, Juniper, and some grasses. Other seeds again disperse themselves by means of an elastic seed-vessel, as Oats and Geranium; and the seeds of aquatic plants, and those which grow on the banks of rivers, are carried many miles by the currents into which they fall. The seeds of Tillandsia*, which grows on the branches of trees like Misletoe, are furnished with many long threads on their crowns, which, as they are driven forwards by the winds, wrap round the arms of trees, and thus hold them fast till they vegetate. When the seeds of the Cyclamen are ripe, the flower-stalk gradually twists itself spirally downwards till it touches the ground, and forcibly penetrating the earth, lodges its seeds, which are thought to receive nourishment from the parent root, as they are said not to be made to grow in any other situation. The subterraneous Trefoil has recourse to a similar expedient, which however may be only an attempt to conceal its seeds from the ravages of birds; while the Trifolium globosum adopts a still more singular contrivance: its lower florets only have corols, and are fertile; the upper ones wither into a kind of wool, and, forming a head, completely conceal the fertile calyxes. But the most curious arrangement for vegetable locomotion is to be found in the awn or beard of Barley, which, like the teeth of a saw, are all turned towards one end of it:

* Darwin's Loves of the Plants, canto 1.

as this long awn lies upon the ground, it extends itself in the moist air of night, and pushes forward the barley-corn which it adheres to; in the day it shortens as it dries, and as these points prevent it from receding, it draws up its pointed end, and thus, creeping like a worm, will travel many feet from its parent stem. The late Mr. Edgeworth constructed a wooden creeping hygrometer upon this principle, which expanding in moist weather, and contracting itself when it was dry, in a month or two walked across the room which it inhabited.

If Nature have been thus ingenious in providing for the dispersion of seeds, she has not been less provident in her arrangements for procuring a prolific and inexhaustible supply. Her great leading principle seems to be eternal destruction and reproduction, which one of our essayists tells us may be simplified into the following concise order to all her children, "Eat and be eaten." She has been not less prodigal in the seeds of plants than in the spawn of fish; as almost any one plant, if all its seeds should grow to maturity, would in a few years alone people the terrestrial globe. The seeds of one Sunflower amount to 4000; Poppy has 32,000. Mr. Ray asserts that 1012 seeds of Tobacco weighed only one grain, and that thus calculated, they amounted in one plant to 360,000; and he supposes the seeds of the Ferns to exceed a million on a leaf! Nor does this exuberance seem necessary to counteract their small tenacity of life; for, on the contrary, the vital principle in seeds is generally preserved with a remarkable vigour. Great

degrees of heat, short of boiling, do not impair their vegetative power, nor do we know any degree of cold which has such an effect. They may be sent round the world, exposed to every variety of climate, without injury; and even when buried for ages deep in the ground, they retain their vitality, although they will not germinate, apparently from the want of some action of the air, as it has been ascertained by repeated experiments that seeds planted in the exhausted receiver of an air-pump will not vegetate. The earth thrown up from the deepest wells, although all possible access of fresh seeds be carefully excluded, will, upon exposure to the air, shoot forth weeds, grasses, and wild flowers, whose seeds must have lain dormant for many centuries; and it is very common, upon digging deeper than usual in gardeners' grounds, to recover varieties of flowers which had long been lost.

Observe in this beautiful double Dahlia how highly nature may be improved, all double flowers being produced by cultivation, although their reproductive powers are frequently lost in the process; whence they have been termed by botanists vegetable monsters. This operation is effected in various ways: in some the petals are multiplied three or four times, without excluding the stamens, whence they are able to produce seeds, as in Campanula and Stramonium; but in others the petals become so numerous, as totally to exclude the stamens, and these are, of course, unproductive. In some, the nectaries are sacrificed for the formation of petals, as in Larkspur; while in others,

the nectaries are multiplied to the exclusion of the petals, as in Colombine.

"Who loves a garden, loves a greenhouse too,"

sings Cowper; and ours, humble as it is, may afford us some instruction, as we sit and contemplate its evergreen inhabitants, filling their little amphitheatre in due succession of rank and dignity.

——"Foreigners from many lands,
They form one social shade, as if convened
By magic summons of the Orphean lyre."

These Vine-leaves, which were suspended yesterday by a thread with their under-surfaces turned towards the windows, have already recovered their natural position, although detached from the stem; whence we not only learn that light acts beneficially upon the upper surface and injuriously upon the under side of leaves, but we have proof that the turning is effected by an impression made upon the leaf itself, and not upon the foot-stalk. Fruit-trees on the opposite sides of a wall invariably turn their leaves from the wall in search of light, which seems to have a positive attraction for them, exclusive of any accompanying warmth; for plants in a hot-house present the fronts of their leaves, and even incline their branches to the quarter where there is most light, not to that where most air is admitted, nor to the flue in search of heat. Light gives the green colour to leaves; for plants raised in darkness are of a sickly white, of which the common practice of blanching Celery in gardens, by covering it up with earth, is a proof under every one's observation. By experiments made with coloured

glasses, through which light was admitted, it appears that plants become paler in proportion as the glass approaches nearer to violet.

This annual Mesembryanthemum would have afforded us another illustration of the extraordinary provisions of Nature for the dispersion of seed. It is a native of the sandy deserts of Africa, and its seed-vessels only open in rainy weather, otherwise the seeds in that country might lie long exposed before they met with sufficient moisture to vegetate. Succulent plants, which possess more moisture in proportion as the soil which they are destined to inhabit is parched and sunny, attain that apparently contradictory quality by the great facility with which they imbibe, and their being almost totally free from perspiration, which in plants of other latitudes is sometimes excessive. According to Dr. Hales, the large annual Sunflower perspires about seventeen times as fast as the ordinary insensible perspiration of the human skin; and the quantity of fluid which evaporates from the leaves of the Cornelian Cherry in the course of twenty-four hours, is said to be nearly equal to twice the weight of the whole shrub. Sometimes, from a sudden condensation of their insensible evaporation, drops of clear water will, even in England, in hot calm weather, fall from groves of Poplar or Willow, like a slight shower of rain. Ovid has made a poetical use of this exudation from Lombardy Poplars, which he supposes to be the tears of Phaeton's sisters, who were transformed into those trees.

How utterly vain and insignificant appear all the

alembics and laboratories of chemists and experimental philosophers, when compared with the innumerable, exquisite, and unfathomable processes which Nature, in silence and without effort, is at this instant elaborating within the precincts of our little garden! From the same mysterious earth, planted in the same pot, her inscrutable powers will not only concoct various flowers utterly dissimilar in form, odour, colours, and properties,—some perhaps containing a deadly poison, others a salutary medicine; but she will even sometimes combine all these discordant secretions in the same plant. The gum of the Peach-tree, for instance, is mild and mucilaginous. The bark, leaves, and flowers, abound with a bitter secretion of a purgative and rather dangerous quality. The fruit is replete not only with acid, mucilage, and sugar, but with its own peculiar aromatic and highly volatile secretion, elaborated within itself, on which its fine flavour depends. How far are we still from understanding the whole anatomy of the vegetable body, which can create and keep separate such distinct and discordant substances!* Iron has been detected in roses, and is supposed to be largely produced by vegetable decomposition, from the chalybeate quality and ochrous deposit of waters flowing from morasses; and it is well ascertained that pure flint is secreted in the hollow stem of the Bamboo, in the cuticle of various grasses, in the cane, and in the rough Horsetail, in which latter it is very copious, and so disposed as to make a na-

* Smith's Introduction to Botany.

tural file, for which purpose it is used in our manufactures. What a contrast, exclaims the same ingenious botanist, to whom we have been so largely indebted, between this secretion of the tender vegetable frame, and those exhalations which constitute the perfume of flowers! One is among the most permanent substances in nature—an ingredient in the primæval mountains of the globe; the other, the invisible, intangible breath of a moment!

Among the innumerable advantages to be derived from a knowledge of botany, however slight, may be mentioned the perpetual amusement which it affords in scenes which to others might be only productive of *ennui;* the impressions of pure natural religion which it awakens, and the lofty and ennobling sentiments by which they are invariably associated. Nor do we need for this purpose the garden's artificial embellishments, as the same sensations may be excited, even in a more striking degree, amid the most desolate scenes.

> Nature in every form is lovely still.
> I can admire to ecstasy, although
> I be not bower'd in a rustling grove,
> Tracing through flowery tufts some twinkling rill,
> Or perch'd upon a green and sunny hill,
> Gazing upon the sylvanry below,
> And harking to the warbling beaks above.—
> To me the wilderness of thorns and brambles
> Beneath whose weeds the muddy runnel scrambles—
> The bald, burnt moor—the marsh's sedgy shallows,
> Where docks, bullrushes, waterflags, and mallows,
> Choke the rank waste, alike can yield delight.
> A blade of silver hair-grass nodding slowly
> In the soft wind,—the thistle's purple crown,
> The ferns, the rushes tall, and mosses lowly,

A thorn, a weed, an insect, or a stone,
Can thrill me with sensations exquisite,—
For all are exquisite, and every part
Points to the mighty hand that fashion'd it.
Then as I look aloft with yearning heart,
The trees and mountains, like conductors, raise
My spirit upward on its flight sublime;
And clouds, and sun, and heaven's marmorean floor,
Are but the stepping-stones by which I climb
Up to the dread Invisible, to pour
My grateful feelings out in silent praise.
When the soul shakes her wings, how soon we fly
From earth to th' empyrean heights, and tie
The Thunderer to the tendril of a weed.

ADDRESS TO THE MUMMY AT BELZONI'S EXHIBITION.

And thou hast walk'd about (how strange a story!)
In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And Time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted Dummy,
Thou hast a tongue—come—let us hear its tune;
Thou 'rt standing on thy legs, above-ground, Mummy!
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon,
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs and features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect,
To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame?
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
Of either Pyramid that bears his name?

Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer?
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a Mason, and forbidden
By oath to tell the mysteries of thy trade,—
Then say what secret melody was hidden
In Memnon's statue which at sun-rise play'd?
Perhaps thou wert a Priest—if so, my struggles
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perchance that very hand, now pinion'd flat,
Has hob-a-nob'd with Pharaoh, glass to glass;
Or dropp'd a halfpenny in Homer's hat,
Or doff'd thine own to let Queen Dido pass;
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when arm'd,
Has any Roman soldier maul'd and knuckled,
For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalm'd,
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled:—
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develope, if that wither'd tongue
Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,
How the world look'd when it was fresh and young,
And the great deluge still had left it green—
Or was it then so old that History's pages
Contain'd no record of its early ages?

Still silent? incommunicative elf!
Art sworn to secrecy? then keep thy vows;
But prythee tell us something of thyself—
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house:
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumber'd,
What hast thou seen—what strange adventures number'd?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
We have, above-ground, seen some strange mutations;
The Roman empire has begun and ended,
New worlds have risen—we have lost old nations,
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head
When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,
March'd armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
And shook the Pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confess'd,
The nature of thy private life unfold:—
A heart has throbb'd beneath that leathern breast,
And tears adown that dusty cheek have roll'd:—
Have children climb'd those knees, and kiss'd that face?
What was thy name and station, age and race?

Statue of flesh—Immortal of the dead!
Imperishable type of evanescence!
Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
And standest undecay'd within our presence,
Thou wilt hear nothing till the Judgment morning,
When the great Trump shall thrill thee with its warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
If its undying guest be lost for ever?
O let us keep the soul embalm'd and pure
In living virtue, that when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
Th' immortal spirit in the skies may bloom!

ENGLISH PRIDE.

Here let us fix our foot, hence take our view,
And learn to try false merit by the true.

STILLINGFLEET.

YES—the English are unquestionably an unsociable people; and I had no sooner discovered the fact, than I proceeded to explore the causes of this antipathy to communicativeness and good fellowship; which, after tracing them through all their ramifications and disguises, I found invariably converging in one little corner of the heart, inscribed with the word—Pride. Bruce was not satisfied when he bestrode the three streams whose union formed the Nile; he would still ascertain which was the highest and most abundant source from which the waters were supplied: and in like manner I pursued my researches until I found that the great Pride fountain from which the bitter waters of English reserve pour their petrifying influence, was the pride of Wealth. National pride—pride of birth—of rank—of talent—I had encountered in foreign countries; but this master-folly, which in England swallows up all the rest, appears to be indigenous to the soil, sharing that honour with its congenial products, the crab-apple and the thistle. To a certain extent this feeling may have originated in the absolute necessity for riches, in a country where no man can maintain an establishment, or even move in circles at all elevated above

the mechanical classes, unless he possess an income which upon the Continent would enable him to compete with half the nobility. Without this infallible proof of his gentility, he must subside at once into those profane ranks of the vulgar, which Horace abominated—a degradation to which the perpetually rising tide of prices, during the last war, condemned many an unpensioned old maid and respectable annuitant. It is some comfort to the poor plebeian who cannot afford to be a gentleman, to throw the blame of his exclusion from polished society, and of our expensive modes of living, upon others; but the paltry distinctions, the jealous *hautgur*, the "meanness that soars, and pride that licks the dust," the envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, embittering the system of that social intercourse into which he is unable to gain admittance, are the faults of the people themselves, and may well reconcile him to his exemption from their influence. Let king, lords, and commons, retain their respective pales;—we speak not in any spirit of anarchy or levelling; but we would laugh to scorn those fantastical shades of difference by which the middling classes affect to regulate their intercourse, and which, however disguised, ultimately resolve themselves into that most contemptible of all prides—the pride of purse. Talents, virtue, powers of amusement, congeniality of disposition, all fade away before the irresistible attraction of a certain stile in establishment; and who can wonder that parties constituted upon this principle are uniformly stiff, stupid, and ceremonious? In

ssemblages of this sort, it sometimes appears to be a received maxim, that talking spoils good society; and its most distinguished members are apt to resemble Baron Grimm's friend, who possessed such a wonderful talent for silence.

There is scarcely a parish in England which is not divided into visiting classes, kept separate with almost as rigid an inviolability as the castes of the Hindoos. The squire, the retired manufacturer or merchant, who inhabits the great mansion, looks around him for all the similar establishments within the limits of a drive or ride, and confines the honour of his acquaintance to those whose merits are attested by an unquestionable quantity of brick and mortar. He visits the house, not its inmates; and his mode of estimating their value is not a whit less preposterous than that of the pedant in Hierocles, who, having a house to sell, used to carry about a brick in his pocket as a specimen. Next comes the class who, without arriving at the dignity of a park or a domain, have been fortunate enough to lay up a store of gout and ill health by keeping their own carriages. They remember the proud exclamation of the Spaniard who fell in crossing his garden—"This comes of walking upon earth,"—and carefully abstain from noticing all such terrestrial animals. They compose friendships as Sir Richard Blackmore did his poems, to the rumbling of their carriage-wheels, and entertain a vague notion of Damon and Pythias, Pylades and Orestes, Æneas and Achates, as gentlemen in easy circumstances, who duly went to call on one another in their

own chariots, and scrupulously left cards if either happened to be out. In the third class are those petty dignitaries, who, as a line must be drawn somewhere, openly maintain the double resolution of only visiting where a man-servant *is* kept, and a shop is *not* kept. The former is the grand desideratum. It was once the fashion, says the author of the Tale of a Tub, for all the world to wear shoulder-knots! "That fellow has no soul, exclaims one;—where is his shoulder-knot?" Exactly thus do their modern imitators doubt whether a man can possibly possess soul fit for their sublime notice, unless there be a tag, rag, and bobtail, flapping from his servant's shoulder. That Desdemona should "see the Moor's complexion in his mind," and fall in love with a black, they condemn as unnatural, at the very moment when they are perhaps attaching themselves to a blackguard, because they see a bit of gold lace upon his footman's collar. Last of all come—the rabble—the lower orders, as they are termed, whose social intercourse, if not so refined as that of their superiors, is probably more productive of enjoyment by its freedom, unreserve, and exemption from all heart-burning and rivalry. Knowing that "their miseries can never lay them lower," they exemplify the meeting of extremes, and prove that the only classes who taste the true comforts of fellowship, are the few who are above jealousy, and the many who are beneath it.

Nor is this absurd arrogance by any means peculiar to the country: it exists in full force among the middling classes of London, particularly in the city,

where, indeed, the virus of the disease might be expected to manifest itself with peculiar malignity. *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* is there daily enacted with even more farcical pretension than Molière would have ventured to delineate; and I have often seen substantial citizens, after laughing heartily in the theatre at the representation of High Life below Stairs, return home to perform, in their own persons, the very follies which they had ridiculed in their inferiors. Some may perhaps recollect an awful and august conclave of saltatory civic magnificos, who ycleped themselves the City Assembly, and held their solemn festivities beneath the appropriate roof of Haberdashers' Hall, deep in the labyrinth of some lane within lanes, whose names I have forgotten. It was the *Selectæ è Veteris*, or rather the *Selectæ è Profanis*, of Cheapside and Broad-street: to be a member was the summit of civic ambition, and happy was the mercantile aspirant who could even get a ticket for admission once in the season. Upon the old principle, that to be sociable you must be exclusive, brokers and persons standing behind a counter were, by the rules of the establishment, declared inadmissible, and many a long debate do I remember among these "potent, grave, and reverend signiors," on the important points, whether certain merchant-brokers of indisputable wealth came within the first exception; and whether bankers, though avowedly within the letter, were embraced by the spirit of the second. As Tyre, Sidon, Palmyra, and Carthage, have been swept away, we cannot so much wonder that the

City assembly, with all its plums, diamonds, lord-mayors, aldermen, gorgeousness, vulgarity, and pride of dunghill aristocracy, has ceased to exist; or that its equally dull and narrow-minded rival, the London, has shared its fate. But their spirit survives;—"even in their ashes live their wonted fires," and the prostration of mind with which their worthy descendants fall down before any golden calf, would have done honour to the worshippers of Baal. Walking lately with one of these gentry in the City, I was astonished at finding myself suddenly thrust out into the kennel, that we might give the wall to a pompous little porpus, whom my companion saluted with a profound respect. "That," said he, drawing himself up with a proud consciousness of the honour he had received in being noticed, "that is Alderman Calypash; he is worth at least ten thousand a-year." —"I am glad of it," I replied, "as, but for that circumstance, he would not be worth any thing whatever." But who shall describe the anxious reverence with which he approached, or the cringing and crawling with which he attempted to win the eye of some high-priest of Mammon, some Crœsus of the synagogue, as we elbowed our way through Jews and Gentiles to get a peep of him upon 'Change? "He is worth a million," said my informant, as soon as his feelings allowed him to give utterance to the tremendous word. —"You are still richer," I replied, "for you are satisfied." Among women, where wealth admits of more obvious manifestation by external signs, it attracts a deference equally unqualified, and I have often amused

myself with following an expensively dressed female, and marking the effect of her magnificence upon those whom she encountered. On the faces of the more amiable of her own sex, I have read unaffected admiration of the display, mixed with some shadowings of regret that they could not, by an equally costly style of dress, participate in the happiness which they conceive to be its inevitable concomitant; but it must be confessed that the greater number of countenances expressed an angry scrutiny, that seemed to measure the value, per yard, of every lace and satin, while in the eagerness to depreciate that which they could not hope to rival, I have more than once caught mutterings of "The veil is only a net-lace after all;" or, "The trimming of the pelisse is nothing but cotton-velvet."

One would have thought it hard enough that the insatiable demands of Government should consume so much of our substance, and drink up the very life-springs of our hospitality; and certainly we might as well have had popery at once as the national debt, for it condemns us to as many fast-days, without affording us any chance of absolution. It is a mill-stone around the neck of our social system; it compels us, like Dutch malefactors, to pump ourselves to death, that we may keep our heads above water; it has destroyed more good dinners than the worst cook in Christendom; it squats itself in the middle of our kitchen-grate, like a huge night-mare, and with one hand stops the smoke-jack, while with the other it rakes out the fire;—it compels us to shut the door in

the faces of our friends, that we may open them to the tax-gatherer. And yet, as if the bounds of joviality and companionship were not sufficiently circumscribed by this voracious monster, we must voluntarily narrow them still further, by acknowledging the supremacy of a new fiend—the dæmon of Luxury. Enjoyment of our friends' society was formerly considered the rational object of a dinner-party; but you now invite them that you may exhibit your superior magnificence, and, by exciting their envy or anger, do your best towards converting them into enemies. Sir Balaam's frugal but substantial meals have been long exploded, and the reign of alternate fasts and feasts has been substituted:—servants and horses are half-starved, and friends wholly excluded for a month, that the doors may be thrown open for one day of emulous ostentation. I never sit beside a silver plateau, (too often a compound of meanness and vanity—a showy but sorry substitute for solid fare,) without fancying that I hear the grumbling of the numerous stomachs at whose expense it has been purchased; nor can I be easily brought to acknowledge the wisdom of either giving or receiving one grand dinner where there were formerly five pleasant ones. Here, again, is another pervading cause of the sullenness and unsociability of which we are accused;—conviviality is exchanged for competition—hospitality unless it mean to finish its career in the King's Bench must be frequently niggardly, that it may be occasionally gorgeous,—and the apple of discord is thrown down upon every table long before the appearance

of the dessert. Tomkins refuses to visit Simkins, because the latter gives French wines, which he cannot afford to retaliate; and Huggins withholds the light of his countenance from Briggs, because he never gives him a second course, although he always provided one for the said Briggs at his own house. Nay, so minute are these balancings and calculations, that they even take cognizance of fractional parts. "Excessively shabby of Mrs. Brown," I once heard a lady exclaim, "to give us a dinner of five and seven, when she had two courses of seven and nine at my house, and her party more numerous than mine too." Upon inquiry, I learnt that these accurate numbers had reference to the dishes with which the table was covered. All the infinite combinations of the kaleidoscope are produced by the same few materials; and on peeping into the heart of an Englishman, it will be found that all the disguises, changes, and varieties, of which we have been endeavouring to afford a partial glimpse, are but new modifications of the old element—pride.

Misfortunes never come single. Taxation and luxury had no sooner laid their benumbing hands on our social system, than fashion introduced late dinner-hours; and these, as if to give the death-blow to all that remained of genuine unsophisticated sociability, exploded suppers. Suppers,—those unpretending, economical parties, which could be often afforded, and yet never seemed to be sufficiently frequent,—those only meals to which women, by their continued presence, imparted a thousand charms,

substituting the Muses and the Graces for the worship of Bacchus, uniting decorum with hilarity, compelling their male associates to forego the eternal discussion of politics and business, and condescend, for once, to be unanimous in the determination to be vivacious and happy. Then was it that the song went round, and the hastily-prepared dance, doubly delightful because unpremeditated, afforded sufficient gratification to the most resolute votaries of Terpsichore, and yet allowed them to seek their beds in sober time, without injuring their health or encroaching upon the next day's duties. I am old enough to remember when these truly festive entertainments were common as the flowers in May; and vulgar enough to regret the temperate bowl of punch which in many families was duly administered, when the party was not sufficiently numerous to justify more vigorous demonstrations of enjoyment. Routs, ices, and sour negus, are miserable substitutes for these *noctes cœnæque Deûm*. They have passed away, and with them has fled the soul of all gallant and hilarious sociality.

Even in our domestic circles we resemble the asymptotical lines, which perpetually approach without ever effecting a complete union. We have little family cordiality after we become old enough to set up a pride of our own. Sons will not marry until they can maintain a separate establishment; they would hold it a degradation to bring their wives under the paternal roof; and as they cannot afford to gratify their anti-social feelings without a con-

siderable independence, many, of course, remain unmarried. Hence the number of profligate young men, and disappointed and unhappy young women inevitably destined to become old maids. In France, the married sons and daughters are frequently collected together in the large old family mansion; and in those patriarchal establishments I have often found a harmony and domestic happiness, for which I have looked in vain in the disunited union by which the different branches of an English family are flimsily held together. By the arrangement that prevails abroad, the venerable parents of the society ensure solace and protection until they die, in the midst of their descendants; while in England their offspring fly from them one by one, until they are left, in the utmost social need of their old age, lonely and desolate. Affection in the one country seems to be centripetal, while with us it is centrifugal. Pride, churlishness, and *hauteur*, are equally perceptible in our demeanour towards inferiors and domestics, as compared with the frank benignity and condescension which they invariably experience upon the Continent.—"Surely," exclaims some starch personification of cold pride and ignorant prejudice, "surely you would not recommend familiarity with servants!" Familiarity, thou most rigid formalist, is a comparative term. My old schoolmaster used often to tell me that there were many degrees of intermediate solidity between a Westphalia ham and a whip-syllabub; so are there between the familiarity that breeds contempt and that which generates an un-

reserved but respectful attachment. How often have I seen Italians shrug up their shoulders, and utter exclamations of surprise, when an English barouche passed them, with its broad-shouldered owner lolling at his ease inside, while the lady's maid was tanning in the sun, or biding the pelting of the storm, in the dickey outside. Their respect for the sex knows not these paltry distinctions of rank: theirs is the genuine gallantry of feeling; ours is the spurious one of manners and externals. Proofs crowd upon me: but I feel that I have established my assertion. I have weighed thee, John Bull, in the scale of nations; I have tried thee by a foreign test, and of pride and unsociableness thou art finally convicted.

WALKS IN THE GARDEN.—No. IV.

> My garden takes up half my daily care,
> And my field asks the minutes I can spare.
>
> HARTE.

IT was said of Burke, that no one could stand under the same gateway with him, during a shower of rain, without discovering that he was an extraordinary man,—a very consolatory assertion to the inhabitants of London, who were not, perhaps, previously aware that *any* discovery could be made or pleasant association awakened during that most irksome period, when they are huddled with strange companions under the shelter of a low arch, gazing listlessly at the

rushing and wrangling kennel, or walking to the back of the covered way to exchange weeping looks with the sky. In that ten minutes of London's suspended animation, all is desolation and gloom; the deserted street is a wide waste of bubbles and mud; from the unimbibing flag-stones the discoloured drops scramble into the gutter to disembogue themselves into a feculent and stercoraceous receptacle, whither the imagination refuses to follow them:—now and then the loud pattering on an umbrella announces the approach of some sturdy pedestrian who hurries by, and the cheerless prospect is again confined to mud and stones, until a hackney-coach rattles past with its lame and dripping cattle, while the flap-hatted driver holds his head on one side to avoid the pelting of the storm, utterly indifferent to the upheld fingers of the shop-and-alley-imprisoned women, or the impatient calls of appointment-breaking men; signals to which, but half an hour before, he would have been all eye, all ear. No delectable associations, either natural or literary, spring up to alleviate the tedium of such a detention as we have been describing; for even the recollection of Swift's imitative description of a city-shower will but aggravate the annoyances of our situation, by the fidelity with which he has pourtrayed the scene. How different the effect of a shower in the country! We have already noticed the air of enjoyment with which the trees droop down their branches to be fed, and the silent satisfaction with which the thirsty earth drinks in the refreshing mois-

ture; but there is scarcely a drop of rain which we may not moralize into as many conceits as Jaques summoned up from the tears of the poor wounded stag. Are we in a puerile mood, we may forthwith realise that most palatable conception of Mother Bunch, by which our youthful imaginations have been so often raised to ecstasy, (is it not the tale of Prince Florizel?) wherein the discriminating fairy rewards her obedient children, by summoning from the air a shower of tarts and cheesecakes—a prodigy which we can thus easily accomplish with the wand of fancy. The limpid drops destined to feed the corn whence the flour is obtained, and expand the pulp of the currant, raspberry, or gooseberry, which is to be enshrined in its paste, are clearly the primal though unconcocted elements of the feast which Mrs. Bunch, (away with the disrespectful term *Mother!*) perfected amid the magical ovens of the sky, and showered down into the upturned mouths of her infantine worshippers. Every fall of rain is, in fact, a new supply from the great ante-natal infinite of pastry.

Are we poetically inclined in our combinations, there is not a drop from which imagination may not extract beauty and melody, by pursuing it into the labyrinth of some "bosky dell" or dark umbrageous nook, only lighted up by the yellow eyes of the primrose; or we may convert it into a little crystal bark, suffering our fancies to float upon it adown some guggling rivulet, under a canopy of boughs, and between banks of flowers, nodding, like Narcissus, at their

own image in the water, and so sailing along in the moonlight to the accompaniment of its own music, we may realize Coleridge's

> "Hidden brook
> In the leafy month of June,
> That to the sleeping woods all night
> Singeth a quiet tune."

By patience and perseverance the leaf of the mulberry-tree becomes satin; the rain which we shake from our feet may be metamorphosed into that leaf, and ultimately revisit them in the form of silk stockings. By anticipating the silent elaborations of Nature, and following up her processes, we may substantiate the dreams of those poets and Oriental writers who tell of roses, jonquils, and violets, falling from the sky, for almost every one of the globules of rain may be a future flower. Absorbed by the thirsty roots, it may be converted into sap, and, working its way into the flower-stalk, may, in process of time, assume the form of petals, turning their fragrant lips upwards to bless the sky, whence they originally descended. Or, are we disposed to contemplate the shower with a more exalted anticipation, we have but to recollect that all flesh is grass, and the inevitable converse of the proposition, that all grass is destined to become flesh, either animal or human, and straitway the rain becomes instinct with vitality, and we may follow each drop through its vegetable existence as pasture into the ribs of some future prize-ox; or into the sparkling eye of its proprietor, some unborn Mr. Coke or Lord Somerville, standing proudly by its

side; or into the heart of a Milton, the blood of a Hampden, or the brain of a Bacon. Thus in a passing shower may we unconsciously be pelted with the component parts of bulls and sheep, poets, patriots, and philosophers—a fantastical speculation perhaps, but it is better than shivering at the end of an alley in Holborn without thinking of any thing, or flattening one's nose against the pane of a coffee-house window in splenetic vacancy.

Having mentioned the name of Bacon, let us not omit to record his assertion, that "when ages grow to civility and elegancy, men come to build stately, sooner than to garden finely; as if gardening were the greater perfection:" a remark no less honourable to the noble science of horticulture, than historically accordant with fact. Our own pre-eminence at the present moment may be adduced in confirmation; and it is no slight evidence of advancing civilization in China, that they have become not less enthusiastic than expert in the cultivation of flowers. Scarce European plants command higher prices at Pekin than could be obtained for any Chinese production in London. But we have rambled and preluded till the shower is over, and we may now again venture out into the garden. This Fig-tree suggests the passing remark, that although the sexual system of plants owes its establishment chiefly to Linnæus, the fact was well known to the ancients. The Date-palm, in all ages a primary object of cultivation, bears barren and fertile flowers upon separate trees; and the Greeks soon discovered, that to have abundant and well-fla-

voured fruit, it was expedient to plant both together. Without this arrangement dates have no kernel, and are not good fruit. In the Levant the same process is practised on the Pistacia and fig. This gall which has fallen from our young oak is a tumour or a disease in the tree, and will ultimately become animated by myriads of insects. Galls for making ink are the oak-apples of a Levant Quercus, different from any of ours. Yonder is the Holly, from whose bark the treacherous bird-lime is prepared. Poets have bewailed the hard fate of the eagle, whose wing had furnished the plume of the arrow by which he was shot—why have they not melodised in verse the perfidious treatment of linnets and robins, whose natural perch is thus converted into a snare to rob them of their life and liberty? In passing this Vine, so fertile in all pleasant and hilarious associations, we may record that Dr. Hales, by affixing tubes to the stump of one which he had cut off in April, found that the sap rose twenty-one feet high; whence we may form some notion of the moisture which these plants absorb from the earth, and brew into wine, in their minute vessels, for the recreation and delight of man. The village-clock striking the hour of eleven, reminds me of one remarkable circumstance which I might otherwise have omitted to notice—that it is a number totally unknown in botany, no plant, tree, shrub, or flower, having yet been discovered in which the corolla has eleven males. The prevalence of the Polyandrian system among plants is attested by the singular fact, that out of 11,500 species of plants enumerated in the

first thirteen classes of the Cambridge collection, there is not one, bearing barren and fertile flowers, in which the females exceed the males.

"In the royal ordering of gardens," says Bacon, "there ought to be a garden for every month in the year;" by the adoption of which recommendation, even in private pleasure-grounds, we might secure to ourselves the enjoyment of a perpetual bloom, placing ourselves, as it were, beneath the cornucopia of Flora to be crowned with a perennial garland. Even when the evergreens in the depth of winter refute their own name, and present nothing to the eye but waving tufts of snow, we may perpetuate the summer landscape by turning our glance inward, and recalling the floweryness and green overgrowth of the past season:—or in the midst of leafless shrubs and trees, whose fleshless bones are wrapped in snow, like skeletons in their winding-sheets, we may call around us all their verdant glories by anticipating the garniture of the following spring, in the manner of which Cowper has afforded so beautiful an example:—

"————These naked shoots,
Barren as lances, among which the wind
Makes wintry music, sighing as it goes,
Shall put their graceful foliage on again,
And more aspiring, and with ampler spread,
Shall boast new charms, and more than they have lost.
Then each in its peculiar honours clad,
Shall publish even to the distant eye
Its family and tribe. Laburnum, rich
In streaming gold; syringa, ivory pure;
The scentless and the scented rose; this red,
And of a humbler growth, the other tall,

And throwing up into the darkest gloom
Of neighbouring cypress, or more sable yew,
Her silver globes, light as the foamy surf
That the wind severs from the broken wave:—
The lilac, various in array, now white,
Now sanguine, and her beauteous head now set
With purple spikes pyramidal, as if
Studious of ornament, yet unresolved
Which hue she most approved, she chose them all;—
Copious of flowers the woodbine, pale and wan,
But well compensating her sickly looks
With never-cloying odours, early and late;—
Hypericum all bloom, so thick a swarm
Of flowers, like flies clothing her slender rods,
That scarce a leaf appears;—mezerion too,
Though leafless, well attired, and thick beset
With blushing wreaths, investing every spray;—
Althæa with the purple eye: the broom
Yellow and bright, as bullion unalloy'd
Her blossoms; and luxuriant above all
The jasmine, throwing wide her elegant sweets,
The deep dark-green of whose unvarnish'd leaf
Makes more conspicuous, and illumines more
The bright profusion of her scatter'd stars."

CORONATION EXTRAORDINARY.

I HAVE seen the Coronation, and never did I witness a sight so magnificent—so august—so sublime. If ever the exclamation of "*hæc olim meminisse juvabit*" can be applicable, it must be to a spectacle like this, which, by eclipsing the future as well as the past, has condensed the wonders of a whole life in one

absorbing moment, and given me reason to be thankful that my existence was made contemporaneous with such a surpassing display of glory and splendour. So far from seeking to aggrandise what I have seen, even if that were possible, by any inflation of language, I have purposely abstained, during several days, from any attempt at description, in order that some portion of my enthusiasm might be suffered to evaporate; and yet, even now, I feel the necessity of perpetually keeping my pen below the level of my feelings, lest I should be suspected of intemperate exaggeration. In all sincerity of heart I may say, that I unaffectedly pity those who, from any inexcusable considerations of interest, or the more justifiable causes of compulsory absence, have been debarred from sharing the intense gratification which I have experienced. Exhibitions of this nature are rare, and a concurrence of circumstances united to give interest and magnificence to the present, which may never be again combined. The previous night, by its serene splendour, seemed anxious to do honour to the approaching gorgeousness. One would have thought that it was a court-day in heaven, and that all its nobility were present, sparkling in their stars, and coronets, and girdles of light; while imagination easily converted the milky way into a cluster of radiant courtiers gathering around the throne from which their splendours were derived. Morning began to dawn with a calm loveliness, which rather confirmed than dissipated these floating delusions of the mind. From the gallery where I had procured a seat, I saw the stars gradually "'gin to

pale their ineffectual fires," until none remained visible but Dian's crescent, slowly changing its hue from gold to silver, and the sparkling son of Jupiter and Aurora, Lucifer, who, by his reluctant twinklings, seemed struggling for a little longer existence, that he might catch one glimpse of the approaching magnificence. Already were the eastern skies steeped in a faint grey light, interspersed with streaks of pale green, while fresh flushes of a rosier hue came every moment flooding up from beneath the horizon, and a breeze, sent forward as the herald of the sun, presently wafted around me such a gush of crimson radiance, that I felt (to use the only poetical expression of Sternhold and Hopkins) as if the morning "on the wings of wind came flying all abroad." Behold, I exclaimed,

> "the jocund day
> Stands tiptoe on the misty mountains' top;"

and I was endeavouring to recollect Tasso's beautiful description of sunrise, when the increasing charms of the daybreak compelled me to concentrate all my faculties in the contemplation of the scene with which I was surrounded.

The gallery where I had taken my station was a terrace which overhangs the Lake of Chêde, opposite to Mont Blanc; and he who from this point has seen the sun rise, and shower its glories upon the romantic and stupendous wonders with which he is encompassed, will not marvel that I shrink from the hopeless attempt of its description. It is a spectacle to be felt, not painted. Amid the solitude of those gigantic and

sublime regions there is something peculiarly impressive in witnessing the magnificence of Nature, as she silently performs her unerring evolutions; and the heart of man, feeling itself in the immediate presence of Omnipotence, turns with instinctive reverence to its Creator. But let me resume my narrative of the Coronation—not of a poor fleeting mortal like ourselves, but of that glorious King coeval with the world, and to endure till the great globe itself shall crumble and dissolve;—of that truly legitimate Sovereign, who alone can plead divine right for his enthronement, since the Almighty has planted his feet deep in the bowels of the earth, and lifted his head above the clouds;—of that Monarch of the mountains, who indeed deserves the appellation of Majesty—Mont Blanc. If I cannot say, in newspaper phraseology, that the morning was ushered in with the ringing of bells, I may affirm that ten thousand were waving to and fro in the breezes of Heaven, for the lilies of the valley, and the hyacinths, and the blue-bells, and the wild flowers, were all nodding their down-looking cups at the earth; and who shall say that they were not melodious with a music inaudible to human ears, although fraught with harmonious vibrations for the innumerable insects who were recreating themselves beneath their pendent belfries? No daughter of earth, however fair or noble, would have been presumptuous enough to aspire to the honour of strewing flowers on this august occasion, for a heavenly florist had fashioned them with his hand, and perfumed them with his breath, and Flora scattered them sponta-

neously from her lap as she walked along the valleys. By the same mighty hand was performed the ceremony of the anointing; and as I saw the dews of heaven glittering in the dawning light, while they fell upon the head of the mountain, I exclaimed, "Here, indeed, is a monarch who may, without impiety, be termed the Lord's anointed!" Bursting forth from a pavilion of crimson and gold clouds, the sun now threw his full effulgence upon the lofty forehead of Mont Blanc; and the glaciers, and the rocks of red porphyry and granite, and the valley of Chamouni, and that sea of diamonds, the Mer de Glace, gradually became clothed in gorgeous robes of light. As I contemplated the sea-green pyramids of ice that surrounded Mont Blanc, each, as it became tipped with sun-light, appearing to have put on its coronet of sparkling silver, methought there never had been so grand a potentate, encircled with such splendid nobility and courtiers. Nor did the great hall in which they were assembled appear unworthy of its tenants; for as it had not been built by hands, so neither was it limited by human powers, possessing only the walls of the horizon for its boundaries, and having for its roof the azure vault of heaven, painted with varicoloured clouds, and illuminated by the glorious and flaming sun. From the tops of the surrounding heights, various stripes of purple clouds, laced with light, assumed the appearance of flags and banners floating in the air in honour of the joyous day; but my attention was more particularly directed to two hovering masses of darker hue, which, majestically descending from heaven towards the summit of

Mont Blanc, at length deposited their burthen upon its head in the form of a crown of snow, which an electric flash instantly lighted up with intolerable splendour, while a loud peal of thunder gave notice to all the world that the ceremony of Coronation had been accomplished. Alps and Apennines "rebellow'd to the roar;" every mountain opening its deep-toned throat, and shouting out the joyful intelligence to its neighbour, until, after countless hollow and more hollow reverberations, the sound died away in the distance of immeasurable space.

Nor was the banquet wanting to complete this august festival; for as mine eye roamed over the fertile plains and valleys commanded by the eminence on which I stood, I found that He who owns the cattle on a thousand hills had covered them with corn, and fruits, and wine, and oil, and honey, spreading out a perpetually renewed feast for whole nations, diffusing, at the same time, odours and perfumes on every side, and recreating the ears of the guests with the mingled harmony of piping birds, melodious winds, rustling woods, the gushing of cascades, and the tinkling of innumerable rills. Again I turned my looks towards Mont Blanc, and lo! a huge avalanche, detaching itself from its summit, came thundering down into the valley below, making earth shake with the concussion. "Behold!" I exclaimed, "He who overthroweth the horse and his rider" hath sent his Champion to challenge all the world; and at this moment a smaller portion, which had broken away from the falling mass, came leaping towards me, and shivered itself into a cloud of snow beneath, as if the

tremendous Champion had thrown down his gauntlet at my feet. Overcome with awe and wonder, I shrunk into myself; and as the rocks, and caverns, and mountains round echoed to the roar of the falling avalanche, methought they hailed the Coronation of the monarch, and shouting with a thousand voices, made the whole welkin ring to their acclamations of Mont Blanc! Mont Blanc! Mont Blanc!

Since witnessing this most impressive scene, I have read an account of the Coronation of "an island-monarch throned in the west," with all its circumstantial detail of Dukes, Marquesses, Earls, Viscounts, and Knights in their ermine robes, Kings at Arms, and Heralds in their gewgaw coats, and Bishops in the pomp of pontificals, with the parade of gold spurs, ewers, maces, swords, sceptres, crowns, balls and crosses; but when I compared it with the stupendous exhibition of nature which I had so lately beheld, the whole sunk into insignificance; nor could I suppress a smile of pity as I shared the feeling with which Xerxes contemplated his mighty armament, and reflected that, in a few fleeting years, the whole of all this human pride, with the soldiers and horses that paraded around it, and the multitude that huzzaed without, would be converted into dust; the haughtiest of the nobles lying an outstretched corpse in a dark and silent vault, with nothing of his earthly splendour left but the empty trappings and escutcheons which, in mockery of the lofty titles with which they are inscribed, will hang mouldering upon his coffin. The ceremony will not, however, have been unavailing,

if it shall have awakened reflections of this nature in the minds of those who contributed to it, and have impressed upon their hearts the truth of Shirley's noble lines, in the contention of Ajax and Ulysses:

"The glories of our earthly state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate,
Death lays his icy hand on kings:—
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade."

ADDRESS TO THE ORANGE-TREE AT VERSAILLES,

CALLED THE GREAT BOURBON, WHICH IS ABOVE FOUR HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

When France with civil wars was torn,
And heads, as well as crowns, were shorn
From royal shoulders,
One Bourbon, in unhalter'd plight,
Hath still maintain'd its regal right,
And held its court—a goodly sight
To all beholders.

Thou, leafy monarch, thou alone,
Hath sat uninjured on thy throne,
Seeing the war range;
And when the great Nassaus were sent
Crownless away, (a sad event!)
Thou didst uphold and represent
The House of Orange.

To tell what changes thou hast seen,
Each grand monarque, and king and queen,
Of French extraction;
Might puzzle those who don't conceive
French history, so I believe
Comparing thee with ours will give
More satisfaction.

Westminister-Hall,* whose oaken roof,
The papers say (but that 's no proof),
Is nearly rotten;
Existed but in stones and trees
When thou wert waving in the breeze,
And blossoms (what a treat for bees!)
By scores hadst gotten.

Chaucer, so old a bard that time
Has antiquated every chime,
And from his tomb outworn each rhyme
Within the Abbey;
And Gower, an older poet, whom
The Borough church enshrines, (his tomb,
Though once restored, has lost its bloom,
And got quite shabby,)

Lived in thy time—the first perchance
Was beating monks† when thou in France
By monks wert beaten,
Who shook beneath this very tree
Their reverend beards, with glutton glee,
As each downfalling luxury
Was caught and eaten.

Perchance, when Henry gain'd the fight
Of Agincourt, some Gaulish Knight,
(His bleeding steed in woeful plight,
With smoking haunches,)

* Rebuilt in 1399.

† There is a tradition (though not authenticated) that Chaucer was fined for beating a friar in Fleet Street.

Laid down his helmet at thy root,
And, as he pluck'd the grateful fruit,
Suffer'd his poor exhausted brute
To crop thy branches.

Thou wert of portly size and look,
When first the Turks besieged and took
Constantinople;
And eagles in thy boughs might perch,
When, leaving Bullen in the lurch,
Another Henry changed his church,
And used the Pope ill.

What numerous namesakes hast thou seen
Lounging beneath thy shady green,
With monks as lazy;
Louis Quatorze has press'd that ground,
With his six mistresses around—
A sample of the old and sound
Legitimacy.

And when despotic freaks and vices
Brought on th' inevitable crisis
Of revolution,
Thou heard'st the mobs' infuriate shriek,
Who came their victim Queen to seek,
On guiltless heads the wrath to wreak
Of retribution.

Oh! of what follies, vice and crime,
Hast thou, in thy eventful time,
Been made beholder!
What wars, what feuds—the thoughts appal!
Each against each, and all with all,
Till races upon races fall
In earth to moulder.

Whilst thou, serene, unalter'd, calm,
(Such are the constant gifts and balm
Bestow'd by Nature!)

Hast year by year renew'd thy flowers,
And perfumed the surrounding bowers,
And pour'd down grateful fruit by showers,
And proffer'd shade in summer hours
To man and creature.

Thou green and venerable tree!
Whate'er the future doom may be
By fortune giv'n,
Remember that a rhymester brought
From foreign shores thine umbrage sought,
Recall'd the blessings thou hadst wrought,
And, as he thank'd thee, raised his thought
To heav'n!

THE CEMETERY OF PÈRE LA CHAISE, AT PARIS.

Quid sis, esse velis, nihilque malis;
Summum nec metuas diem, nec optes.

I AM half disposed to admit the assertion of a lively authoress, that the French are a grave people, and absolutely determined upon contradicting the received opinion in England, that in the volatility of their character their sympathies, however easily excited, are generally evanescent; and that the claims of kindred or friendship, so far from awakening any permanent sensibility, are quickly superseded by the paramount dominion of frivolity and amusement. Let any man who is labouring under this mistaken impression pay a visit to the Cemetery of Père La Chaise; and if he do not hate France more than

falsehood, he will admit that in the precincts of this beautiful and affecting spot there is not only a more striking assemblage of tasteful decorations and appropriate monumental sculpture, but more pervading evidences of deep, lingering, heart-rending affection for the dead, than could be paralleled in England or any other country of Europe. The tombs elsewhere seem to be monuments of oblivion, not remembrance; they designate spots to be avoided, not visited, unless by the idle curiosity of strangers: here they seem built up with the heart as well as with the hands; they are hallowed by the frequent presence of sorrowing survivors, who, by various devices of ingenious and elegant offerings, still testify their grief and their respect for the departed, and keep up by these pious visitings a sort of holy communion between the living and the dead. Never, never shall I forget the solemn yet sweet and soothing emotions that thrilled my bosom at the first visit to Père La Chaise. Women were in attendance as we approached the gate, offering for sale elegant crowns, crosses, and wreaths of orange-blossoms, xereanthemum, amaranth, and other everlasting flowers, which the mourning relatives and friends are accustomed to suspend upon the monument, or throw down upon the grave, or entwine among the shrubs with which every enclosure is decorated. Congratulating myself that I had no such melancholy office to perform, I passed into this vast sanctuary of the dead, and found myself in a variegated and wide-spreading garden, consisting of hill and dale, redolent with flowers, and thickly

planted with luxuriant shrubs and trees, from the midst of which monumental stones, columns, obelisks, pyramids, and temples, shot up in such profusion, that I was undecided which path to explore first, and stood some time in silent contemplation of the whole scene, which occupies a space of from sixty to eighty acres. A lofty Gothic monument on the right first claimed my attention, and on approaching it I found that it contained the tomb in which are the ashes of Abelard and Eloisa, united at last in death, but even then denied that rest and repose to which they were strangers in their unhappy and passionate lives. Interred, after various removals, at Soissons, in the year 1820, they were transported in the year eight of the Republic from Chalons-sur-Saone to the Museum of French Monuments at Paris, and thence to the romantic spot which they at present occupy. We learn from the inscription, that with all his talents Abelard could not comprehend the doctrine of the Trinity, and on this account incurred the censure of contemporary hierarchs. Subsequently, however, he seems to have seen the wisdom of a more accommodating faith; and having evinced his orthodoxy by the irrefragable argument of causing three figures to be sculptured upon one stone, which is still visible, being let into the side of his tomb, he was restored to the confidence and protection of the church. I had seen at Paris the dilapidated house in which he is stated to have resided; and now to be standing above the very dust which once contributed to form the fine intellect and throbbing hearts of these

celebrated lovers, seemed to be an annihilation of intervening centuries, throwing the mind back to that remote period when Eloisa, from the "deep solitudes and awful cells" of her convent, indited those love-breathing epistles which have spread through the world the fame of her unhappy attachment. Quitting this interesting spot, a wilderness of little enclosures presented itself, almost every one profusely planted with flowers, and overshadowed by poplar, cypress, weeping willow, and arbor vitæ, interspersed among flowering shrubs and fruit-trees; for the ground, before its present appropriation, had been laid out as a pleasure-garden. Many of the tombs were provided with a watering-pot for the refreshment of the flowers, and the majority had a stone seat for the accommodation of those who came hither to indulge in melancholy retrospection, as they stationed themselves upon the grave in which their affections were deposited. Here and there the sufferers, from filial, parental, or conjugal deprivation, were seen trimming the foliage or flowers that sprung up from the remains of their kindred flesh; and as they handled the shrubs, whose roots struck down into the very grave, one could almost imagine that the dead stretched forth their leafy arms from the earth to embrace once more those whom they had so fondly encircled when alive. In many instances, however, it must be confessed that this pious duty was deputed to the keepers of the ground, who for a small stipend maintained the tombs in a perpetual greenness. Some contented themselves with hanging a funeral garland on the

monuments of their friends, by the number and freshness of which tributes we were enabled to judge, in some degree, of the merits of the deceased, and of the recency with which sad bosoms and glistening eyes had occupied the spot on which we then stood. Some were blooming all over with those flowery offerings, while others, with a single forlorn and withered chaplet, or absolutely bare, showed that their mouldering tenants had left no friends behind, or that time had wrought his usual effect, and either brought them to the same appointed house, or "steeped their senses in forgetfulness."

In ascending the hill, extensive family vaults are seen, excavated in its side in the style of the ancients; with numerous recesses for coffins, the whole enclosed by bronze gates of exquisite taste and workmanship, through which might be seen the chairs for those who wish to shut themselves up and meditate in the sepulchre which they are permanently to occupy; while the yellow wreath upon the ground, or coffin, pointed out the latest occupant of the chamber of death. Some well-known name was perpetually presenting itself to our notice. In one place we encountered the tomb of the unfortunate Labedoyère, who was the first to join Napoleon when he advanced to Grenoble in 1815, and expiated his offence with his life. The spot in which the hapless Ney was deposited was also shown to us, but his monument had been removed. A lofty and elegant pyramid on the height bore the name of the celebrated Massena; and as we roamed about, we trod over the

remains of republicans, royalists, marshals, demogogues, liberals, ultras, and many of the victors and victims of the Revolution, whose exploits and sufferings have filled our gazettes and been familiar in our mouths for the last twenty or thirty years.

A few steps more brought us to the summit of the hill, commanding a noble view of Paris, the innumerable white buildings of which stood out with a panoramic and lucid sharpness in the deep blue of a cloudless sky, not a single wreath of smoke dimming the clearness of the view. Nothing was seen to move —a dead silence reigned around—the whole scene resembled a bright and tranquil painting.

On the highest point of the whole cemetery, under the shade of eight lime-trees planted in a square, is the tomb of Frederic Mestezart, a Protestant pastor of the Church of Geneva. A French writer well observed, on the occasion of this tomb, raised in the midst of the graves of Catholics, and in the former property of one of the most cruel persecutors of Protestantism, "O the power of time, and of the revolutions which it brings in its train! A minister of Calvin reposes not far from that *Charenton* where the reformed religion saw its temple demolished and its preacher proscribed! He reposes in that ground where a bigoted Jesuit loved to meditate on his plans of intolerance and persecution!" Not far from this spot is the tomb of the well-known authoress Madame *Cottin*, and monuments have also been lately erected to the memory of Lafontaine and Molière. A low pyramid is the appropriate sepulchre of Volney; and

at the extremity of a walk of trees, surrounded by a little garden, is the equally well adapted monument of Delille, the poet of the Gardens. Mentelle and Fourcroy repose at a little distance; and in the same vicinity, beneath a square tomb of white marble, decorated with a lyre, are deposited the remains of Grétry, the celebrated composer, whose bust I had the day before seen in the garden of the Hermitage at Montmorency, once occupied by Rousseau. How refreshing to turn from the costly and luxurious memorials of many who had been the torments and scourges of their time, to these classic shades, where sleep the benefactors of the world—men who have enlightened it by their wisdom, animated it by their gaiety, or soothed it by their delightful harmonies!

Amid the tombs upon the height is a low enclosure, arched over at top to preserve it from the weather, but fenced at the sides with open wire-work, through which we observed that the whole interior surface was carefully overspread with moss, and strewed with fresh gathered white flowers, which also expanded their fragrance from vases of white porcelain; the whole arranged with exquisite neatness and taste. There was no name or record but the following simple and pathetic inscription:—"Fille chérie!—avec toi mes beaux jours sont passés! 5 Juin, 1819." Some years had elapsed since the erection of this tomb, yet whenever I subsequently visited it, which I sometimes did at an early hour, the wakeful and unwearied solicitude of maternal regret had preceded me; the moss was newly laid, the flowers appeared to be just

plucked, the vases shone with unsullied whiteness, as if even the dew had been carefully wiped off. How keen and intense must have been that affection which could so long survive its object, and gather fresh force even from the energy of despair!

An inscription to the memory of Eleanor Mac Gowan, a Scotchwoman, recalled to mind the touching lines of Pope—"By foreign hands," &c.; but though we might admire the characteristic nationality, we could hardly applaud the taste, which had planted this grave, as well as some others of her countrymen, with thistles. English names often startled us as we walked through the alleys of tomb-stones; and it was gratifying to find that even from these, the coarse and clumsy, though established emblems of the death's head and marrow-bones, had been discarded. Obtuse, indeed, must be those faculties which need such repulsive bone-writing to explain to them the perishableness of humanity!

We nowhere encountered any of the miserable doggrel which defaces our graves in England, under the abused name of poetry; and, in fact, poetic inscriptions of any sort were extremely rare. Some may assign this to the want of poetical genius in the French, but it might be certainly more charitable, and possibly more just, to attribute it to the sincerity of their regrets; for I doubt whether the lacerated bosom, in the first burst of its grief, has ever any disposition to dally with the Muses. A softened heart may seek solace in such effusions, but not an agonized one. Some rhyming epitaphs were, however,

visible. Under the name of the well-known Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely these lines were inscribed:

" François, de son dernier soupir
Il a salué la patrie;
Un même jour a vu finir
Ses maux, son exil, et sa vie."

And a very handsome monument to the memory of an artist, named Ravrio, in bronze and gold, informs us that he was the author also of numerous fugitive pieces, to prevent his following which into oblivion, his bust, well executed in bronze, surmounts his tomb; and the following verses give us a little insight into his character:

" Un fils d'Anacréon a fini sa carrière,
Il est dans ce tombeau pour jamais endormi;
Les enfans des beaux arts sont privés de leur frère,
Les malheureux ont perdu leur ami."

The practice of affixing busts to tombs seems worthy of more general adoption:—it identifies and individualizes the deceased, and thus creates a more definable object for our sympathies. Perhaps the miniatures which we occasionally saw let into the tomb-stones and glazed over attained this point more effectually, as the contrast between the bright eye and blooming cheek above, and the fleshless skeleton below, was rendered doubly impressive. Not only is the doggrel of the English churchyard banished from Père La Chaise, but it is undegraded by the bad spelling and ungrammatical construction which, with us, are so apt to awaken ludicrous ideas where none but solemn impressions should be felt. The order by which all the lapidary inscriptions must

be submitted to previous inspection, though savouring somewhat of arbitrary regulation, is perhaps necessary in the present excited state of political feeling, and is doubtless the main cause of the general propriety and decorum by which they are distinguished. The whole management of the place appears to be admirably conducted:—decency and good order universally prevailed; not a flower was gathered—not a monument defaced—not a stone scribbled over. It was impossible to avoid drawing painful comparisons between the state of the plainest tombs here, and the most elaborate in Westminster Abbey, defaced and desecrated as many of the latter are by the empty-headed puppies of the adjoining school, and the brutal violations of an uncivilized rabble. This sacred respect for the works of art is not peculiar to the cemetery of Père La Chaise, nor solely due to the vigilance of the police; for in the innumerable statues and sculptures with which Paris and its neighbourhood abound, many scattered about in solitary walks and gardens at the mercy of the public, I have never observed the smallest mutilation, nor any indecorous scribbling. The lowest Frenchman has been familiarized with works of art until he has learnt to take a pride in them, and to this extent at least has verified the old adage, that such a feeling "emollit mores nec sinit esse feros."

As I stood upon a hill, I saw a funeral procession slowly winding amid the trees and avenues below. Its distant effect was impressive, but, as it approached, it appeared to be strikingly deficient in that well-appointed and consistent solemnity by which the same ceremony is uniformly distinguished in England.

The hearse was dirty and shabby, the mourning coaches as bad, the horses and harness worse; the coachmen, in their rusty coats and cocked hats, seemed to be a compound of paupers and old-clothesmen; the dress of the priests had an appearance at once mean and ludicrous: the coffin was an unpainted deal box; the grave was hardly four feet deep, and the whole service was performed in a careless and unimpressive manner. Yet this was the funeral of a substantial tradesman, followed by a respectable train of mourners! Here was all the external observance, perhaps, that reason requires; but where our associations have been made conversant with a more scrupulous and dignified treatment, it is difficult to reconcile ourselves to such a slovenly mode of interment, although it may be the established system of the country. All the funerals here are in the hands of a company, who, for the privilege of burying the rich at fixed prices, contract to inhume all the poor for nothing. It is hardly to be supposed, that in such a multiplicity of tombs there are not some offensive to good taste. Many are gaudy and fantastical, dressed up with paltry figures of the Virgin and Child, and those tin and tinsel decorations which the rich in faith and poor in pocket are apt to set up in Roman Catholic countries: but the generality are of a much nobler order; and I defy any candid traveller to spend a morning in the Cemetery of Père La Chaise without feeling a higher respect for the French character, and forming a more pleasing estimate of human nature in general.

SUNDAY IN PARIS.

'Tis church-time, and half of the shops are half shut,
Except in the quarters of trade, where they put
At defiance what Louis enacted;
The streets are as full as before—and I guess
The churches are nearly as empty, unless
Some mummery pageant be acted.

When worship becomes a theatrical show,
Parisians of course most religiously go
To pray——for the forwardest places,
Where best they may see a fine puppet for hours,
Before a fine altar of tinsel and flowers,
Perform pantomimic grimaces.

Some gaze on his shoes and his gloves of white kid,
Or the jewels with which every finger is hid,
Or his flounces of violet satin;
Other eyes on his laces and mitre are kept,
Attentive to all his performance—except
The prayers that he mumbles in Latin.

The senses give thanks—no responses are made,
And when there's a pause in the form and parade,
The orchestra strikes up a chorus;
The women then ask, Who is that?—Who is this?
While the men slily ogle the singers, and kiss
Their hands to the sweet Signoras.

Is there nothing of fervour?—O yes, you may mark
Some hobbling old crones in a vestibule dark,
Who dab in the consecrate lotion
Shrivell'd fingers to cross their forehead and breast
Then kneel at a chapel with candlesticks dress'd,
And kiss it with real devotion.

They pour from the church—and each dandisette begs,
As she crosses the street and exhibits her legs,
To know what is further intended;
For Sunday's devoted to pleasure and shows,
And the toils of the day of rest never close
Till the Sabbath is fairly ended.

One talks of Versailles—or St. Cloud—or a walk;
And a hundred sharp voices that sing, not talk,
Vivaciously second each mover:
Some stroll to the Bois de Boulogne; others stray
To the Tuilleries, Luxembourg, Champs Elysées,
To the Garden of Plants, or the Louvre.

But the dinner-hour comes—an important event!
What pondering looks on the *cartes** are now bent!
And how various—how endless the fare is,
From the suburb Guinguette, to where epicures choose
Fricandeaus, fricassées, consommés, and ragouts,
At Grignion's, Beauvillier's, or Very's.

Some belles in the Tuilleries' walks now appear,
While loungers take seat round about them—to sneer,
To chat, read the papers, or slumber.
In disposing the chairs there are different whims,
But one for the body, and two for the limbs,
Are reckon'd a moderate number.

The Boulevards next are the grand rendezvous,
Where parties on parties amusement pursue,
A stream of perpetual friskers,
From the pretty Bourgeoise and the trowser'd *Commis*,
The modern Grisette, and the ancient Marquis,
To the Marshal of France in whiskers.

Crowds sit under trees in defiance of damps;
Th' Italian Boulevard, with its pendulous lamps,
By far is the smartest of any—

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* Bills of fare.

In bonnets, slim waists, and bare elbows dress'd out,
Each Parisian beauty may there have a rout
For the price of the chair—a penny.

English women are known by their dresses of white;
The men by superior neatness and height—
They talk of gigs, horses, and ponies;
All look twice as grave as the French—yet their laugh,
When they choose to indulge it, is louder by half,
And they turn in, of course, at Tortoni's.

The theatres open, some thirty or more—
All are fill'd, yet the crowd seems as thick as before,
Regardless of mud, or of weather;
You'd swear it were carnival-time; and in sooth
The town is a fair—every house is a booth,
And the people all crazy together.

What braying of gongs—what confusion of tongues!
What a compound of noise from drums, trumpets, and lungs!
Each striving his neighbour's to smother;
Mimes, mountebanks, conjurors, each have their rings,
While monkeys and dancing-dogs—roundabouts—swings—
Are so thick, they encroach on each other.

Here's a dwarf, and a monster, both beautiful sights!
And there is the man without fingers, that writes
With his chest, and his grinders after—
Both scribbled so well, you can't say which is worst;—
There Judy and Punch with a cat is rehearsed,
In a circle convulsed with laughter.

A tavern or ball-room each mansion appears;
Up stairs, under mirrors and bright chandeliers,
You may witness quadrilling bodies;
While some smoke below in the *Estaminets*,
And others take ice, Roman punch, and *sorbets*,
Or chat to the Bar-install'd Goddess.

In all, gaming claims indiscriminate love;
The dice-box and billiard-ball rattle above,
If you pass by a palace or stable.

Below, at the corner of every street,
Swart shoe-blacks at parties of cards you may meet,
The blacking-box serving as table.

The Palais Royal is a separate fair,
With its pickpockets, gamblers, and nymphs debonnaire,
Of character somewhat uncertain:
But as it is late, and these scenes, I suspect,
Won't bear a detail too minute and direct,
For the present we drop the curtain.

PORTRAIT OF A SEPTUAGENARY;

BY HIMSELF.*

"I will conduct you to a hill-side, laborious indeed at the first ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospects and melodious sounds, that the harp of Orpheus was not half so charming."

AFTER all the critical denunciations against the unfortunate wight, who suffered the smallest inkling of himself or his affairs to transpire in his writings;—after the pretty general confinement of Auto-biography to players, courtesans, and adventurers;—after the long absorption of individuality in the royal and literary plural *we*,—the age has at last adopted the right legitimate Spanish formula of "I the King:" our writers, from Lord Byron downwards, have become their own heroes, either direct or allegorized, and if any one will cast his eye over the columns of

* Now no longer in existence.

our periodical literature, he will find one half of the articles to be personal narratives, or auto-biography in some of its innumerable ramifications. If self-preservation be the first law of nature, self-description seems now to be the second, and we may fairly pronounce the present to be the golden age of Egotism. I, for one, do not complain of this, provided it be done with talent; for a long familiarity with literature has produced its usual effects upon me, making me more solicitous as to the manner than the matter; and as a good horse cannot be of a bad colour, so I hold that an able writer can hardly have a bad subject. We can scarcely expect so much talent, and we need hardly require so much frankness, as characterized the Confessions of Rousseau; for no paper could fail to be interesting if it gave a faithful transcript of the author's mind. We have enough of dates and registers, and the freaks of fortune, and all the changes and ills that flesh is heir to! but it appears that we are very scantily supplied with histories of mind. Mr. Coleridge, indeed, has given us "a psychological curiosity;" but as it has reference only to one eventful night, it serves to stimulate rather than allay our appetite for similar revelations. Some of our youngest writers, who can have experienced little vicissitude of mental or bodily estate, indulge in the most trivial detail of personal matter:—may not I then, a not unobservant veteran, record the life of my mind (if I may so express myself) with as much privilege and immunity as is conceded to these chroniclers of external and physical existence? "That which hath made

them drunk hath made me bold;" and thus inspired, I shall proceed to give a sketch of the progress of my mind, so far as I have myself been enabled to pronounce judgment upon it, suppressing some things, but mis-stating none; and occasionally indulging in those diffusive and desultory wanderings which my own experience has proved to be almost inevitable ingredients in the character of a Septuagenary.

Few men perhaps are better qualified for this task; for, owing to a defective memory, I have, from a very early age, been in the habit of keeping a Journal, not of facts only, but of feelings, thoughts, and impressions; and thus I may be said never to have forgotten any thing, or, if I had forgotten it, always to have possessed the power of recovering what I had lost, by a reference to my Diary. Mysterious operation!—Certain hieroglyphics are marked upon a paper with a black liquid, which, after a lapse of years, shall have the power of penetrating through the eyes into the sensorium, and of calling up from their sleep recollections which, but for this summons, would have slumbered for ever. Sometimes these reminiscences have brought up with them roots and off-shoots, and minute appendages of time, place, and circumstances, of which no record existed on paper, but which, unknown to myself, had lain buried in the tenacious soil of even an infirm memory, quietly awaiting the uprising of that master-thought with whose fibres they were intertwined. What an infinite series of such thoughts and images must be stored up in the vast repertory of memory; all, too, so admirably classed,

and ticketed, and arranged, that even after the accumulation of years each is capable of being called up from its hiding-place by a simple, unfelt, and instantaneous act of volition! A Journal is a valuable stimulant to this incomprehensible faculty. A basin of water thrown down a pump, of which the sucker is dry, places at your disposal the inexhaustible fountains of the earth, and a similar outpouring of the past may frequently be procured by the expansion which an old Diary gives to the memory.

Locke is considered as having set at rest the question of innate ideas; but not with me. I was never convinced by his arguments, nor pleased with his cumbrous, rambling, and illogical style; and besides, I had, or fancied that I had, proofs in my own experience which upset all his reasoning; for fancies, and imaginations, and dreams, have presented to me combinations which could never have arisen from any external operations in this world, and appeared to justify strong presumptions of an ante-natal existence.—They were the twilight of a sun that had set—the flutterings of a bird not yet reconciled to his new cage—the convulsions of a spirit in the crisis of transmutation—the yearnings of a soul looking back to the race it had run, before it fully entered upon its new career. There is nothing preposterous in supposing that the soul of man is too precious a relic to be inclosed in only one evanescent shrine; while it is hardly consistent with reason or justice to suppose that its eternal doom, whether for good or ill, can be merited by that fleeting probation to which one human life is

limited. What! are we to march out of the invisible into the visible world, play our short and sorry pranks, and then return into invisibility, like the figures of a phantasmagoria, which start from the darkness to grin, and mock and mow, and "squeak and gibber," and then shrink up again into darkness? Like the performers in a grand theatric procession, we may come in at one door, and having the cradle and the coffin for our O. P. and P. S., strut across the stage of life in all the dignity of tinsel trappings, and so out at the other; but who shall assure us, that, like the same performers, we may not occasionally run round behind the scenes of the graves, return to the first entrance, and repeat our procession?—Ay, who shall warrant us against these new incarnations of the old spirit, like the Avatars of the Hindoo God, or the Platonic metempsychosis—not however into animal forms, but a new human one—another and the same? I have never been wholly satisfied with the great object of most men's speculation—the looking forward and conjecturing what we are to be in a future world; but have been not less anxious to know what we *have* been in the past one. I have invoked all the gods—"quibus imperium est animarum, umbræque silentes, et Chaos et Phlegethon," that by their auspices I might be enabled "pandere res altâ terrâ et caligine mersas;" imploring them to draw up the veil that I might look backward, and have revealed to me the domains, and appearances, and modes of being, in the great Ante-natal Infinite. Some one has inscribed in the Catacombs at Paris, "Rogas ubi post obitum

jaceas! ubi non nata jacent!"—but where is this boundless and yet undiscoverable land—this real terra incognita! The earth has swallowed up and decomposed all that has hitherto existed; but what encampment is vast enough to contain the marshalled myriads waiting to be called into existence, for we cannot boast, whatever Ovid might, that "one half of round eternity is ours." The world is probably young, just starting on the race of eternity, to which its present existence may bear the same proportion as a grain of sand to itself; and the number of human beings hitherto born will, of course, be in the same ratio to those not yet animated. Psha! it is a vain and fantastical speculation; our faculties are limited, and we may lose the enjoyment of what is proffered by straining too ardently after what is withheld, like the dog who snatched at a reflection in the water and lost his dinner, or the wiseacre who wasted a summer morning in strenuous endeavours to leap beyond his shadow. Yes, such researches, by raising our eyes from the realities of life, may betray us into danger. Thales, the Milesian, while gazing at the moon, fell into a pond: "Had you looked into the water," said a countryman to him, "you might have seen the moon, but by gazing on the moon you could never have seen the pond."

I told you I should be desultory and discursive—my signature implies it; but I proceed to my purpose. I shall only give a very loose sketch or summary of the whole, which, for the sake of condensation, I shall throw into large masses of time, and

in conformity to this arrangement I shall briefly sum up

THE FIRST TWENTY YEARS OF MY LIFE.

How sweet to contemplate those beautiful frames in which an immortal soul is enshrined, before it is agitated by the passions, or debased by crime! What a compound of the angelic and human nature! how lovely as an object, how interesting as a mysterious problem! The appeal of infant innocence is irresistible: infants are mighty in their very helplessness.—What must they be then, when, to all these touching sympathies, is added the powerful instinct of parental affection? I call it instinct advisedly, for it will be found that nature is an economist, even of the affections, and proportions them pretty accurately to the wants of the object. Hence it is strongest in the human subject; for no animal is born in so helpless a state, or so long requires assistance. It is more powerful in the mother, because the child is more dependant upon her ministering offices; and in her it is generally most intense towards the deformed in body or mind, the ricketty or the idiotic;—not from any perverse or deficient judgment, but from a watchful impulse of nature directing her tenderness in that channel where it is the most needed. Preservation of the species seems to be the pervading principle of the world; and it is wonderful to reflect how actively and perpetually this agency is at work without our being conscious of its presence. Birds and beasts, when they have answered the great purpose of temporary protection, lose this instinct, previously so acute;

they even cease to have the smallest recognition of their offspring, and though the pride of man revolts from any analogies drawn from the animal kingdom, I believe that in many of their leading tendencies there is a marvellous accordance between them. Thus I apprehend that parental affection progressively weakens as it ceases to be required; and though a sense of benefits conferred or received may substitute a lively sentiment or principle of friendship, it is no longer an instinct about the preservation of which nature is solicitous. Were our feelings upon these points governed by justice or a balance of benefits, they would be much more powerful towards our parents than our offspring; but the reverse is notoriously the case.

I am happy to say that I was rather a stupid boy, and in defiance of the poet's maxim, that "the child 's the father of the man," I am prepared to maintain that I ceased to be thus obtuse long before I had any claim to the toga virilis. Precocity is generally an indication of disease: and it has been very safely predicated of infant prodigies that they rarely grow up clever, because, in fact, they rarely grow up at all. They "o'er-inform their tenement of clay;"—the fire of intellect burns faster than the body can supply it with aliment, and so they spiritualize and evaporate. Mind and body are yoked together to pursue their mysterious journey with equal steps, nor can one outstrip the other without breaking the harness and endangering the whole machine. I would rather that my child's right shoulder should grow higher than his

left, than that his mind should get the start of his body; for the former would only affect his symmetry, the latter is frequently a fatal symptom. Were all authors as ingenious as Dr. Johnson in disclaiming the juvenile miracles of wit attributed to them, the number of our really precocious writers, who have attained subsequent celebrity, would probably be extremely limited. As to solitary instances of preternatural talent in children, limited to one direction, they do not come within the scope of my argument. Such is that incomprehensible faculty of arithmetic in the celebrated Calculating Boy, who in an instant can solve problems which would be an hour's puzzle to our ablest calculators, "with all appliances and means to boot;" and yet this urchin cannot even explain the process by which he performs the miracle. One would imagine that, by some peculiar organization of his brain, a ray of omniscience had shot athwart it, giving us a single glimpse of its divine origin; as, when the clouds are opened by lightning, we appear to get a momentary peep into the glories of the innermost heaven. With such an example of inexplicable intuition, we need not despair of future striplings, who, in the intervals of peg-top and cricket, will kindly spare a moment for quadrating the circle, discovering the longitude, explaining the cause of polar attraction, and solving other Œdipean riddles which have puzzled the world since its creation, while the young sages shall be all unconscious of the might within them. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings may such revelations be ordained. As, however, the loss of

one of our senses generally quickens and strengthens the rest, so the preternatural growth and vigour of any particular mental faculty commonly cripples or weakens the others. A hump-backed man is spindle-shanked, and the Calculating Boy, in all directions but one, was weak-minded and simple. In every thing "order is heaven's first law;" proportion and equilibrium are the only elements of beauty and strength.

Among the advantages of my birth it was my good fortune to be member of a large family, the collision of which is highly beneficial in rubbing off the little asperities and singularities that the youthful character is apt to throw out in the petulance of its developement. The severe discipline and turmoil of school completes this process, as the lashing and roaring of the ocean assimilates the pebbles upon its beach; but I question whether, in this rough mode of polishing, the remedy be not worse than the disease. What idle cant and talking by wrote is it in old men to declare, with a grave shake of the head or theatrical sigh, that their school-days were the happiest of their lives.—Away with such nonsense! they were no such thing. For myself I can declare that I look back with unmixed horror to that period, and that no temptations should induce me to live my life over again, if I were again compelled to struggle through that accursed Slough of Despond. I was never flogged; and yet my mental sufferings were acute. Were I called upon to specify them, I could not easily do it: they consisted rather of an aggregate of petty annoyances than of any one overpowering evil. Of a delicate constitution

and sensitive mind, every nerve and fibre seemed to be perpetually set on edge. My senses and appetites were all outraged by grossness and coarse viands; I was maddened with noise and hurly-burly; at one time the boisterous mirth and practical jokes of my schoolfellows distressed me; at another, I was terrified by their cries and contortions as they suffered under the rod. Tough and obdurate minds soon got inured to all this, but mine was of a more tender temperament, nor could it find any consolation in a hoop or skipping-rope. I hold it little vanity to say that "my desires were dolphin-like, and showed themselves above the element they lived in." So deeply was my mind impressed with the laceration of my feelings at this period, that in after-life I never sent a child to school without a thousand misgivings and qualms of conscience; and I would rather have thrown a boy to the Minotaur at once, than have sacrificed him to the slow torment of any public school, polluted by the system of what is technically termed *Fagging*—that is, compelling a youngster to crouch beneath the foot of some malignant tyrant of the first or second form, that he may finally take his revenge, not on his oppressor, but on the next stripling over whom, as he advances to seniority, he is to exercise the same wanton cruelty. Cowardly and debasing practice! It may fit boys for the army, but it can hardly fail to render them not less abject towards their superiors, than reckless and overbearing to those beneath them.

It is humiliating to reflect how little is subsequently

retained after passing through this fiery ordeal. At least five schoolboys out of ten make a point of forgetting their Latin and Greek, which is nearly all they can acquire at a public school, with as much rapidity as possible. F— says, that such a man is better than one who never studied the classics, as an empty censer still has a grateful odour from the perfume it contained; but I suspect he would rather sit down to one full bottle of Port than smell to a dozen empty claret bottles, whatever might have been the fragrance of their *bouquet*. Porson, who retained so much that he could afford to boast of what he had lost, was justified in exclaiming to a chattering pretender, "Sir, I have forgotten more than you ever knew." But, after all, it is better to have knowledge to brag of than ignorance. "How comes it," said a flippant youngster to Dr. Parr, that you never wrote a book?—suppose we write one together." "In that way," said the Doctor, "we might indeed make a very thick one."—"How?"—"Why, by putting in all that I know and all that you do not know."

In due time I exchanged the scholastic form for a stool in a merchant's counting-house, and found my Latin of special service in supplying the initials for pounds, shillings, and pence, with which I headed the columns of the Petty-cash Book; while my Grecian lore fully qualified me to institute a comparison between the famous honey of Hybla and Hymettus, and the sugar samples which were ranged on shelves over my head. What a revulsion of mind I experienced at being suddenly plunged from the all-

commanding summit of Mount Pindus and the flowry vale of Hæmus, where my young fancy had held converse with nymphs, fauns, and Dryads, into the murky day candle-light of a counting-house in the City, where my aspiring intellect was to be fed from the classic fountains of brokers, wharfingers, and sailors! Ductile as water, the mind at that age soon takes the form of whatever surrounds it. The poor pride of excelling, even in this humble knowledge, rendering me assiduous, I won the confidence of my employer; and, after due probation, was promoted to what is termed a pulpit-desk, where I stood from nine in the morning till eight at night, behind three enormous books which I was employed in posting, and for my sole reward received the honorary appellation of book-keeper. Greater men than I have performed less honourable drudgery for a rag of ribbon across the breast or round the knee; and I only regret the continuance of offices like mine, because in the great improvement of mechanical science I think animal machines may be dispensed with, and a steam-engine be advantageously substituted for a book-keeper. My evenings were my own; and as I was never very fond of theatres, routs, and parties, and was constitutionally temperate, I had still some leisure hours for reading, and invariably carried a book with me to bed to keep me awake,—a practice which I have since occasionally adopted for a purpose directly opposite. My range did not extend beyond the catalogue of a circulating library, but nothing came amiss to me; my appetite was too keen to be discriminative, and I swallowed

trash with a relish which nothing but the raciness of youth and novelty can impart, and which I have since found often wanting when more nutritious and wholesome aliments were spread before me. Detecting some heraldic error in the Gentleman's Magazine, I wrote a letter to correct it: how many times I corrected my own correction I cannot say, but I remember it occupied four sides fairly written, and the reader, if he be not himself an occasional author, can hardly imagine the impatience with which I waited for the end of the month. My hopes of its being inserted were but faint, but they were strong enough to take me to the publisher's early on the first day of the month, where I bought the number, went up a court to look over the table of contents, and found that my communication had been inserted. Few moments of my life have afforded me more gratification. My countenance dropped, however, when I got home and turned to the article, for at the first blush it appeared to me, by the space it occupied (about a column), to have been miserably cut up and curtailed; but on comparing it with my copy I discovered that not a syllable was suppressed, and that this seeming contraction was but the natural effect of printing. I continued an occasional correspondent of the venerable Mr. Sylvanus Urban till my mind was out of arms, and I became vain enough to imagine that I was fifty years too young to be entitled to the patronage of this Mæcenas of old women.

About the latter end of this period, I began to be gratified with the notion that I was rapidly advancing

towards that epoch which may be termed the prime and flower of human life, when the animal and intellectual faculties attain their most perfect maturity and developement: an idea which was fortified by the recollection that the law itself had fixed twenty-one for man's arrival at years of discretion. I cannot help smiling when I look back and reflect how many times, as I came near it, I postponed this happy æra of compound perfection, complimenting myself at each new removal on my own more enlarged views, and speaking with some contempt of my own juvenile miscalculations. Nay, when I could no longer conceal, even from myself, that my corporeal powers were on the wane, I consoled myself with the belief that my mental ones were daily waxing more vigorous and manly; and once entertained thoughts of writing an Essay to prove that the grand climacteric of the frame is the period of rational perfection. There is a pleasure even in recalling one's own inconsistencies, for they illustrate a beautiful and benignant provision of nature,—a perpetual system of equivalents balancing the pleasures of every age, by replacing the present with the future, and weaving around the mind a smiling horizon of hope, which, though it recedes as we advance, illuminates our path, and tempts and cheers us on until the sunset of life. But I am anticipating. I had made many more extracts from my early Journals, but I find I am ever encroaching too much; and that I may keep within some modesty of limit, I shall proceed at once to the second division of my life.

FROM TWENTY TO FORTY.

In the early portion of this period, I became sensible of a decided alteration in my literary taste; for I not only lost all admiration of the old romances of Gomberville, Calprenede, Mad. Scuderi, and even Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia, which I had devoured ten years before with a keen relish, but I found myself incapable of taking the trouble to unravel the contrived intricacies and managed embarrassments of the more modern novels and romances: I no longer hung with breathless interest over the "Midnight Apparition," or "Mysterious Skeleton," and my stubborn tears refused any more to blister the pages of the "Victim of Sentiment," or the "Agonies of an Orphan." I am losing all sensibility, said I to myself, and getting obdurate and stony; but I found that any magnanimous act of virtue, any description of generous feeling, any trait of simple heartfelt emotion, still struck upon a sympathizing chord in my bosom, and occasioned that suffusion of face and tingling of the blood which all probably have felt, though few have attempted to describe. My heart was not so rocky, but, that when it was struck with a wand of inspiration like this, the waters would gush forth; my sensibility, methought, had only taken a loftier and more noble range, and I felicitated myself upon the decided improvement in my taste. So have I done ever since through a pretty numerous succession of similar changes; and I was, perhaps, right in pronouncing each a melioration; for, in the exquisite system of adaptation to which I have

alluded, each was probably the best for the existing time, as it was the most conformable to the alternations of my physical and mental organization. At first it was somewhat startling to find such a mass of literature withdrawn from my enjoyment; but not only were new stores opened as the old ones were closed up, but I found a fresh source of gratification in attending to the style and composition as well as the matter: I began to relish the author as well as the book. A similar substitution is perceptible in the sensual appetite, which, when it loses the unfailing elasticity of youth, derives a new pleasure from selection and refinement; and thus it will invariably be found, that if new enjoyments be not provided for mind and body as we advance in life, the old ones are rendered more piquant and intense. Diminution of quantity is atoned by increase of quality, the maternal hand of Nature spreading her blessings over the surface of life, so that every age may have a pretty equal share of happiness.

My literary inclinations now turned decidedly to the useful and real, rather than the ornamental and imaginary. My taste for poetry diminished. Shakspeare I have idolized at all ages, and I therefore still read him, but the historical plays rather than the poetical ones; Pope became a favourite, and Milton was occasionally taken down from my book-shelves; but I no longer troubled my head about the poetical publications of the day, unless they fell in my way in the reviews and magazines. History and biography were my principal studies; I could even look into scientific works and political economy, once my abomination;

and in metaphysics and criticism I found much delight. I no longer read so much in bed, but I reflected more on what I had been perusing in the day. When I speak of my studies, the reader is not to imagine that I was at this time a scholar, or man of literature;—I refer only to the bias of my mind in the few hours dedicated to such pursuits, and alas! they were but few, for these years were the dark age of my life, blighted by the turmoil and anxieties of commercial pursuits, and agitated by their stormy vicissitudes. Under certain limitations I am a confirmed Optimist; Parnell's Hermit, elegantly bound, is generally laid on my table; and it is not the farcical exaggeration of Candide, nor the sneering wit of Voltaire, that can stagger my belief in a great and consoling principle. It depends, to a certain extent, upon ourselves, whether or not every thing shall be for the best:—misfortunes improved are converted into blessings; advantages abused become our greatest curses, of which the reader will discover abundant confirmation if he will look round among his acquaintance. To believe in Optimism is to realize its truth: it is the summary of all religion and all philosophy, as it is the dispenser of all happiness. I wanted not Pliny's nor Cicero's eulogy to throw myself upon literature for consolation under any afflicting reverse which I experienced: my mind welcomed it as a friend from whom it had too long been separated; and not only did it lose the sense of the blankness and desolation that surrounded it, by plunging into composition, but the fortunate issue of my first effort, by none less expected than by myself, fur-

nished me a handsome pecuniary supply. Education, however, and all the wise saws and modern instances of money-getting sages, had inspired me with such a horror of professional authorship, that I seized the first opportunity of again embarking upon the perilous sea of speculation and adventure. My cargo was necessarily of little worth, but past experience had made me cautious; the fear of loss was more powerful than the hope of gain; and fortune, constant in nothing but her inconstancy, made such rapid atonement for her former unkindness, that at the close of this second period I was enabled to perform three of the wisest, because they have been the happiest, actions of my life,—I married; I left off business; I retired into the country.

"Amarus est mundus et diligitur; puta, si dulcis esset, qualiter amaretur," is an observation of the golden-mouthed Saint; numerous other preachers and moralists have inveighed against too great a love of the world, and accounted for its bitterness by the fear of our too intense attachment, were the taste of life more sweet and palatable; but none of them seemed to have warned us against a contrary danger —too great a *de*tachment from the earth, and indifference to existence in the ardent and insatiable curiosity for penetrating into the mysteries beyond the grave, and developing the secrets of futurity. Had I, at this period, remained without tie or occupation, I verily believe that my restless spirit, ever hungering after hidden things, would have spurned at this, and sickened for the invisible world. The narrow house of death would have been the very

forbidden blue chamber whose unknown wonders I should have been most anxious to explore. I should have been in a balloon of high fancies, only held fluttering to the earth by a few flimsy strings, and anxious for the moment of cutting them, that I might soar upon my voyage of discovery. But I was blessed with children; and, like that sacred Indian tree whose pendent branches strike fresh roots into the ground, I found myself tied with new ligatures to the world at every increase of my family. There is a drawing by Cipriani, of Cupids entwining wreaths around a vase, upon which I have often gazed till the tears suffused my eyes, for I have imagined that vase to be my heart, and the loves and affections around it my children; so rosy, so grateful to every sense, so redolent of balm and all deliciousness, were the domestic garlands with which I was wreathed and bound anew to the earth. We no longer live in those turbulent and lawless times when children were valued as a defence; when it could be said, "Happy is he that hath his quiver full of them, for he shall not be afraid to meet his enemy in the gate;" but even now they are our best defences against our own lawlessness and instability; they are the anchors which prevent our being blown about by the gales of vice or folly. Nature, meaning us to have them, made them correctives as well as blessings; and certain it is, that those who are without them, whether men or women, wanting the proper vent for their affections, are apt to worship Egyptian idols. Dogs, horses, cats, parrots, and monkeys, become substitutes for Heaven's own

image. Men may suffer their hearts to become absorbed by worldly occupations; but I have seldom known the married woman who had strength of mind enough to walk straight forward in the path of good sense, unless she had a child to shew her the way. All my female readers in this predicament will please to consider themselves the exceptions.

At my time of life to retire from business was deemed little less than *lèse-majesté* against the throne of Mammon, and flagrant contumacy towards all civic precedent. Like my betters, I should not have presumed to enjoy life till I was past all powers of enjoyment; I should have grubbed on till I was worn out, and then have retired to the rich man's poor-house at Clapham Common, or Hackney, with a debilitated frame and an empty mind, annoyed with idleness, incapable of employment; hungering for excitement, and yet able to feed upon nothing but itself. Had they possessed the power, I believe some of the Nebuchadnezzars would have thrown me into the fiery furnace for refusing any longer to worship the golden image; for when they found that I "scorned their smiles, and viewed with smiles their scorning," they discovered that I was an unfeeling ostrich, and ought to have remained in business for the sake of my children. Of all the disguises assumed by avarice and selfishness, this is the most flimsy and hypocritical. I have known many men to continue their gambling speculations under this pretext, scatter a fine fortune, and leave their offspring beggars; but I never knew one, however conscious of the hazardous nature of

his operations, who had affection enough for his children, to make a settlement upon them and render them independent of himself and his desperate adventures. No, no; this is miserable cant. Though not insensible to the value of money as a means, I despise it as an end of life. God knows that in these times, when, by the ingenuity of the Funding System, we are daily paying for the wars of our pugnacious ancestors, and have imposed fresh taxes on ourselves by our luxuries, a modicum will not suffice; but I had a great deal more than enough for the higher character to which I now began humbly to aspire—that of a philosopher. I have never desired to be richer: it would not hurt me to be poorer. As to my children, they will receive a much larger patrimony than their father did; and I am by no means sure that they will possess any advantage over him from commencing life with better prospects. I will leave off while I am winner, said I to the gold-worshippers: "Hic cestus artemque repono." Pursue your perilous voyage to the Eldorado of your imaginations, and Plutus prosper you! May you have the touch of Midas, without his ears!—may the sands of Pactolus be your ballast, the Gold Coast your place of lading, and your souls be woven of the Colchian fleece! I shall rejoice at, not envy, your success; deeming myself still more successful that from my loop-holes of retreat I can gaze upon you, and exclaim—

Inveni portam; spes et fortuna valete;
Sat me lusistis; ludite nunc alios.

The reader is not to imagine, because I retired into the country, that I was addicted to field-sports. I never killed a bird in my life; but I was once persuaded to angle at Laleham, and the hook stuck in my memory for years afterwards; nor am I now without a twinge of self-reproach as I record it. Old Izaak Walton, however, must share the blame: his pastoral lines first induced me to try a fishing-rod, but I cannot understand how a man so sensible to the inanimate beauties of nature can have been so unfeeling towards her sentient productions. My scruples upon these points are the result of circumstances, not principles; early opportunity would probably have seared all these sympathies, and I therefore claim no merit for a sensitiveness which, after all, many will, perhaps, deem morbid and fastidious. There are virtues of necessity, and constitutional virtues, such as temperance in men of delicate health, upon which we should be cautious not to pique ourselves; for there is little merit where there is no self-denial to endure, and still less where there is no possibility of sinning. Some people have a virtuous organization, and are physically moral. No; I withdrew myself into rural shades from more powerful, and I hope more noble impulses,—from a conviction that they are favourable to peace, to health, to virtue; as well as from an ardent enthusiastic love of nature in all her attitudes and varieties of scenery and season. Burns, in one of his letters, records the peculiar delight he experienced in strolling along the borders of a wood on a gusty autumnal day. I could not un-

derstand this when I first read it, but I have *felt* it since; and I have never experienced any sorrow, or annoyance, that I could not mitigate, if not subdue, by looking upon the smiling face of external nature, or contemplating her charms as reflected in the lucid pages of Shakspeare, or listening to her voice as attested in the melodious inspiration of Comus and Lycidas. But let me not anticipate: these are mental luxuries which belong rather to a following period, and the mention of them reminds me that it is time to proceed to that division of my existence which extends

FROM FORTY TO SIXTY.

For the first time in my life I found myself blessed with tranquillity and leisure, and I seized the propitious opportunity for establishing an inquisition into my own mind. Self-scrutiny, in the hurly-burly of business, I had little inclination to practise, though I knew that the storms of that period had not passed over me without some devastation of the domain: but halcyon days were come, and I sallied boldly into my own heart to clear away the rubbish and eradicate the weeds. There was enough to do. My temper, though not soured, was no longer sweet. It was neither white-wine nor vinegar. I was never sulky, but occasionally testy and irritable; unduly annoyed with trifles, peevish at any disturbance of my regular habits. Politics moved me at times to acerbity and exasperation, though I had no interest in their juggles beyond an intense and passionate hatred of tyranny,

hypocrisy, and usurpation. Fortified with the foreknowledge that age has a powerful tendency to render us cold, suspicious, and narrow-minded, I set myself at work to discover whether any symptoms of this senile infection were yet perceptible. By nature I knew that I was cordial and confiding; but I knew also, that these qualities had occasioned me to suffer somewhat in purse, and I suspected that they might have impoverished my disposition. Examination confirming my suspicions, I endeavoured to make a new adjustment, grounded upon what was due to myself as well as others; but I rather think that in forming my balance I leaned strongly to the former of the two parties. As to the little overflowings of my temper, if I could not reduce them altogether, I at least brought them down to low-water mark, and more I would not attempt, remembering the couplet of Dryden—

> "Reaching above our nature does no good,
> We must fall back to our old flesh and blood."

Impeccability I left to the fanatics, who would fain be as outrageous saints as they once were sinners. It is astonishing how much good may be effected, how much bitterness mollified, how much latent happiness developed, by this species of self-inspection, pursued with candour and governed by philosophy. The mind is autocratic, and can create itself, so far at least as concerns temper and capacity for receiving and communicating pleasure.

Among the changes of mode and habit which I

have recorded of this period, I find, that after all my denunciations against it as a frivolous waste of time, I fell into the practice of playing whist, which I have continued to this day; not however as a gambler or professed tactician, but rather for society and relaxation, preferring my own family or neighbours, however inexpert, to the regular practitioners. I only state this trifle, to accompany it with the remark that my own detected inconsistencies made me more indulgent than I had hitherto been to the vacillations of others.—My Journal assures me that I have grieved in spirit more often than was becoming, when my dinner was not dressed to my liking; and that a disposition was creeping on me to attach too much importance to the refection of the animal system. A writer of no mean celebrity has maintained that the brains are in the stomach, and Persius talks of the "magister artium, ingenique largitor venter;" but rather than "make a god of my belly," I would have realized the fable of Menenius Agrippa, and set all the members of my body in mutiny against it until it was starved into submission. This vice of age I crushed as soon as it was hatched. I eat to live, but am in no danger of living to eat.—By the same memorial I find, that as I approached fifty I more than once felt a disposition to sneak over my birth-day without notice; but I soon got ashamed of this weakness, and have celebrated it ever since with due festivity, giving all notoriety to my age, that the malicious accuracy of the world might flap my ears should I attempt to relapse into obliviousness. There is no harm in

availing ourself of others' littlenesses to prevent our own. Poor humanity! how inconsistent art thou in the treatment of the natal day! What assemblage of friends, what merry-making and bumpers to the health of the chubby and bedizened child!—what shouting, what roasting of oxen, and out-pouring of ale, among the young heir's tenants, when "Long expected one-and-twenty, happy year, is come at last!" How duly are all the family circled round the plenteous board as this revolving day rolls us up the hill of life; and as we begin to descend it, how gradually and imperceptibly does the celebration die away, till it passes over in silence, unrecorded, except in the consciousness of the ageing individual, or the spiteful whispers of his associates! Sometimes it is noticed only to be falsified, as in the case of Lady L——, whose husband always inquires on her birth-day how old she will please to be on the following year. Sometimes the party stands doggedly at bay against time, like old C——, who having arrived at ninety, refused to go any farther, and has remained there ever since; as if he could alter the hour by stopping the clock, or arrest the great wheel by refusing to count its rotations. A little boy of mine once lowered the index of a barometer to "much rain"—ran into the garden, and was astonished to find it as fine as ever. Old C——, in his second childhood, is not much more reasonable.

My impertinent Chronicle assures me also that about the same period I detected myself in little paltry acts of stinginess, grudging half-pence, and looking suspi-

ciously after "candle-ends and cheese-parings," though I never dreamt of making any alteration in my establishment; so true is Swift's remark, that five pounds a-year would save any man from the reputation of being a niggard. This propensity is of a very encroaching character: it is a sort of dry-rot, which, if it once gain admission, will creep along the beams and rafters of your mind, till the whole fabric be corroded. Much trouble did it cost me to eradicate this weed; and often have the latent seeds sprung up afresh, and demanded all my vigilance to prevent their gaining possession of the premises.

Exercise for the body, occupation for the mind—these are the grand constituents of health and happiness; the cardinal points upon which every thing turns. Motion seems to be a great preserving principle of nature, to which even inanimate things are subject; for the winds, waves, the earth itself, are restless, and the wafting of trees, shrubs, and flowers, is known to be an essential part of their economy. Impressed with this truth, I laid down a fixed rule of taking several hours' exercise every day, if possible, in the open air; if not, under cover: and to my inflexible adherence to this system do I attribute my remarkable exemption from disease, as well as from the attacks of low spirits, or *ennui*, that monster who is ever prowling to waylay the rich and indolent.

"Throw but a stone, the giant dies."

What exercise is to the frame, occupation is to the mind. I portioned out my hours so as not to leave

a moment unemployed: I commenced a systematic course of reading, and became pretty regularly engaged in composition, that most delighful of all recreations—so absorbing, that it renders us unconscious of the lapse of time—so soothing, that it lulls to rest all the sorrows of the heart. Never was I so busy as when I became an idle man; never was I so happy as when I was thus busy. Fortunately, I had success enough to give an interest to the pursuit, without arriving at that distinction which is apt to engender bitterness. Satisfied with the delight of composition, I cared little about present, and less about future fame. Fontenelle declared, that if he were dying, and knew that his desk contained papers that would render his memory infamous, he would not walk across the room to burn them. Had they no family or friends to be affected by their posthumous reputation, perhaps many men would be equally indifferent.

I have recorded the pleasure of being a father; candour obliges me to mention some of its annoyances. My son grew up with a decided predilection for that profession which I have ever held in deep abhorrence —the Army. Habituated, as I have said, to look at men and actions in the abstract and elemental, I could not see why gold lace and feathers, and scarlet cloth and music, should so dazzle and stun me to all perceptions of right and wrong, as to make me respect the man who would hire himself as a trader in blood. Such persons, I may be told, are necessary; but I should be sorry to see my son in the occupation. The army will excuse me:—they have the admiration

of a thoughtless world, and may well despise the crazy notions of a fantastical old man, who cannot see any power of absolution either in a Pope or a gold epaulette. My youngster was reasoned out of this boyish hankering; but, alas! his second choice still was uncongenial with my wishes, for he now selected the bar. My notions, I am aware, are absurd, unreasonable, preposterous; but that I might venerate at least one individual of this profession, I have been all my life looking for the advent of some conscientious barrister, who should scrupulously refuse a brief, unless the cause of his client at least wore the appearance of honesty and justice; who should exert his skill and eloquence in redressing the injured, and releasing the unwary from the traps and fetters of the law, while he left knaves and robbers to its merited inflictions. How can I respect a being, the confidant, perhaps, of malefactors, who will torture his ingenuity, and wrest the statute-book, to screen them from punishment, and turn them loose upon society for fresh offences;—who will hire out his talents to overreach the innocent, to defraud the orphan, to impoverish the widow;—who, with a counterfeit earnestness, will lay his hand upon his heart and make solemn asseverations, every one of which he knows to be false; and for another two or three guineas, will on the same day take the opposite side, and with the same vehemence maintain facts and reasonings diametrically the reverse? It must be as difficult to render this practice consistent with a manly candour and honourable sense of the importance of truth, as to prevent the system of quibbling, chi-

canery, and hair-splitting, from being destructive of all enlarged and comprehensive views. We all know there are exceptions, but in the aggregate I am afraid that the "honourable profession" is not so independent as could be wished. They sell themselves in retail to their clients, and by wholesale to Government whenever the Minister has a mind to bait a trap for rats.—Worldly ideas of the gentility of a profession, or the chances of advancement in it, blinded me not. Perhaps I did not render sufficient homage to the necessary modifications of society—by raising my views to the contemplation of man in his elements, I overlooked his accidents and all the paltry distinctions of human institution. A man of honour or talent has always been welcome; and I have felt no horrors if he were of a vulgar trade, or even wore a shabby coat. Far from seeking birth and rank, I have been rather prejudiced against their possessors, deeming it difficult for such persons to overcome the seductions of their education. The spoilt children of Fortune, like those of the nursery, are apt to be very empty, very arrogant, and very offensive.—No: I would neither have my son live upon the blood and misery, nor upon the vices and follies, of his species. I would neither have him fawn upon a general, nor truckle to a judge, nor feast a lawyer. I made him a farmer—that most ancient and honourable of all professions. I made him independent of all the world; and bidding him look only to the universal mother, Earth, who, like the maternal pelican, feeds her offspring from her torn bosom, I taught him to support himself by ministering to the

comfort, enjoyment, and support of others. Of the pressure to which agriculturists have been subjected, he has cheerfully borne his portion: he is not rich, but he is virtuous, he is happy, and, above all, he is independent.

The holy vessel of the Athenians, during a course of seven hundred years, had been so often rebuilt, that some of their sophists maintained it was no longer the same ship, and frequently used it as an illustration in discussing the question of personal identity. I myself, both in body and mind, had undergone such a total replacement of feelings and ideas, in my little existence of threescore years, that I was inclined to think myself a different personage altogether from the short-sighted youth, who considered forty as a grave paternal age, and connected sixty with nothing but ideas of decrepitude and decay. I remember when I thought that the consciousness of getting old and approaching the edge of the dread abyss, must, at the former age, begin to dim the sunshine of existence, and at the latter be sufficient to overcloud and darken all its enjoyments. These spectres of fancy vanished as I came near them. At forty I set myself down for a young man: and finding myself at sixty hale, hearty, and happy, able to dig in my garden, enjoy literature and the arts, and cultivate the Muse with a keener relish of existence than ever, I settled in my own mind that this was the real meridian and zenith of human life. Children, when first they ride in a carriage, imagine that the trees and houses are moving on while they are stationary; and in like manner I could see plainly enough the ravages

of time upon my contemporaries, and observe that they were getting on, while I myself seemed to have been standing still, and at some loss to account for all my old friends running a-head of me. This is another illustration of that benignant provision of nature, which will not suffer even our self-love to be wounded, and equalises the happiness of life's various stages, by making even the foibles of age minister to its enjoyments. Whether or not this happy self-delusion retained its power at a more advanced period, will be seen as I proceed to that portion of my life which extends

FROM SIXTY TO SEVENTY.

The over-weening and somewhat triumphant estimate which I had formed of my three-score meridian was slightly checked, by my hearing one friend whisper to another at a dinner-party,—"Old W—— begins to twaddle; he has told us that story half a dozen times lately."—*Old* W——! that amen "stuck in my throat;" it threatened my zenith, and savoured of the azimuth. *Six* times too! I protest it was but three, but that I confess was twice two much. My memory certainly had lost a portion of its tenacity, and unless I could retain impressions long enough to allow them to strike root, they quickly withered away; in which emergency I was, perhaps, too apt to trade upon my youthful capital of anecdotes. This defect I endeavoured to remedy by a common-place book; for if I forced myself to remember one thing, I not unfrequently forgot another. It appeared as if the chamber of the brain were full, and could only accommodate

new tenants by ejecting the old ones. When thus reminded of my repetition of the same story to the same party, I instantly recalled the fact, which proves that my offence was a want of recollection rather than of memory, a distinction not always attended to.—One, however, is often the precursor of the other. Considering that novelty has generally been deemed a necessary ingredient in the production of laughter, I have been sometimes astonished at the punctual burst with which my old bon-mots were invariably followed up by myself, even when others have observed a provoking gravity; and have been at a loss to decide whether it were habit, or sympathy with my first enjoyment of the joke awakening a kind of posthumous echo. At all events I set a good example; if others would not follow it, more shame for them.

My communion with nature in the beauty of her external forms, far from diminishing at this period, became every year more intense and exquisite, heightening by reflection my relish for the works of art; but I observed in the latter my eye derived its principal gratification from gracefulness of figure and outline, rather than from composition, colouring, or scientific display. Thus, I preferred statuary to painting, as it suffered my attention to feed without interruption upon the harmonious proportions and symmetry of the great goddess; and in the graphic art I found more delight in a single drawing of the divine Raphael, than in all the hues of Titian and the colourists, or all the patient elaboration of the Flemish and Dutch minia-

turists. In my love of nature I felt jealous of the artist beyond mere fidelity of form (I speak principally of figures); and in engraving, where there is no colour to compensate for alienating the eye, I deemed that style the best which is confined to outline. Some of the commoner productions of this sort are generally lying on my table, and I find undiminished delight in the French Cupid and Psyche from the paintings of Raphael's pupils, Hope's Costumes of the Ancients, etchings of the Elgin Marbles, Retch's Faustus, and other similar productions. Generally speaking, artists and professors appear to me to acquire a false artificial taste, which, overlooking the simple and natural, makes difficulty of execution the test of excellence,—a mistake extending from painters and sculptors down to opera-dancers and musicians.

My mind is less excursive than it was; it requires less excitement, and is satisfied with less nutriment, preserving, in its mystic union with the body, a consentaneous adaptation; for, though I walk or ride out whenever the weather permits, I can no longer exercise my limbs as I was wont. A sunny seat in my garden begins to be preferred to my old grey mare. I sit there sometimes for a considerable time, and think that I am thinking, but I find that the hour has passed away in a dreamy indistinctness—a sort of half consciousness, sufficient for enjoyment, though incapable of definition. These waking dreams may be a resource of nature for recruiting the mind, as I have always found mine more vigorous and active after such indulgence.

There is one calamity to which age seems inevitably exposed—the dropping off into the grave of our early friends and associates, as we advance towards the final bourne and seem to have most need of their social offices. But nature, ever on the watch to provide substitutes for our deprivations, while she blunts our sympathies in this direction, quickens them in another, by raising up a new circle of friends in our children and grand-children, less subject to the invasion of death, and better qualified by attachment and gratitude to minister to the wants of the heart. These are the affections that garland it with the buds and blossoms of a second spring; these are the holy band whose miraculous touch can bid the thorn of mortality, like that of Glastonbury, break forth into flowers even in the Christmas of our days. This is the cup of joy that contains the sole *aurum potabile*, the genuine *elixir vitæ* that can renovate our youth and endow us with a perpetuity of pleasure.

In my former solitary wanderings and contemplations of nature, I had delighted to let my imagination embody forth the dreams of Grecian mythology and fable; to metamorphose the landscape that surrounded me to the mountains and dells of Arcadia and Thessaly; to people the woods and waters with nymphs, fauns, Dryads, Oreads, and Nereids; losing myself in classical recollections, and bidding them occasionally minister to the inspirations of the Muse. But the charms of rural scenery now kindled in my bosom a higher and holier sentiment. I looked out upon the beautiful earth, clothed in verdure and festooned with

flowers, upon the glorious all-vivifying sun, upon the great waters bounding in unerring obedience to the moon, and into the blue depths of heaven, until I stood, as it were, in the presence of the Omnipotent Unseen; my senses drank in the landscape till they became inebriated with delight; I seemed interfused with nature; a feeling of universal love fell upon my heart, and in the suffusion of its silent gratitude and adoration I experienced a living apotheosis, being in spirit rapt up into the third heaven, even as Elijah was in the flesh. Bold romantic scenery was not essential to the awakening of this enthusiasm: it has sprung up amid my own fields; and in the study of botany, to which I have always been attached, the dissection of a flower has been sufficient to call it forth, though in a minor degree. All nature, in fact, is imbued with this sentiment, for every thing is beautiful, and every thing attests the omnipresence of Divine love; but grand combinations will, of course, condense and exalt the feeling. Old as I am, I can still walk miles to enjoy a fine prospect; I often get up to see the sun rise, and I rarely suffer it to set, on a bright evening, without recreating my eyes with its parting glories. I can now feel the spirit in which the dying Rousseau desired to be wheeled to the window, that he might once more enjoy this sublime spectacle.

How often, in my younger days, have I repeated the well-known lines of Dryden,

> "Strange cozenage! none would live past years again,
> Yet all hope pleasure from what still remain,

> And from the dregs of life think to receive
> What the first sprightly running would not give:
> I 'm tired of toiling for this chymic gold,
> Which fools us young, and beggars us when old."

I had lived to disprove them. I *would* live past years again, but it should be the latter, not the former portion; for the current of my life, as it approaches the great ocean of eternity, runs smoother and clearer than in its first out-gushing. Like Job's, my latter days have been the most fully blessed. I am now seventy years of age; and bating the loss of a few teeth, and some other inevitable effects of age upon my person, I still possess the *mens sana in corpore sano*, and "bate no jot of heart or hope." My journey from sixty to seventy has been as delightful as that from forty to sixty; nor do I anticipate any future disappointment should it be extended to eighty or ninety, for my confidence in nature's substitutions and benignant provisions is boundless. Had she fixed a century as the impassable boundary of life, we might feel some annoyance and apprehensions as we approached it; but by leaving it undetermined, she has, to a certain extent, made us immortal in our own belief, for Hope is illimitable. I often catch myself anxiously inquiring of what disease my seniors have died, as if their disappearance were contrary to the usual course of things, and attributable to accident.—"The shortness of human life," says Dr. Johnson, "has afforded as many arguments to the voluptuary as the moralist." How operative, then, must it be with me who am anxious to combine both tendencies, and be

considered a moral voluptuary, or, in other words, a philosopher: not a follower of Aristippus, or disciple of the Cyrenaic school, devoted to worldly and sensual delights under which the soul "embodies and embrutes;" but as a pupil of the much misunderstood and calumniated Epicurus, cultivating intellectual enjoyments, and holding pleasure to be the chief good, and virtue the chief pleasure! These are the laudable delights to which I feel a new stimulant from considering the shortness of my remaining career; and whether its termination be near or distant, these enjoyments will, I verily believe, accompany me to the last, and enable me to fall, like Cæsar, in a becoming and decent attitude.

I have just laid down Wordsworth's Excursion, which I have been reading in the fields. How beautiful is the evening! The ground is strewed with dead leaves, which the wind has blown up into little heaps like graves; autumn has spread her varicoloured mantle over those which still flutter on the trees, some of which, crisp and red, tinkle in the air; while, from the chestnuts over my head, a large russet leaf, flitting from time to time before my eyes, or falling at my feet, seems to pronounce a silent "*memento mori.*" The sun is rapidly sinking down, leaving the valley before me in shade, while the woods that clothe the hill upon my left, suffused with rosy light, but tranquil and motionless, seem as if they reposed in the flush of sleep. Three horses, unyoked from the plough, are crossing the field towards their stable, and the crows that have been following the furrow retire

cawing to their nests, while a flock of sheep, attended by the shepherd and his dog, are slowly withdrawing to the fold. Every thing seems to breathe of death,—to remind me that my sun too is setting, and that I must shortly go to my long home, for the night is approaching. And here, methinks, if my appointed time were come, with the grass for my bed of death, the earth and sky sole witnesses of my exit, I could contentedly commit my last breath to the air, that it might be wafted to Him who gave it.

Life is at all times precarious;—there are but a few feet of earth between the stoutest of us and the grave, and at my age we should not be too sanguine in our calculations; yet, if I were to judge from my own unbroken health and inward feelings, as well as from the opinions of others more competent to pronounce, I have yet ten years at least, perhaps many more, of happiness in store for me. Should the former period be consummated, I pledge myself again to commune with the public. Should it be otherwise, I may, perhaps, be enabled to realize the wish of the celebrated Dr. Hunter, who half an hour before his death exclaimed, "Had I a pen, and were able to write, I would describe how easy and pleasant a thing it is to die!" In either alternative, gentle reader, if my example shall have assisted in teaching thee how to live grateful and happy, and to look upon death with resignation, the object of this Memoir will be attained, and thou wilt have no cause to regret perusing this sketch of

A SEPTUAGENARY.

ADDRESS TO THE ALABASTER SARCOPHAGUS,

LATELY DEPOSITED IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THOU alabaster relic! while I hold
My hand upon thy sculptured margin thrown,
Let me recall the scenes thou couldst unfold,
Mightst thou relate the changes thou hast known,
For thou wert primitive in thy formation,
Launch'd from th' Almighty's hand at the Creation.

Yes—thou wert present when the stars and skies
And worlds unnumber'd roll'd into their places;
When God from Chaos bade the spheres arise,
And fix'd the blazing sun upon its basis,
And with his finger on the bounds of space
Mark'd out each planet's everlasting race.

How many thousand ages from thy birth
Thou sleptst in darkness, it were vain to ask,
Till Egypt's sons upheaved thee from the earth,
And year by year pursued their patient task;
Till thou wert carved and decorated thus,
Worthy to be a King's Sarcophagus.

What time Elijah to the skies ascended,
Or David reign'd in holy Palestine,
Some ancient Theban Monarch was extended
Beneath the lid of this emblazon'd shrine,
And to that subterranean palace borne
Which toiling ages in the rock had worn.

Thebes from her hundred portals fill'd the plain
To see the car on which thou wert upheld:—
What funeral pomps extended in thy train,
What banners waved, what mighty music swell'd,

As armies, priests, and crowds, bewail'd in chorus
Their King—their God—their Serapis—their Orus!

Thus to thy second quarry did they trust
  Thee and the Lord of all the nations round.
Grim King of Silence! Monarch of the dust!
  Embalm'd—anointed—jewell'd—scepter'd—crown'd,
Here did he lie in state, cold, stiff, and stark,
A leathern Pharaoh grinning in the dark.

Thus ages roll'd—but their dissolving breath
  Could only blacken that imprison'd thing,
Which wore a ghastly royalty in death,
  As if it struggled still to be a King;
And each revolving century, like the last,
Just dropp'd its dust upon thy lid—and pass'd.

The Persian conqueror o'er Egypt pour'd
  His devastating host—a motley crew;
The steel-clad horsemen—the barbarian horde—
  Music and men of every sound and hue—
Priests, archers, eunuchs, concubines and brutes—
Gongs, trumpets, cymbals, dulcimers and lutes.

Then did the fierce Cambyses tear away
  The ponderous rock that seal'd the sacred tomb;
Then did the slowly penetrating ray
  Redeem thee from long centuries of gloom,
And lower'd torches flash'd against thy side
As Asia's king thy blazon'd trophies eyed.

Pluck'd from his grave, with sacrilegious taunt,
  The features of the royal corpse they scann'd:—
Dashing the diadem from his temple gaunt,
  They tore the sceptre from his graspless hand,
And on those fields, where once his will was law,
Left him for winds to waste, and beasts to gnaw.

Some pious Thebans, when the storm was past,
Unclosed the sepulchre with cunning skill,
And nature, aiding their devotion, cast
Over its entrance a concealing rill.
Then thy third darkness came, and thou didst sleep
Twenty-three centuries in silence deep.

But he from whom nor pyramid nor sphinx
Can hide its secrecies, Belzoni, came;
From the tomb's mouth unloosed the granite links,
Gave thee again to light, and life, and fame,
And brought thee from the sands and desert forth
To charm the pallid children of the North.

Thou art in London, which, when thou wert new,
Was, what Thebes is, a wilderness and waste,
Where savage beasts more savage men pursue,—
A scene by Nature cursed—by man disgraced.
Now—'tis the world's metropolis—the high
Queen of arms, learning, arts, and luxury.

Here, where I hold my hand, 'tis strange to think
What other hands perchance preceded mine;
Others have also stood beside thy brink,
And vainly conn'd the moralizing line.
Kings, sages, chiefs, that touch'd this stone, like me,
Where are ye now?—where all must shortly be!

All is mutation;—he within this stone
Was once the greatest monarch of the hour:—
His bones are dust—his very name unknown.
Go—learn from him the vanity of power:
Seek not the frame's corruption to control,
But build a lasting mansion for thy soul.

THE OBLIGING ASSASSIN.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Once sleeping in an Inn at Dover,
Dreaming of thieves—my passage over—
And murderous hands that grasp'd a trigger,
The door flew open—I awoke,
When a pale heteroclite figure,
With dusty shoes, stalk'd in and spoke:
"You see what 'tis I want—make haste!
Dress!—you 've no moment's time to waste."

Trembling all over with the notion
Of being suddenly dispatch'd,
I huddled on my clothes, and snatch'd
My hat—prepared for locomotion;
But thrust into a chair, he put
Round me a winding-sheet, or shroud:
Behold me pinion'd hand and foot,
What horrors to my fancy crowd!
While no resistance could be plann'd
To one with instrument in hand,
Who with a grin began to seize and
Grasp me firmly by the wesand,

In this alarming plight compell'd
To keep as silent as a fish,
Some compound to my lips he held,
Mixing it in a brazen dish;
And when I winced, and made grimace,
He dash'd it foaming in my face.
Fuming and fretting, white as snow,
Expecting some terrific death,
Drops from my face began to flow,
I clench'd my teeth and pump'd my breath.

Moved by the terror I betray'd,
And wishing to dispatch me quicker,
He flourish'd an alarming blade,
Whose very aspect made me sicker:
To work he went—my throat soon ran
With blood from an incision given;
More than half dead, I then began
To recommend my soul to Heaven.

The cut-throat presently repenting
That all my pangs should thus be sped,
Stepp'd back, and then came on, presenting
A sort of fire-arm at my head.
He seized me by the throttle fast,
Until my visage black became;
And then, to finish all at last,
Th' assassin took deliberate aim.—

Amazement! spite of all his pains,
By miracle I 'scaped his ire,
For meaning to blow out my brains,
The powder hit me—not the fire.
Madden'd to find his purpose balk'd,
He tried a different method quite,
In clouds of dust, as round he stalk'd,
Striving to stifle me outright.

As fate still saved me from his fangs,
And Death was slow to grant his prayer,
In order to increase my pangs,
He twisted, pull'd and tore my hair.
I gave a sigh—th' assassin prone
To let no prize his clutches pass,
Snatch'd up my purse beside me thrown,
And then prepared my *Coup-de-grace.*

At this transported more and more,
My knife (of bone) I fiercely drew;
My adversary gain'd the door,
And in a glass my face I view.

Guess my surprise—my joy to see,
That the assassin who distress'd me,
Instead of mortal injury,
Had kindly powder'd, shaved, and dress'd me!

ON LIPS AND KISSING.

"But who those ruddy lips can miss,
Which blessed still themselves do kiss."

How various, delicate, and delightful, are the functions of the lips! I purpose not to treat them anatomically, or I might expatiate on the exquisite flexibility of those muscles, which, by the incalculable modulations they accomplish, supply different languages to all the nations of the earth, and hardly ever fatigue the speaker, though they so often prove wearisome to the auditor. Nor shall I dwell upon the opposite impressions which their exercise is calculated to excite, from the ruby mouth of a Corinna, to the lean-lipped Xantippe, deafening her hen-pecked mate, or the gruff voice of the turnkey who wakes you out of a sound sleep, to tell you it is seven o'clock, and you must get up directly to be hanged. But I shall proceed at once to external beauty, although it must be admitted, before I enter into the mouth of my subject, that there is no fixed standard of perfection for this feature, either in form or colour. Poor Mungo Park, after having turned many African women sick, and frightened others into fits, by his unnatural whiteness, was once assured by a kind-hearted woolly-headed gentleman,

that, though he could not look upon him without an involuntary disgust, he only felt the more compassion for his misfortune; and upon another occasion, he overheard a jury of matrons debating whether a female could be found in any country to kiss such emaciated and frightful lips. How Noah's grandchildren, the African descendants of Ham, came to be black, has never yet been satisfactorily explained, and it were therefore vain to inquire into the origin of their enormous lips, which do not seem better adapted to a hot climate than our own; but there is good reason to believe that the ancient Egyptians were as ponderously provided in this respect as their own bull-god, for the Sphinx has a very Nubian mouth, and the Memnon's head, so far from giving us the idea of a musical king who could compete with Pan or Apollo, rather tempts us to exclaim in the language of Dryden—

> "Thou sing with him, thou booby! never pipe
> Was so profaned to touch that blubber'd lip."

A more angular and awkward set of two-legged animals seem never to have existed. They must have worshipped monkies on account of their resemblance to their own human form divine; and we cannot attribute their appearance to the unskilfulness of the artist rather than the deformity of the subject, for the drawings of animals are always accurate, and sometimes extremely graceful.

All this only makes it the more wonderful that Cecrops, by leading a colony from the mouths of the Nile to Attica, should found a nation which, to say

nothing of its surpassing pre-eminence in arts and arms, attained in a short period that exquisite proportion and beauty of form of which they have left us memorials in their glorious statues, and have thus eternally fixed the European standard of symmetry and loveliness. The vivid fancy of the Greeks not only peopled woods, waves, and mountains with imaginary beings, but by a perpetual intermingling of the physical and moral world, converted their arms, instruments, and decorations into types and symbols, thus elevating inanimate objects into a series of hieroglyphics, as they had idealised their whole system of mythology into a complicated allegory. To illustrate this by recurring to the subject of our essay. Many people contemplate the classical bow of the ancients without recollecting that its elegant shape is supplied originally by Nature, as it is an exact copy of the line described by the surface of the upper lip. It is only by recalling this circumstance that we can fully appreciate that curious felicity which appropriated the lip-shaped bow to Apollo the god of eloquence, and to Cupid the god of love, thus typifying that amorous shaft, which is never so powerfully shot into the heart as through the medium of a kiss. It is in this spirit of occult as well as visible beauty that classical antiquity should be felt and studied. No upper lip can be pronounced beautiful unless it have this line as distinctly defined as I now see it before me in a sleeping infant. I am sorry to be personal towards my readers, particularly those of the fair sex, but, my dear Madam, it is useless to consult your glass, or complain that the mirrors are

not half so well made now as they were when you were younger. By biting them you may indeed make "your lips blush deeper sweets," but you cannot bid them display the desiderated outline. Such vain endeavours, like the formal mumbling of prayers, "are but useless formalities and lip-labour." Yours are, in fact, (be it spoken in a whisper,) what a friend of mine denominates sixpenny lips, from their tenuity, and maintains them to be indicative of deceit. He, however, is a physiognomist, which I am not, or at least only to a very modified extent. All those muscles which are flexible and liable to be called into action by the passions may, I conceive, permanently assume some portion of the form into which they are most frequently thrown, and thus betray to us the predominant feelings of the mind; but as no emotions can influence the collocation of our features, or the fixed constituents of our frame, I have no faith in their indications. As to the craniologists and others who maintain that we are made angels and devils, not by wings at our shoulders or tails at our backs, but by the primitive bosses upon our skulls, I recommend them a voyage to one of the South Sea islands, where they will find the usual diversity of individual character, although all the infants' heads are put into a frame at the birth, and compelled to grow up in the shape of a sugar-loaf. Not that Spurzheim would be embarrassed by this circumstance. He would only pronounce from their mitre-like configuration that they had the organ of Episcopativeness.

Nay, Miss, I have not been so absorbed in this lit-

tle digression, but that I have observed you endeavouring to complete the classical contour of your mouth by the aid of lip-salve, as if bees-wax and rouge could supply what the plastic and delicate hand of Nature has failed to impress. Cupid has not stamped his bow upon your mouth, yet I swear by those lips, (I wish you would take a hint from one of our LITTLE though by no means one of our minor poets, and call upon me to kiss the book,) that they are beautifully ripe and ruddy,

> "Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
> And yet an union in partition."

They are such as Cornelius Gallus loved;—

> "Flammea dilexi, modicumque tumentia labra,
> Quæ mihi gustanti basia plena darent:"

and if any one should object that an Egyptian præfect was a bad judge of beauty, you may safely maintain that the elegies which bear his name were in fact composed by monks of the middle age, whose competency to decide upon such a subject will hardly be disputed. Those lips are full and round, but beware of their being tempted into a froward expression, for, if

> "Like a misbehaved and sullen wench
> Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love,"

I will supply thee with no more eulogiums from either monks or præfects. The "slumberous pout" which Keats has so delightfully described in his sleeping Deity, is the only one which is becoming.

I see another of my readers mincing up her mouth, with that toss of the head and self-satisfied air, which

assure me that she is a flirt and coquette; and though her lips be ruddy, "as they in pure vermilion had been dyed," I entreat her to recollect, that "lips though rosy must still be fed," and recommend her "to fall upon her knees and thank heaven fasting for a good man's love." If she make mouths at me as well as at her lovers, and heed not my counsel, I can only exclaim,

> "Take, O take those lips away,
> Which so often were forsworn,"—&c.

and have nothing to thank her for but the recalling of those exquisite lines, whether they be Shakspeare's or Fletcher's.

Now, however, I behold a nobler vision hanging over and irradiating the page. It is of a lovely nymph, in whose looks and lips the bows of Apollo and Cupid seem intertwined and indented. She does not simper from affectation, nor smile because it is becoming, nor compress her lips to hide a defective tooth, nor open them to display the symmetry of the rest; but her mouth has that expression which the painter of Bathyllus, in the Greek Anthology, was instructed to catch,—

> "And give his lips that speaking air
> As if a word were hovering there."

Hers is not of that inexpressive doll-like character, which seems to smirk as if it were conscious of its own silly prettiness; nor has she the pouting come-kiss-me under-lip of sealing-wax hue which one sees in the portraits of Lely and Kneller; but while in the ani-

mation of her looks intelligence seems to be beaming from her eyes, enchantment appears to dwell within the ruby portals of her mouth. Its very silence is eloquent, for hers are the lips which Apollo loved in Daphne, and Cupid in his Psyche,—which Phidias and Praxiteles have immortalized in marble, and which immutable Nature still produces when she is in her happiest and most graceful moods. Hers is the mouth, in short, which, to use an appropriate botanical phrase, conducts us by a natural and delightful inosculation to the second division, or rather union of my subject—Kissing.

This is a very ancient and laudable practice, whether as a mark of respect or affection. The Roman Emperors saluted their principal officers by a kiss; and the same mode of congratulation was customary upon every promotion or fortunate event. Among the same people, men were allowed to kiss their female relations on the mouth, that they might know whether they smelt of wine or not, as it seems those vaunted dames and damsels were apt to make too free with the juice of the grape, notwithstanding a prohibition to the contrary. The refinement of manners among these classical females was probably pretty much upon a par with that depicted in the Beggar's Opera, where Macheath exclaims, after saluting Jenny Diver,—"One may know by your kiss that your gin is excellent." The ancients used not only to kiss their dying relations, from a strange notion that they should inhale the departing

soul,* but repeated the salutation when dead, by way of valediction; and, finally, when they were laid upon the funeral pile. There is no accounting for tastes; but, for my own part, I would rather salute the living; and I even carry my singularity so far as to prefer the soft lips of a female, to that mutual presentation of bristled cheeks to which one is subject by the customs of France. A series of essays has been written on the rational recreation of kissing, by John Everard, better known as Johannes Secundus, the author of the Basia, which has the disgrace of being even more licentious than his prototypes, Propertius and Catullus. This gentleman held the same situation under the Archbishop of Toledo, that Gil Blas filled under the Archbishop of Granada; but instead of devoting his time to the improvement of homilies, he employed himself in describing kisses of every calibre, from the counterpart of that bestowed by Petruchio upon his bride, who

——"kist her lips
With such a clamorous smack, that at the parting
All the church echo'd"———

to the fond and gentle embrace described by Milton, when Adam, gazing upon our first parent in the delicious bowers of Eden—

———"in delight
Both of her beauty and submissive charms
Smiled with superior love, as Jupiter

* Plato seems to have thought that this interchange might occur among the living, for he says when he kisses his mistress,

"My soul then flutters to my lip,
Ready to fly and mix with thine."

On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds
That shed May flowers; and press'd her matron lip
With kisses pure."

Old Ben Jonson, unlike Captain Wattle, preferred the taste of his mistress's lip to Sillery or Chateau-Margaud, for which we have the authority of his well-known song—

"Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not ask for wine."

And Anacreon himself, tippler as he was, did not relish his Chian, "had not the lips of love first touch'd the flowing bowl." The poets in general can hardly be supposed to have possessed "lips that beauty hath seldom bless'd;" and if they have not always recorded this fact, they were probably restrained by the sanctitude of that injunction which orders us not to kiss and tell. Yet there ought to be no squeamishness in the confession, for Nature herself is ever setting us examples of cordiality and love, without the least affectation of secrecy—

——"This woody realm
Is Cupid's bower; see how the trees enwreathe
Their arms in amorous embraces twined!
The gugglings of the rill that runs beneath,
Are but the kisses which it leaves behind,
While softly sighing through these fond retreats
The wanton wind woos every thing it meets."

We may all gaze upon the scene, when, according to the poet,

"The far horizon kisses the red sky,"

or look out upon the ocean

"When the uplifted waters kiss the clouds."

There was doubtless an open footpath over that "heaven-kissing hill," whereon, according to Shakspeare, the feathered Mercury alighted; and there were, probably, many enamoured wanderers abroad on that tranquil night recorded by the same poet—

> "When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
> And they did make no noise."

Even that phlegmatic compound, a pie, has its kissing-crust. There is no kissing, indeed, animate or inanimate, that has not its recommendations; but there is a nondescript species, somewhat between both, against which I beg to enter my protest—I mean the degrading ceremony of a man made in God's image, kneeling to kiss the hand of a fellow-mortal at Court, merely because that mortal is the owner of a crown and the dispenser of places and titles. Nay, there are inconsistent beings who have kissed *the foot* of the Servant of servants at Rome, and yet boggled at performing the ko-tou at Pekin, to the Son of the Moon, the Brother of the Sun, and the Lord of the Celestial Empire. Instead of complaining at knocking their nobs upon the floor before such an august personage, it seemed reasonable to suppose that they would conjure up in their imaginations much more revolting indignities. Rabelais, when he was in the suite of Cardinal Lorraine, accompanied him to Rome, and no sooner saw him prostrate before the Pope, and kissing his toe, as customary, than he suddenly turned round, shut the door, and scampered home. Upon his return, the Cardinal asked him the meaning of this insult. "When I saw you," said Rabelais, "who are

my master, and, moreover, a cardinal and a prince, kissing the Pope's foot, I could not bear to anticipate the sort of ceremony that was probably reserved for your servant."

TO A LOG OF WOOD UPON THE FIRE.

When Horace, as the snows descended
On Mount Soracte, recommended
That Logs be doubled,
Until a blazing fire arose,
I wonder whether thoughts like those
Which in *my* noddle interpose
His fancy troubled.

Poor Log! I cannot hear thee sigh,
And groan, and hiss, and see thee die,
To warm a Poet,
Without evincing thy success,
And as thou wanest less and less,
Inditing a farewell address,
To let thee know it.

Peeping from earth—a bud unveil'd,
Some "bosky bourne" or dingle hail'd
Thy natal hour,
While infant winds around thee blew,
And thou wert fed with silver dew,
And tender sun-beams oozing through
Thy leafy bower.

Earth—water—air—thy growth prepared,
And if perchance some Robin, scared
From neighbouring manor,
Perch'd on thy crest, it rock'd in air,
Making his ruddy feathers flare
In the sun's ray, as if they were
A fairy banner.

Or if some nightingale impress'd
Against thy branching top her breast
Heaving with passion,
And in the leafy nights of June
Outpour'd her sorrows to the moon,
Thy trembling stem thou didst attune
To each vibration.

Thou grew'st a goodly tree, with shoots
Fanning the sky, and earth-bound roots
So grappled under,
That thou whom perching birds could swing,
And zephyrs rock with lightest wing,
From thy firm trunk unmoved didst fling
Tempest and thunder.

Thine offspring leaves—death's annual prey,
Which Herod Winter tore away
From thy caressing,
In heaps, like graves, around thee blown,
Each morn thy dewy tears have strown,
O'er each thy branching hands been thrown,
As if in blessing.

Bursting to life, another race
At touch of Spring in thy embrace
Sported and flutter'd;
Aloft, where wanton breezes play'd,
In thy knit-boughs have ringdoves made
Their nest, and lovers in thy shade
Their vows have utter'd.

How oft thy lofty summits won
Morn's virgin smile, and hail'd the sun
With rustling motion;
How oft in silent depths of night,
When the moon sail'd in cloudless light,
Thou hast stood awestruck at the sight,
In hush'd devotion—

'Twere vain to ask; for doom'd to fall,
The day appointed for us all
O'er thee impended;
The hatchet, with remorseless blow,
First laid thee in the forest low,
Then cut thee into logs—and so
Thy course was ended—

But not thine use—for moral rules,
Worth all the wisdom of the schools,
Thou may'st bequeath me;
Bidding me cherish those who live
Above me, and the more I thrive,
A wider shade and shelter give
To those beneath me.

So when death lays his axe to me,
I may resign as calm as thee
My hold terrestrial;
Like thine my latter end be found
Diffusing light and warmth around,
And like thy smoke my spirit bound
To realms celestial.

THE WORLD.

Nihil est dulcius his literis, quibus cœlum, terram, maria, cognoscimus.

THERE is a noble passage in Lucretius, in which he describes a savage in the early stages of the world, when men were yet contending with beasts the possession of the earth, flying with loud shrieks through the woods from the pursuit of some ravenous animal, unable to fabricate arms for his defence, and without

art to staunch the streaming wounds inflicted on him by his four-footed competitor. But there is a deeper subject of speculation, if we carry our thoughts back to that still earlier period when the beasts of the field and forest held undivided sway; when Titanian brutes, whose race has been long extinct, exercised a terrific despotism over the subject earth; and that "bare forked animal," who is pleased to dub himself the Lord of the Creation, had not been called up out of the dust to assume his *soi-disant* supremacy. Geologists pretend to discover in the bowels of the earth itself indisputable proofs that it must have been for many centuries nothing more than a splendid arena for monsters. We have scarcely penetrated beyond its surface; but, whenever any convulsion of Nature affords us a little deeper insight into her recesses, we seldom fail to discover fossil remains of gigantic creatures, though, amid all these organic fragments, we never encounter the slightest trace of any human relics. How strange the surmise, that for numerous, perhaps innumerable centuries, this most beautiful pageant of the world performed its magnificent evolutions, the sun and moon rising and setting, the seasons following their appointed succession, and the ocean uprolling its invariable tides, for no other apparent purpose than that lions and tigers might retire howling to their dens, as the shaking of the ground proclaimed the approach of the mammoth, or that the behemoth might perform his unwieldy flounderings in the deep! How bewildering the idea, that the glorious firmament and its constellated lights, and the varicoloured clouds, that

hang like pictures upon its sides; and the perfume which the flowers scatter from their painted censers—and the blushing fruits that delight the eye not less than the palate—and the perpetual music of winds, waves, and woods,—should have been formed for the recreation and embellishment of a vast menagerie!

And yet we shall be less struck with wonder—that all this beauty, pomp, and delight, should have been thrown away upon undiscerning and unreasoning brutes, if we call to mind that many of those human bipeds, to whom Nature has given the "*os sublime*," have little more perception or enjoyment of her charms than a "cow on a common, or goose on a green." Blind to her more obvious wonders, we cannot expect that they should be interested in the silent but stupendous miracles which an invisible hand is perpetually performing around them—that they should ponder on the mysterious, and even contradictory metamorphoses, which the unchanged though change-producing earth is unceasingly effecting. She converts an acorn into a majestic oak, and they heed it not, though they will wonder for whole months how harlequin changed a porter-pot into a nosegay: she raises from a little bulb a stately tulip, and they only notice it to remark, that it would bring a good round sum in Holland;—from one seed she elaborates an exquisite flower, which diffuses a delicious perfume, while to another by its side she imparts an offensive odour: from some she extracts a poison, from others a balm, while from the reproductive powers of a small grain she contrives to feed the whole populous earth: and

yet these matter-of-course gentry, because such magical paradoxes are habitual, see in them nothing more strange than that they themselves should cease to be hungry when they have had their dinners; or that two and two should make four, when they are adding up their Christmas bills. It is of no use to remind such obtuse plodders, when recording individual enthusiasm, that

> "My charmer is not mine alone; my sweets,
> And she that sweetens all my bitters too,
> Nature, enchanting Nature, in whose form
> And lineaments divine I trace a hand
> That errs not, and find raptures still renew'd,
> Is free to all men——universal prize;"

for though she may be free to them, she sometimes presents them, instead of a prize, "an universal blank." The most astounding manifestations, if they recur regularly, are unmarked; it is only the trifling deviations from their own daily experience that set them gaping in a stupid astonishment.

For my own part, I thank Heaven that I can never step out into this glorious world—I can never look forth upon the flowery earth, and the glancing waters, and the blue sky, without feeling an intense and ever-new delight;—a physical pleasure that makes mere existence delicious. Apprehensions of the rheumatism may deter me from imitating the noble fervour of Lord Bacon, who, in a shower, used sometimes to take off his hat, that he might feel the great spirit of the universe descend upon him; but I would rather gulp down the balmy air than quaff the richest ambrosia that was ever tippled upon Olympus: for while it

warms and expands the heart, it produces no other intoxication than that intellectual abandonment which gives up the whole soul to a mingled overflowing of gratitude to Heaven, and benevolence towards man.—"Were I not Alexander," said the Emathian madman, "I would wish to be Diogenes;" so when feasting upon this aërial beverage, which is like swallowing so much vitality, I have been tempted to ejaculate,—Were I not a man, I should wish to be a cameleon. In Pudding-lane and the Minories, I am aware that this potation, like Irish whiskey, is apt to have the smack of the smoke somewhat too strong; and even the classic atmosphere of Conduit-street, may occasionally require a little filtering: but I speak of that pure, racy, elastic element, which I have this morning been inhaling in one of the forests of France, where, beneath a sky of inconceivable loveliness, I reclined upon a mossy bank, moralizing like Jacques; when, as if to complete the scene, a stag emerged from the trees, gazed at me for a moment, and dashed across an opening into the far country. Here was an end of every thing Shakspearian, for presently the sound of horns made the welkin ring, and a set of grotesque figures, bedizened with lace dresses, cocked hats, and jack-boots, *deployed* from the wood, and followed the chase with praiseworthy regularity—the nobles taking the lead, and the procession being brought up by the "valets des chiens à pied."—Solitude and silence again succeeded to this temporary interruption, though in the amazing clearness of the atmosphere I could see the stag and his pursuers scouring across the distant

plain, like a pigmy pageant, long after I had lost the sound of the horns and the baying of the dogs. A man must have been abroad to form an idea of the lucidness and transparency, which confers upon him a new sense, or at least enlarges an old one, by the additional tracts of country which it places within the visual grasp, and the heightened hues with which the wide horizon is invested by the crystal medium through which it is surveyed.

In the unfavoured regions, where Heaven seems to look with a scowling eye upon the earth, and the hand of a tremendous Deity is perpetually stretched forth to wield the thunder and the storm, men not only learn to reverence the power on whose mercy they feel themselves to be hourly dependant, but instinctively turn from the hardships and privations of this world to the hope of more genial skies and luxurious sensations in the next. The warmth of religion is frequently in proportion to the external cold: the more the body shivers, the more the mind wraps in ideal furs, and revels in imaginary sunshine; and it is remarkable, that in every creed climate forms an essential feature in the rewards or punishments of a future state. The Scandinavian hell was placed amid "chilling regions of thick-ribbed ice," while the attraction of the Mahometan paradise is the coolness of its shady groves. By the lot of humanity, there is no proportion between the extremes of pleasure and pain. No enjoyment can be set off against an acute tooth-ach, much less against the amputation of a limb, or many permanent diseases; and our distributions of a future

state strikingly attest this inherent inequality. The torments are intelligible and distinct enough, and lack not a tangible conception; but the beatitudes are shadowy and indefinite, and, for want of some experimental standard by which to estimate them, are little better than abstractions.

In the temperate and delicious climates of the earth, which ought to operate as perpetual stimulants to grateful piety, there is, I apprehend, too much enjoyment to leave room for any great portion of religious fervour. The inhabitants are too well satisfied with this world to look much beyond it. "I have no objection," said an English sailor, "to pray upon the occasion of a storm or a battle; but they make us say prayers on board our ship when it is the finest weather possible, and not an enemy's flag to be seen!" This is but a blind aggravation of a prevalent feeling among mankind, when the very blessings we enjoy, by attaching us to earth, render us almost indifferent to heaven. When they were comforting a king of France upon his death-bed, with assurances of a perennial throne amid the regions of the blessed, he replied, with a melancholy air, that he was perfectly satisfied with the Tuilleries and France. I myself begin to feel the enervating effects of climate, for there has not been a single morning, in this country, in which I could have submitted, with reasonable good humour, *to be hanged:* while in England, I have experienced many days, in and out of November, when I could have gone through the operation with stoical indifference; nay, could have even felt an extraordinary respect for the Ordinary,

and have requested Mr. Ketch to "accept the assurances of my distinguished consideration," for taking the trouble off my own hands. I am capable of feeling now why the Neapolitans, in the last invasion, boggled about exchanging, upon a mere point of honour, their sunny skies, "love-breathing woods and lute resounding waves," and the sight of the dancing Mediterranean,—for the silence and darkness of the cold blind tomb. Falstaffs in every thing, they "like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath." From the same cause, the luxurious Asiatics have always fallen an easy prey to the invader; while the Arab has invariably been ready to fight for his burning sands, and the Scythian for his snows, not because they overvalued their country, but because its hardships had made them undervalue life. Many men cling to existence to perpetuate pleasures, as there are some who will even court death to procure them. Gibbon records what he terms the enthusiasm of a young Mussulman, who threw himself upon the enemy's lances, singing religious hymns, proclaiming that he saw the black-eyed Houris of Paradise waiting with open arms to embrace him, and cheerfully sought destruction that he might revel in lasciviousness. This is not the fine courage of principle, nor the fervour of patriotism, but the drunkenness of sensuality. The cunning device of Mahomet, in offering a posthumous bonus to those who would have their throats cut for the furtherance of his ambition, was but an imitation of Odin and other northern butchers; and what is glory, in its vulgar acceptation, stars, crosses, ribbons, titles,

public funerals, and national monuments, but the blinding baubles with which more legitimate slaughterers lure on dupes and victims to their own destruction? These sceptred jugglers shall never coax a bayonet into my body, nor wheedle a bullet into my brain; for I had rather go without rest altogether, than sleep in the bed of honour. So far from understanding the ambition of being turned to dust, I hold with the old adage about the living dog and the dead lion. I am pigeon-livered, and lack gall to encounter the stern scythe-bearing skeleton. When I return to the land of fogs I may get courage to look him in the skull; but it unnerves one to think of quitting such delicious skies, and rustling copses, and thick-flowered meads, and Favonian gales, as these which now surround me; and it is intolerable to reflect, that yonder blazing sun may shine upon my grave without imparting to me any portion of his cheerful warmth, or that the blackbird, whom I now hear warbling as if his heart were running over with joy, may perch upon my tombstone without my hearing a single note of his song.

As it has been thought that the world existed many ages without any inhabitants whatever, was next subjected to the empire of brutes, and now constitutes the dominion of man, it would seem likely, that in its progressive advancement to higher destinies it may ultimately have lords of the creation much superior to ourselves, who may speak compassionately of the degradation it experienced under human possession, and congratulate themselves on the extinction of that pugnacious and mischievous biped called Man. The face of Nature

is still young; it exhibits neither wrinkles nor decay; whether radiant with smiles or awfully beautiful in frowns, it is still enchanting, and not less fraught with spiritual than material attractions, if we do but know how to moralize upon her features and presentments. To consider, for instance, this balmy air which is gently waving the branches of a chestnut-tree before my eyes—what a mysterious element it is! Powerful enough to shipwreck navies, and tear up the deep-grappling oak, yet so subtle as to be invisible, and so delicate as not to wound the naked eye. Naturally imperishable, who can imagine all the various purposes to which the identical portion may have been applied, which I am at this instant inhaling? Perhaps at the creation it served to modulate into words the sublime command, "Let there be light," when the blazing sun rolled itself together, and upheaved from chaos:—perhaps impelled by the jealous Zephyrus, it urged Apollo's quoit against the blue-veined forehead of Hyacinthus;—it may perchance have filled the silken sails of Cleopatra's vessel, as she floated down the Cydnus; or have burst from the mouth of Cicero in the indignant exordium—"Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientiâ nostrâ?" or his still more abrupt exclamation, "Abiit—evasit—excessit—erupit!" It may have given breath to utter the noble dying speeches of Socrates in his prison, of Sir Philip Sidney on the plains of Zutphen, of Russell at the block. But the same inexhaustible element which would supply endless matter for my reflections, may perhaps pass into the mouth of the reader, and

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

be vented in a peevish—" Psha! somewhat too much of this,"—and I shall therefore hasten to take my leave of him, claiming some share of credit, that when so ample a range was before me, my speculations should so soon, like the witches in Macbeth, have " made themselves air, into which they vanished."

THE FIRST OF MARCH.

THE bud is in the bough, and the leaf is in the bud,
And Earth 's beginning now in her veins to feel the blood,
Which, warm'd by summer suns in th' alembic of the vine,
From her founts will over-run in a ruddy gush of wine.

The perfume and the bloom that shall decorate the flower,
Are quickening in the gloom of their subterranean bower;
And the juices meant to feed trees, vegetables, fruits,
Unerringly proceed to their pre-appointed roots.

How awful is the thought of the wonders under ground,
Of the mystic changes wrought in the silent, dark profound;
How each thing upward tends by necessity decreed,
And a world's support depends on the shooting of a seed!

The Summer 's in her ark, and this sunny-pinion'd day
Is commission'd to remark whether Winter holds her sway:
Go back, thou dove of peace, with the myrtle on thy wing,
Say that floods and tempests cease, and the world is ripe for Spring.

Thou hast fann'd the sleeping Earth till her dreams are all of flowers,
And the waters look in mirth for their overhanging bowers;
The forest seems to listen for the rustle of its leaves,
And the very skies to glisten in the hope of summer eves.

Thy vivifying spell has been felt beneath the wave,
By the dormouse in its cell, and the mole within its cave;
And the summer tribes that creep, or in air expand their wing,
Have started from their sleep at the summons of the Spring.

The cattle lift their voices from the valleys and the hills,
And the feather'd race rejoices with a gush of tuneful bills;
And if this cloudless arch fills the poet's song with glee,
O thou sunny first of March, be it dedicate to thee.

PETER-PINDARICS.

The Milkmaid and the Banker.

A Milkmaid with a very pretty face,
Who lived at Acton,
Had a black Cow, the ugliest in the place,
A crooked-back'd one,
A beast as dangerous, too, as she was frightful,
Vicious and spiteful,
And so confirm'd a truant, that she bounded
Over the hedges daily, and got pounded.
'Twas all in vain to tie her with a tether,
For then both cord and cow eloped together.

Arm'd with an oaken bough, (what folly!
It should have been of birch, or thorn, or holly,)
Patty one day was driving home the beast,
Which had, as usual, slipp'd its anchor,
When on the road she met a certain Banker,
Who stopp'd to give his eyes a feast
By gazing on her features, crimson'd high
By a long cow-chase in July.

"Are you from Acton, pretty lass?" he cried:
"Yes,"—with a curtsey she replied.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Why then you know the laundress, Sally Wrench?"
"She is my cousin, Sir, and next-door neighbour."
"That 's lucky—I've a message for the wench,
Which needs despatch, and you may save my labour.
Give her this kiss, my dear, and say I sent it,
But mind, you owe me one—I 've only lent it."

"She shall know," cried the girl, as she brandish'd her bough,
"Of the loving intentions you bore me;
But as to the kiss, as there's haste, you'll allow
That you'd better run forward and give it my Cow,
For she, at the rate she is scampering now,
Will reach Acton some minutes before me."

The Farmer's Wife and the Gascon.

At Neuchatel, in France, where they prepare
Cheeses that set us longing to be mites,
There dwelt a farmer's wife, famed for her rare
Skill in these small quadrangular delights.
Where they were made, they sold for the immense
Price of three sous a-piece;
But as salt-water made their charms increase,
In England the fix'd rate was eighteen-pence.

This damsel had to help her in the farm,
To milk her cows and feed her hogs,
A Gascon peasant, with a sturdy arm
For digging or for carrying logs,
But in his noddle weak as any baby,
In fact a gaby,
And such a glutton when you came to feed him,
That Wantley's dragon, who "ate barns and churches,
As if they were geese and turkies,"
(Vide the Ballad,) scarcely could exceed him.

One morn she had prepared a monstrous bowl
Of cream like nectar,
And wouldn't go to Church (good careful soul!)
Till she had left it safe with a protector;
So she gave strict injunctions to the Gascon,
To watch it while his mistress was to mass gone.

Watch it he did—he never took his eyes off,
But lick'd his upper, then his under lip,
And doubled up his fist to drive the flies off,
Begrudging them the smallest sip,
Which if they got,
Like my Lord Salisbury, he heaved a sigh,
And cried,—"O happy, happy fly,
How I do envy you your lot!"

Each moment did his appetite grow stronger;
His bowels yearn'd;
At length he could not bear it any longer,
But on all sides his looks he turn'd,
And finding that the coast was clear, he quaff'd
The whole up at a draught.
Scudding from church, the farmer's wife
Flew to the dairy;
But stood aghast, and could not, for her life,
One sentence mutter,
Until she summon'd breath enough to utter
"Holy St. Mary!"
And shortly, with a face of scarlet,
The vixen (for she was a vixen) flew
Upon the varlet,
Asking the when, and where, and how, and who
Had gulp'd her cream, nor left an atom;
To which he gave not separate replies,
But with a look of excellent digestion
One answer made to every question—
"The Flies!"

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"The flies, you rogue!—the flies, you guttling dog!
Behold, your whiskers still are cover'd thickly;
Thief—liar—villain—gormandizer—hog!
I'll make you tell another story quickly."
So out she bounced, and brought, with loud alarms,
Two stout Gens-d'Armes,
Who bore him to the judge—a little prig,
With angry bottle-nose
Like a red cabbage-rose,
While lots of white ones flourish'd on his wig.
Looking at once both stern and wise,
He turn'd to the delinquent,
And 'gan to question him and catechise
As to which way the drink went:
Still the same dogged answers rise,
"The flies, my Lord—the flies, the flies!"

"Psha!" quoth the Judge, half peevish and half pompous,
"Why, you're *non compos*.
You should have watch'd the bowl, as she desired,
And kill'd the flies, you stupid clown."—
"What! is it lawful then," the dolt inquired,
"To kill the flies in this here town?"—
"The man's an ass—a pretty question this!
Lawful? you booby!—to be sure it is.
You've my authority, where'er you meet 'em,
To kill the rogues, and, if you like it, eat 'em."
"Zooks!" cried the rustic, "I'm right glad to hear it.
Constable, catch that thief! may I go hang
If yonder blue-bottle (I know his face)
Isn't the very leader of the gang
That stole the cream;—let me come near it!"—
This said, he started from his place,
And aiming one of his sledge-hammer blows
At a large fly upon the Judge's nose,

The luckless blue-bottle he smash'd,
And gratified a double grudge;
For the same catapult completely smash'd
The bottle-nose belonging to the Judge!

THE ELOQUENCE OF EYES.

——Nor doth the eye itself,
That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself,
Not going from itself; but eyes opposed
Salute each other with each other's form——

SHAKSPEARE.

THE origin of language is a puzzling point, of which no satisfactory solution has yet been offered. Children could not originally have compounded it, for they would always want intelligence to construct any thing so complicated and difficult; and as it is known that after a certain age the organs of speech, if they have not been called into play, lose their flexibility, it is contended, that adults possessing the faculties to combine a new language would want the power to express it. Divine inspiration is the only clue that presents itself in this emergency; and we are then driven upon the incredibility of supposing that celestial ears and organs could ever have been instrumental in originating the Low Dutch, in which language an assailant of Voltaire drew upon himself the memorable retort from the philosopher: "That he wished him more wit and

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

fewer consonants." No one, however, seems to have contemplated the possibility that Nature never meant us to speak, any more than the parrot, to whom she has given similar powers of articulation; or to have speculated upon the extent of the substitutes she has provided, supposing that man had never discovered the process of representing appetites, feelings, and ideas by sound. Grief, joy, anger, and some of the simple passions, express themselves by similar intelligible exclamations in all countries; these, therefore, may be considered as the whole primitive language of Nature; but if she had left the rest of her vocabulary to be conveyed by human features and gestures, man, by addressing himself to the eyes instead of the ears, would have still possessed a medium of communication nearly as specific as speech, with the great advantage of its being silent as the telegraph. Talking with his features instead of his tongue, he would not only save all the time lost in unravelling the subtleties of the grammarians from Priscian to Lily and Lindley Murray, but he would instantly become a cosmopolitan, a citizen of the world, and might travel "from old Belerium to the northern main," without needing an interpreter.

We are not hastily to pronounce against the possibility of carrying this dumb eloquence to a certain point of perfection, for the experiment has never been fairly tried. We know that the exercise of cultivated reason, and the arts of civilized life, have eradicated many of our original instincts, and that the loss of any one sense invariably quickens the others; and we may

therefore conjecture that many of the primitive conversational powers of our face have perished from disuse, while we may be certain that those which still remain would be prodigiously concentrated and exalted, did they form the sole medium by which our mind could develope itself. But we have no means of illustrating this notion, for the wild boys and men who have from time to time been caught in the woods, have been always solitaries, who, wanting the stimulus of communion, have never exercised their faculties; while the deaf and dumb born among ourselves, early instructed to write and talk with their fingers, have never called forth their natural resources and instructive powers of expression.

Without going so far as the Frenchman who maintained that speech was given to us to conceal our thoughts, it is certain that we may, even now, convey them pretty accurately without the intervention of the tongue. To a certain extent every body talks with his own countenance, and puts faith in the indications of those which he encounters. The basis of physiognomy, that the face is the silent echo of the heart, is substantially true; and to confine ourselves to one feature—the eye—I would ask what language, what oratory can be more voluble and instinct with meaning than the telegraphic glances of the eye? So convinced are we of this property, that we familiarly talk of a man having an expressive, a speaking, an eloquent eye. I have always had a firm belief that the celestials have no other medium of conversation, but that, carrying on a colloquy of glances, they avoid all the

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

wear and tear of lungs, and all the vulgarity of human vociferation. Nay, we frequently do this ourselves. By a silent interchange of looks, when listening to a third party, how completely may two people keep up a by-play of conversation, and express their mutual incredulity, anger, disgust, contempt, amazement, grief, or languor. Speech is a laggard and a sloth, but the eyes shoot out an electric fluid that condenses all the elements of sentiment and passion in one single emanation. Conceive what a boundless range of feeling is included between the two extremes of the look serene and the smooth brow, and the contracted frown with the glaring eye. What varieties of sentiment in the mere fluctuation of its lustre, from the fiery flash of indignation to the twinkle of laughter, the soft beaming of compassion, and the melting radiance of love! "Oculi sunt in amore duces," says Propertius; and certainly he who has never known the tender passion knows not half the copiousness of the ocular language, for it is in those prophetic mirrors that every lover first traces the reflection of his own attachment, or reads the secret of his rejection, long before it is promulgated by the tardy tongue. It required very little imagination to fancy a thousand Cupids perpetually hovering about the eyes of beauty,—a conceit which is accordingly found among the earliest creations of the Muse. 'Twas not the warrior's dart, says Anacreon, that made my bosom bleed,—

> No—from an eye of liquid blue
> A host of quiver'd Cupids flew,
> And now my heart all bleeding lies
> Beneath this army of the eyes.

And we may take one specimen from innumerable others in the Greek Anthology:

Archer Love, though slily creeping,
Well I know where thou dost lie;
I saw thee from the curtain peeping
That fringes Zenophelia's eye.

The moderns have dallied with similar conceits till they have become so frivolous and threadbare as to be now pretty nearly abandoned to the inditers of Valentines, and the manufacturers of Vauxhall songs.

The old French author Bretonnayau, not content with lamenting, like Milton, that so precious an organ as the eye should have been so limited and vulnerable, considers it, in his "Fabrique de l'Œil," as a bodily sun possessing powers analogous to the solar orb, and treats it altogether as a sublime mystery and celestial symbol. A short extract may shew the profundity of his numerical and astronomical views:

"D'un—de trois—et de sept, à Dieu agréable,
Fut composé de l'œil la machine admirable.
Le nerf et le christal, l'eau et le verre pers,
Sont les quatre élémens du minime univers;
Les sept guimples luisans qui son rondeau contournent,
Ce sont les sept errans, qui au grand monde tournent,
Car le blanc qui recouvre et raffermit nos yeux,
Nous figure Saturne entre ces petits creux," &c. &c.

And yet all this mysticism is scarcely more extravagant than the power of witchcraft or fascination which was supposed to reside in the eyes, and obtained implicit credence in the past ages. This infection, whether malignant or amorous, was generally supposed to be conveyed in a slanting regard, such as

that "jealous leer malign," with which Satan contemplated the happiness of our first parents.

> "Non istic obliquo oculo mea commoda quisquam
> Limat, non odio obscuro, morsuque venenat,"

says Horace; and Virgil makes the shepherd exclaim, in his third eclogue,

> "Nescio quis teneros oculus mihi fascinat agnos."

Basilisks, cockatrices, and certain serpents, were fabled not only to have the power of bewitching the birds from the air, but of killing men with a look—a mode of destruction which is now limited to the exaggerations of those modern fabulists yclept poets and lovers.

Every difference of shape is found in this variform organ, from the majestic round orb of Homer's ox-eyed Juno, to that thin slit from which the vision of a Chinese lazily oozes forth; but in this, as in other instances, the happy medium is nearest to the line of beauty. If there be any deviation, it should be towards the full rotund eye, which, although it be apt to convey an expression of staring *hauteur*, is still susceptible of great dignity and beauty; while the contrary tendency approximates continually towards the mean and the suspicious.

As there is no standard of beauty, there is no pronouncing decisively upon the question of colour. The ancient classical writers assigned to Minerva, and other of the deities, eyes of heaven's own azure as more appropriate and celestial. Among the early Italian writers, the beauties were generally *blondes*,

being probably considered the most estimable on account of their rarity; and Tasso, describing the blue eyes of Armida, says with great elegance,

> "Within her humid melting eyes
> A brilliant ray of laughter lies,
> Soft as the broken solar beam
> That trembles in the azure stream."

Our own writer Collins, speaking of the Circassians, eulogises "Their eyes' blue languish, and their golden hair," with more beauty of language than fidelity as to fact; but our poets in general give the palm to that which is least common among ourselves, and are accordingly enraptured with brunettes and dark eyes. When Shakspeare bestowed green eyes upon the monster Jealousy, he was not probably aware that about the time of the Crusades there was a prodigious passion for orbs of this hue. Thiebault, king of Navarre, depicting a beautiful shepherdess in one of his songs, says,

> "La Pastore est bele et avenant,
> Elle a les eus vairs,"

which phrase, however, has been conjectured to mean hazle; an interpretation which will allow me to join issue with his Majesty, and approve his taste. But taste itself is so fluctuating, that we may live to see the red eye of the Albinos immortalised in verse, or that species of plaid recorded by Dryden—

> "The balls of his broad eyes roll'd in his head,
> And glared betwixt a yellow and red."

For my own part, I decidedly prefer the hue of

that which is now bent upon the page, for I hold that an indulgent eye, like a good horse, cannot be of a bad colour.

My paper would be incomplete without a word or two upon eyebrows, which, it is to be observed, are peculiar to man, and were intended, according to the physiologists, to prevent particles of dust or perspiration from rolling into the eye. Nothing appears to me more impertinent than the fancied penetration of these human moles, who are for ever attributing imaginary intentions to inscrutable Nature; nor more shallow and pedlar-like than their resolving every thing into a use; as if they could not see, in the gay colours and delicious perfumes, and mingled melodies lavished upon the earth, sufficient evidence that the beneficent Creator was not satisfied with mere utility, but combined with it a profusion of gratuitous beauty and delight. I dare say that they would rather find a use for the coloured eyes of Argus in the peacock's tail, than admit that the human eyebrows could have been bestowed for mere ornament and expression. Yet they have been deemed the leading indices of various passions. Homer makes them the seat of majesty—Virgil of dejection—Horace of modesty—Juvenal of pride—and we ourselves consider them such intelligible exponents of scorn and haughtiness, that we have adopted from them our word *supercilious*. In lively faces they have a language of their own, and can aptly represent all the sentiments and passions of the mind, even when they are purposely repressed in the eye. By the workings of the line just above a

lady's eyebrows, much may be discovered that could never be read in the face; and by this means I am enabled to detect in the looks of my fair readers such a decided objection to any farther inquisition into their secret thoughts, that I deem it prudent to exclaim, in the language of Oberon—"Lady, I kiss thine eye, and so good night."

THE LAWYER AND THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.

A ROGUISH old Lawyer was planning new sin,
As he lay on his bed in a fit of the gout;
The mails and the daylight were just coming in,
The milkmaids and rushlights were just going out:—

When a Chimney-sweep's boy, who had made a mistake,
Came flop down the flue with a cluttering rush,
And bawl'd, as he gave his black muzzle a shake,
"My master's a-coming to give you a brush."

"If that be the case," said the cunning old elf,
"There's no moment to lose—it is high time to flee;
Ere he gives me a brush, I will brush off myself,
If I wait for the Devil, the Devil take me!"

So he limp'd to the door without saying his prayers;
But Old Nick was too deep to be nick'd of his prey,
For the knave broke his neck by a tumble down stairs,
And thus ran to the Devil by running away.

PETER PINDARICS.

The Surgeon and the House Painters.

PAINTERS are like the dry-rot, if we let 'em
Fix on our pannels and our planks,
There's no ejectment that can get 'em
Out till they've fairly play'd their pranks.
There *is* a time, however, when the ghastly
Spectres cease to haunt our vision;
And as my readers, doubtless, would like vastly
To calculate it with precision,
I'll tell them for their ease and comfort
What happen'd t'other day at Romford.

In that great thoroughfare for calves,
Destined to pacify the yearnings
Of Norton Falgate, gormandizing,
There dwelt a Surgeon, who went halves
With the apothecary, in the earnings
From broken limbs and accidents arising.
But somehow the good Romford drones
Were so confounded careful against harms,
They neither broke their legs nor arms,
Nor even slipp'd their collar-bones.
In short, he couldn't find one benefactor
Among these cruel calf and pig-herds,
To treat him with a single fracture.
Was ever such a set of niggards!

The fact is, that they never took the road,
Except on vehicles which God bestow'd—
But if with other legs you take a journey,
What wonder if they sometimes overturn ye?

One morn a Patent Safety Coach
  Departed from the Swan with the Two Necks,
A sign that seems intended to reproach
  Those travellers of either sex,
Who deem one neck sufficient for the risks
Of ditches, drunkards, wheels, and four-legg'd frisks.
Just as they enter'd Romford with a dash,
  Meaning to pass the Opposition,
The front wheel came in violent collision
With a low post—was shiver'd, smash!
And down the coach came with a horrid crash.

"Zooks!" cried the coachman, as he swore and cursed,
"That rascal Jack will get to Chelmsford first:—
We might have had worse luck on't, for I sees
None of the horses hasn't broke their knees."
As to his fare—or any human limb,
Had ten been broken, 'twas all one to him.
Luckily for the passengers, the master
Of the Plough Inn, who witness'd the disaster,
Ran with his men, and maids, and spouse,
  Th' imprison'd sufferers unpounded,
  Convey'd the frighten'd, sick, and wounded
    Into his house;
Then hied himself into the town, to urge on
The speed of the aforesaid Surgeon.

He came—inquired the wounds and spasms
  Of all the mistresses and masters;
  Applied lint-poultice—balsams—plasters,
    And cataplasms,
Bandaging some, and letting others blood,
And then ran home to tell how matters stood.
Like Garrick 'twixt Thalia and Melpomene,
  His wife put on her tragi-comic features:—
She had a heart—but also an uncommon eye
  To the main chance, and so she cried—"Poor creatures
Dear me, how shocking to be wounded thus!—

A famous God-send certainly for us!
Don't tell me any more, my dear Cathartic;
The horrid story really makes my heart ach.
One broken rib—an ankle sprain'd—that's worse,
I mean that's better, for it lasts the longer;
Those careless coachmen are the traveller's curse,
How lucky that they hadn't got to Ongar!
Two bad contusions—several ugly wounds,
Why this should be a job of fifty pounds!—
So now there's no excuse for being stingy;
'Tis full twelve years—no matter when it was—
At all events, the parlour's horrid dingy,
And now it *shall* be painted—that is poz!"—

The Painters come—two summer-days they give
To scrape acquaintance with each pannel,
Then mix the deadly stuff by which they live,
(The smell's enough to make the stoutest man ill,)
And now, in all their deleterious glory,
They fall upon the wainscot *con a more*.
The parlour's done—you wouldn't know the room,
It looks four times as large, and eight times lighter,
But most unluckily, as that grew whiter,
The hall look'd less, and put on tenfold gloom.

"There's no use doing things by halves, my dear,
We must just titivate the hall, that's clear."
"Well, be it so, you've my consent, my love,
But when that's done, the painters go, by Jove!"—
They heard him, and began. All hurry-scurry
They set to work *instanter*,
But presently they slacken'd from their hurry
Into a species of snail's canter.
The Surgeon, who had had his fill
Of stench, and trembled for his bill,
Saw day by day, with aggravated loathing,
That they were only dabbling, paddling,
Twiddling, and fiddle-faddling,

And helping one another to do nothing;
So call'd the foreman in, and begg'd to know,
As a great favour, when they meant to go.
"Why," quoth the honest man, scratching his nob,
"Not afore master gets another job."—

The Surgeon storm'd and swore, but took the hint,
Laid in a double stock of lint,
And to his patients at the Plough dispenses,
Week after week, new pills and plasters,
Looks very grave on their disasters,
And will not answer for the consequences,
If they presume to use their arms or feet,
Before their cure is quite complete.
"No, no," he mutters, "they shall be
Served as the painters treated me;
And if my slowness they reproach,
I'll tell them they shall leave the place
The moment there's another race
Run by the Patent Safety Coach.

ADVANTAGES OF HAVING NO HEAD!

The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent—no more. SHAKSPEARE.

I HATE the man who can never see more than one side of a question—who has but a single idea, and that perhaps a wrong one.—No; I adopt an impression zealously, perhaps erroneously, but I forget not the "*audi alteram partem.*" I can plead my own cause; but I have not given myself a retaining fee; I am therefore open to conviction, and forward to acknow-

ledge all that may be reasonably claimed by my opponents. Candour and liberality are my motto, in the spirit of which I begin with confessing, that there are occasions when that bulbous excrescence termed a head may be deemed a handy appendage. As a peg to hang hats on—as a barber's block for supporting wigs, or a milliner's for showing off bonnets—as a target for shooting at when rendered conspicuous by a shining helmet—as a snuff-box or a chatter-box—as a machine for stretching nightcaps, or fitting into a guillotine, or for shaking when we have nothing to say: in all these capacities it is indisputably a most useful piece of household furniture. Yet, as far as my own experience goes, its inconveniences so fearfully predominate over its accommodations, that if I could not have been born a column without any capital, made compact and comfortable by an ante-natal decollation, I would at least have chosen to draw my first breath among

> "The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
> Do grow beneath their shoulders;"—

that by carrying mine adversary in this manner, locked up as it were in mine own chest, I might keep him in as good subjection as St. Patrick did when he swam across the Liffey, and be the better enabled to stomach whatever miseries he might entail upon me.

Away with the hackneyed boast so pompously put forth by simpletons who have no pretensions to the distinction they claim for the race—that man only has a reasoning head! *Tant pis pour lui.* If he possess this fine privilege, he treats it as worldlings sometimes

do their fine clothes—he values it so highly that he has not the heart to use it, or show it in his conduct. His reason lies in the wardrobe of his brain till it becomes moth-eaten; or if he exert it at all, it is that it may commit a moral suicide and try to get rid of itself. Never so happy as when he can escape from this blessing, he dozes away as much of it as he can in sleep; or blows out his highly-vaunted brains every evening with a bottle of port wine; or tells you, with a paviour's sigh, that the happiest man is the laughing lunatic, who finds his straw-crown and joint-stool throne a most delightful exchange for all the vanity and vexation of irrational reason. Now, if a man could but leave off at his neck—make his shoulders the *ultima Thule* of his figure—convert himself into a pollard, all this would be accomplished at once. He would not belong to either the family of the Longheads or the Wrongheads; he would be neither headstrong nor headlong; he could not be over head and ears in debt or in love; head-ach, and face-ach, and tooth-ach, and ear-ach, would be to him as gorgons, and griffins, and harpies—imaginary horrors: opthalmick medicines he needs not; he neither runs his head into danger nor against a wall, and whether corn be high or low—rents paid or unpaid—the five per cents. reduced to four, or the three per cents. to nothing, he cares not, for there is no earthly matter about which he can trouble his head. A chartered libertine, he laughs (in his sleeve) at kings and parliaments; the wandering Jew, St. Leon, or Melmoth, were not more impassive; guillotines and new drops have for him

no more terrors than has a thumbscrew for a sprat, or tight boots for an oyster; Jack Ketch and the Headman are no more formidable to him than are the Centaurs and Amazons to us.—"Let the gall'd jade wince, his withers are unwrung." The happy headless rogue pays neither powder nor capitation tax. The London Tavern and the Crown and Anchor are his patrimonial kitchens, wherein he alone may reckon without his host. All ordinaries are at his mercy; he may gorge with his friends until the revel rout be dispersed by the watchmen. "The sloe-juice and ratsbane, and such kind of stuff," be it ever so villainous, can never get up into his brain; and as to the reckoning in all these cases, it is so much *a-head*—and what is that to him?

It may be thought that I have said enough upon this no-head, but I cannot refrain from adding, that a man thus happily truncated would possess immense advantages over his companions, should the guardians of the night break in upon his symposia as I have imagined; for he could not be tweaked by the nose, nor thrust out head and shoulders; although he might tumble down stairs without any risk of breaking his neck or fracturing his skull. During life he might play as many pranks as Yorick the king's jester, and after death no Hamlet could exclaim over his remains —"Why, will he suffer this knave to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery?"

Plato's Atlantis, and Sir Thomas More's Utopia, and Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia, would all be realised

in the felicitous life of such a being as I have suggested. But methinks I hear my fair readers exclaim, What happiness is there without love, and where would such an animal find a mistress? Do we not already hear husbands often complaining that their wives have no heads, and *vice versâ*? Besides, might he not seek the original "good woman," of whom a decapital likeness is suspended as a public-house sign at Shoreditch, and another at Walworth, neither of which did I ever pass in my suburban rambles without many marital yearnings, and longings, and aspirations? These were the only beatific visions that ever identified the conception of the novelists and dramatists—Love at first Sight. That stump of a neck is irresistible. In the event of a marriage thus constituted, some difficulty might occur as to the responses, but it could be obviated by signs, as in the unions of our deaf and dumb; not by a nod or shake of the head indeed, but by some equally intelligible indication; and methinks I could rival Catullus himself in composing an epithalamium for such a nuptial pair, for I might safely predicate that they would never lay their heads together to hatch mischief, nor run them against one another in anger, nor lose their time in kissing, nor fall together by the ears. No fear of Bluebeards in this happy state, which, if it could be universally accomplished, would at once restore to us the *Saturnia regna*—the golden age—the millennium.

Envious, and timid, and jealous people, are perpetually on the watch to oppose every improvement as revolutionary innovation; and by some such I ex-

pect to be told that my project is jacobinical, as tending to make the profane vulgar independent of those legitimate correctives—the axe and the halter; but I cannot see the matter in this light. John Bull, we are sometimes told, is like a restive horse—give him his head and he runs to the devil; but, by my proposition, the common people will never be able to make head at all, whatever be their provocations; so that I really consider myself entitled to the great prize from the members of the Holy Alliance. Other cavillers may urge that it would be injurious to the progress of knowledge and the cultivation of literature, as if the brains could not exist any where but in the head! Buffon, no ignoramus in such matters, was decidedly of opinion that the stomach was the seat of thought. Persius dubs it a Master of Arts,

> "Magister Artium,
> Ingenique largitor venter."

Ventriloquism is yet in its infancy, but who should limit its eloquence were it cultivated from necessity? So satisfied are we of the reflecting disposition of this portion of our economy, that we call a cow, or other beast with two stomachs, a ruminating animal, *par excellence*. Why might not our clergy, instead of dividing their discourses into heads—Cerberean, Polypean, and Hydraform, which always afflict me with a cephalalgy—spin the thread of their sermons, like the spider's, from the stomach instead of the head, and apportion them under the titles of the peristaltic motion, the epigastre, the hypochondre, and the colon

—names as sonorous and classical as those of the Muses, with which Herodotus has baptised his respective chapters? Even constituted as we now are, with head-quarters already provided for the brains, will any one deny that an Opera-dancer's are in his heels, or that Shakspeare had not a similar conviction, when he makes one of his characters exclaim,

> "Hence will I drag thee headlong, by the heels,
> Unto a dunghill which shall be thy grave!"

Does he not, moreover, distinctly mark the seat of pride and aspiring talent, when he says of Wolsey,

> "He was a man
> Of an unbounded stomach—ever ranking
> Himself with princes."

But I have said enough. If the reader be satisfied that I am suggesting a prodigious improvement, I have carried my point: if he be not, I deny that he has a rational head, and thus establish my argument. Here are the two horns of a dilemma, which, if he will continue to wear his super-humeral callosity in spite of my admonitions, may supply it a fitting decoration; and so having conducted him to the same predicament as Falstaff in Windsor Forest, I leave him to moonlight and the fairies.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

No. I.

Miss Mary Ball to Miss Jane Jenkins.

Dear Jane, we reach'd Paris as day-light was closing,
And its aspect, to use a French phrase, was imposing.
Its magnificent portals, majestic and wide,
Through which Temple-bar without stooping might ride—
Its houses of such Brobdignagian height,
That they make Portland-place Lilliputian quite,—
Its spacious Boulevards, with their vistas of green,
Flank'd with structures of stone that ennoble the scene,—
The Rue de la Paix, with the tower at its end,
All of brass like the one where Danaë was penn'd,—
(*This* was made out of cannon, and Boney must pop
Himself, like the knob of a poker at top;
But it's gone, and a little white flag met my eyes
That look'd like a kite in the shadowy skies,)—
All these sights, quickly seen in succession, combined
To dazzle, delight, and astonish my mind.
We drove to Meurice's, and there should each thing go,
That, to use Papa's phrase, cannot jabber the lingo,
For our language is spoken by all that you meet;
Nay, even the charges are English complete,
And beef and plumb-pudding you get if you choose,
With young roasted-pig, which the French hate like Jews.
Next morning with Pa to the Louvre I flew,
The statues, and marbles, and sculptures to view.
La! Jenny, they're quite indecorous: why, Madam,
They 've not e'en the primitive wardrobe of Adam!
I didn't know which way to look; but in France
These matters are view'd with complete *nonchalance;*
And the ladies around me, like cool connoisseurs,
Were raving in raptures on limbs and contours—

"O Dieu! que c'est beau! c'est superbe, magnifique!
Voilà ce que c'est que de suivre l'antique!
There's the young piping Faun—hark, he's going to warble;
Is it petrified nature, or animate marble?
Is this one of the stone-produced men of Deucalion?
That the vivified nymph of enamour'd Pygmalion?"
Thus mounting the hobby *Virtù*, the fair prancers
Interrogate statues, though none of them answers;
Then hurry to criticise ice at Tortoni's,
Or the elephant actor that plays at Franconi's.

Colour'd gowns without sleeves are the promenade dress,
Which to me has a servant-like look, I confess;
Some wear an elaborate cap, but upon it
Not an atom of hat or iota of bonnet!
Then they lace down their waists, while the garment so scant is
That you see the hips working like lean Rozinantes;
And 'tis painful to mark the unfortunate stout
Screwing every thing in that the hips may stick out.
Their legs, as our malaprop statesman once said,
"Form the capital feature in which they 're ahead"
Of us and of all from the Thames to the Po,
And the reason is plain—they are always on show;
For to walk on such horrible pavements as these
They must constantly hold up their clothes to the knees.—
I shall tell you, of course, all the lions I've seen,
And the places and wonders at which I have been;
But as things of importance flow first to my pen,
You shall hear of my bonnet in Rue Vivienne.

The bonnets in fashion are sable as ink,
But there 's nothing to me so becoming as pink;
So I vow'd I would do my face justice, in spite
Of fashion and France, and not look like a fright.
The French I have learnt is what Chaucer, you know,
Says was taught to the scholars at Stratford-by-Bow,

But at Paris unknown—so I got a Precisian
To teach me the phrases and accent Parisian;
And in stating my wants I was cautious to close
With—" Il faut qu'il soit doublé en couleur de rose."
I wish you had seen their indignant surprise,
The abhorrence they threw in their shoulders and eyes,
And the solemn abjurings each minx took upon her,
As if I had offer'd offence to her honour.
" Nous en avons en noir—mais, O Ciel! O Dieu!
En rose!! Ah, vous n'aurez pas ça dans la rue.
Ce n'est pas distingué—c'est très mal-honnête,
C'est passé—c'est chassé"—Six weeks out of date!
Then they tried on their own, and exclaim'd " How becoming!
C'est charmant—distingué!"—I knew they were humming,
For I look'd just as sable and solemn, or worse,
Than the plume-bearing figure preceding a hearse.—
Would they put in a lining of pink, if I waited?
This point was in corners and whispers debated;
But granted, on pledge not to tell: for they said, it
Might implicate deeply their *à-la-mode* credit.
And the price? " Soixante francs, quand c'est garni comme cela;
C'est toujours prix-fixe—nous ne marchandons pas."
I blush'd as I offer'd them forty; but they
Took the cash without blushing or once saying nay.
I think you 'll allow me one merit, dear Jane,—
I 'm the least of all women inclined to be vain;
But this bonnet, I frankly confess, did enhance
The notion I had of myself—and of France.
The value I set on my beauty is small,
For the manner—the fashion 's the thing after all:
Thus in bonnets it isn't the feathers and lace,
So much as the smartness, gentility, grace,
That the wearer possesses;—now these, you'll acknowledge, I
May modestly claim without any apology;
And I offer you none for this lengthen'd report
On my bonnet, (the plume would be handsome *at Court*,)

For I 'm sure my dear Jenny would wish me to state
All that interests deeply my feelings and fate.

The scene where my purchase first made its *début*
I reserve for the next—for the present adieu:
I meant to add more, but I hear Papa call,
So can only subscribe myself—Yours, Mary Ball.

P. S.

Pray, Jenny, don't quarrel with me, but the laws,
If I write on this flimsy and bibulous gauze;
For were I to scribble on substance less taper,
They would charge double postage, though one sheet of paper:
I think the Police has commanded it thin
For reading outside all the secrets within.

2nd P. S.

I've just time to add, (having open'd my letter,)
That I like my new bonnet still better and better.

No. II.

Miss Mary Ball to Miss Jane Jenkins.

I BOUGHT my new bonnet on purpose to wear
At th' Italian Boulevards, to which thousands repair
As the twilight approaches. Imagine three rows
Of chairs at each side of an avenue; those
Are quickly engaged in succession, till all
Are cover'd with parties, *en habit de bal.*
While lamps from the trees their effulgence are throwing,
Between them a dense population is flowing
Of all that is dashing and gay:—Cuirassiers,
Polish Lancers, and Guards, whisker'd up to the ears!
Large parties of English, with spruce-looking face;
Old Ultras—a fatuous, posthumous race;

Inundations of women, no longer in caps,
But extravagant bonnets worth six or eight Naps;
Cits, soldiers, and lovers, wives, husbands, and brats,
Cloaks, spencers, and shawls, turbans, helmets, and hats,
All jumbled together, to form, when they meet,
A grand cosmopolitan rout in the street.

Behind roll the carriages—good ones are rarish,
For most have an aspect extremely Rag-fairish;—
Calêches, with horses that pine for the pleasure
Of sharing the dinner of Nebuchadnezzar—
Fiacre, gig, tilbury, cabriolet,
And demi-fortunes, with their wretched display
Of one woe-begone horse, which on our side the water
Are sacred to knights of the pestle and mortar.
Some jump out, and saunter—some gaze at the throng,
Or nod to their friends as they rattle along.

Here parties of bowing Parisians stand,
With badges at button-hole, hats in their hand,
Who stop the whole tide as they congee, and show no
Reserve or compunction, but chatter *pro bono*.
"Madame, j'ai l'honneur—Je suis charmé, ravi."
"Je vous salue, Monsieur—Vous êtes toujours poli."
"Que vous avez bonne mine!—Vous me flattez—Pardon!"
"Il y a beaucoup de monde.—Mais très-peu du haut ton."
"Je suis désesperé de vous quitter; bon soir."
"Ah, Madame, vous me crevez le cœur—au revoir."

John Bull, with a shake, or a slap on the back,
Cries—"Harry, how goes it, my hearty?" "What, Jack!
Weren't you spilt from your dennet in Bond Street? I say,
Do you like the French wines—have you been to the play?"
"Yes, I went to see Talma; what horrible stuff!
The French are all blackguards: the women take snuff.
Have you dined at Beauvillier's and Very's? Egad,
What would Tattersal say to their horses? D—d bad!
Rue de Rivoli 's fine:—but the credit is Boney's.
This mobbing 's a nuisance. I vote for Tortoni's."

We follow'd such in, and they brought us a *carte*
Of the ices ('twould pose you to learn it by heart),
So I glanced down the column of "Glaces et Sorbets,"
And begg'd them to give me an ice "framboisée,"
While Pa, having ponder'd and changed a good deal,
Cried "Waiter!" and pointed to "à la Vanille."
In an instant I gazed on a conical mass,
Half pallid like Inkle, half dark like his lass:
And as Yarico never yet doated on Inkle
As I upon Ice, it was gone in a twinkle.
But Pa, with a face that denoted disaster,
Swore his tasted of putty, of paint, sticking-plaster;
And after repeated attempts and frustration,
Made it over to me with an ejaculation.
The walks were now cramm'd, and I wish'd to renew
Our stroll—but he gave me a snappish Pho! pho!
And said he was tired, though I fancy the loss
Of his ice, not fatigue, made him grumpy and cross;
And 'twas doubly provoking, for just at that minute
Lieutenant O'Fagan had "stipt from his dinnett,"
And joining our party, was quoting Lord Byron,
Admiring my bonnet, and calling me syren!

We went to the Gallery, Jenny, to see
The pictures—and thither our countrymen flee
To determine their bets. It 's the fourth of a mile,
Which point causes daily disputes, and you 'd smile
To hear them contesting how soon they could walk it,
Laying wagers, and straightway proceeding to stalk it.
Captain Strut of the Fourth was twelve minutes, and then
Lieutenant O'Fagan performed it in ten;
But Sir Philip O'Stridle accomplish'd the task
In nine, without effort. I ventured to ask
What he thought of the pictures,—"The pictures? that's prime!
"Who'll be staring at signs when he 's posting 'gainst time?
Here 's an answer at once, if a foreigner starts
An Idea that we're not *getting on* in the Arts.

Our countrymen flock, though they seldom have got any
Taste for Museums, or lectures, or botany,
To the Jardin des Plantes—not for rational feasts,
But to flutter the birds and to worry the beasts:
And these ('tis a fact that we all must agree to)
Cut out ours in the Tower, and extinguish Polito.
Yet though on the whole they so greatly surpass us,
They haven't that big-headed brute, the Bonassus.
That's a point where we beat them, but even on this one
They come very near in a beast call'd the Bison.
The old one-eyed Bear I shall never forget,
Who some time ago, being rather sharp-set,
Pick'd the bones of a hypochondriacal Gaul,
Who by way of a suicide jump'd in his stall.
Whose taste was the worst—whose the frightfullest wish—
The man's for his death, or the bear's for his dish?

But a truce to the Gardens, and bear with the swivel-eye,
For Pa has just enter'd to take me to Tivoli.
"Pauline! my new bonnet!" Well, nobody knows
How I joy that 'twas "doublé en couleur de rose."
Quick! give me my shawl—where 's my best bib and tucker?
Lud!—like my own ruff, I am all in a pucker!
Pa calls me—"I'm coming"—so Jenny, you see
I can only subscribe my initials,

M. B.

ON ASSES.

My Oberon, what visions have I seen—
Methought I was enamour'd of an Ass!

SHAKSPEARE.

Procul este profani! Avant ye witlings, who with gibes and jeers would turn my honest conceptions into mockery. I address not ye; no, nor the poor human butts on whom ye break your poorer jests, "though by your smiling ye seem to think so." I had no such stuff in my thoughts as bipeds, not even those who wear the head of BOTTOM; but as the times are critical, and equivocation might undo us, it may be well also to premise that though my references be altogether quadrupedal, they mount not to those golden Asses (not of Apuleius, I dare aver,) which are placed upon royal tables, and whose panniers laden with salt (assuredly not Attic) minister stimulants to the palates of kings and courtiers. No—my paper means what it professes: it is dedicated to donkeys, Jerusalem poneys, &c., but who have no patronymic right to be termed any thing but Asses.

Every association connected with this most interesting animal is classical, venerable, hallowed. At the feast of the goddess Vesta, who was preserved by the braying of an Ass from the attacks of the Lampsacan god, that animal was solemnly crowned; and in an old Calendar still extant the following note is written

against the month of June: "Festum Vestæ—Asinus coronatur." As we know that many of our customs are derived from Pagan institutions, is it not probable that the crowning of our Laureates originated in this superstition? The Gnostics worshipped this long-eared deity. In the precincts of the Holy Land, though not invested with idolatrous honour, the Ass was held in high respect and reverence; and I know not any contrast of fate more affecting, and reverse of grandeur, even including that of the Jewish nation itself, more absolute and wretched, than the present doom of this outcast quadruped with its former lot in Palestine, where, as the use of horses was prohibited, the Ass was the royal beast, whose covering was cloth of gold, whose housings were studded with the carbuncle and the pearl, and whose provender was showered down into royal mangers. Deborah, addressing her song to the rulers of Israel, exclaims—"Speak, ye that ride on white Asses, ye that sit in judgment." Jair of Gilead, we are told, had thirty sons, who rode upon as many Asses, and commanded in thirty cities; and the holy writer, wishing to exalt the grandeur of Abdon, one of the judges of Israel, proclaims that he had forty sons and thirty grandsons, who rode upon seventy Asses. According to a tradition of the Jewish Rabbins, one of the ten privileged creatures formed by God at the end of the sixth day, was the identical beast bestrode by Balaam, the same that Abraham loaded with wood for the sacrifice of Isaac, which Moses long after employed to transport his wife and son across the desert, and which, still existing in the

depths of some unknown and impenetrable wilderness, will continue to be miraculously fed and guarded until the advent of their pretended Messiah, when he will mount upon its back and ride forth to conquer all the nations of the earth.

But, leaving these reveries, must we not admit, unless we join Maimonides and Gregory of Nyssa in considering the whole story a vision or allegory, that the animal whereof we write is the same that, on the flowery banks of Euphrates, saw the Angel of the Lord standing before it with a drawn sword, turned aside thrice into the path of the vineyard, and, when smitten for crushing its master's foot against a wall, was miraculously endued with speech that it might rebuke its infatuated rider? When the priests and elders looked forth from the towers and temples and walls of Hierosolyma towards the valley beneath, where the multitude were filling the air with Hosannas, and spreading palm-branches before the Saviour of the world, who was destined to overthrow the Sophists of Athens and the Pagan Pontiffs of all-conquering Rome, they beheld him riding upon—an Ass. Reader! if thou hast been more fortunate than he who now addresses thee, and hast been enabled to pick up a little book of Heinsius entitled, "*Laus Asini*," I counsel thee to lay it next thy heart, for it disserts of most long-eared matter, and is rich in asinine reminiscences. Doubtless thou hast passed the *Pons Asinorum* of the mathematicians—thou hast laughed at the punishment inflicted by Apollo upon the Phrygian king—thou hast feasted on the third Dialogue of

Lucian, wherein he relates his adventures after being converted into an Ass by a sorceress—and hast been enraptured with Apuleius's most exquisite and imaginative expansion of this fiction; and if thou canst still deny that the Ass who is now passing thy door, instead of being loaded with sand and cabbages, bears a rich freightage of sacred, classical, and scientific associations and conceits, I tell thee thou art duller "than the fat weed that rots itself at ease on Lethe's wharf," and meritest thyself that appellation which limits all thy ideas of the passing quadruped.

Poor, shaggy, half-starved, mauled and maltreated beast! when I behold thee—

> "Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
> Fallen from thy high estate"—

and, alas, too often "weltering in thy blood!" and yet bearing thine insults and torments with a resignation, a fortitude, a heroism, that would do honour to a Stoic philosopher, I am not content with the poet's exclamation—"I love the patient meekness of thy face," but feel tempted to transform the common whereon I encounter thee into the greensward of the fairies, that I may say with Titania—

> "Come, lie thee down upon this flowery bed,
> While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
> And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
> And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy."

The reader will say that I am full of my subject; and, pleading guilty to the charge, I confess that I know no sound more affecting, more pathetic, than

the braying of an Ass, "startling the night's dull ear." It seems a "sense of intolerable wrong," an outpouring of long accumulated griefs, the delivery of an agonized soul, the hysteric of exhausted patience; and, while the sides distend as if the heart were bursting, and the deep-closing sigh sends its appealing breath up to Heaven, I have sometimes followed it, and found delight in imagining that there might not only be reason for the poor Indian's hope—

> "Who thinks, admitted to yon equal sky,
> His faithful dog shall bear him company"—

but that these long-eared innocents may be rewarded for their endurance in some garden of paradisaical thistles—some Eden of perpetual pasture—some Elysium of clover.

What a poor compound is humanity, and how ridiculous, as well as ungrateful, is its pride, when we see beauty and nobility converting this despised beast into a species of parent, and receiving its milk into their veins as the sole means of health or existence! I have never beheld this unconscious wet-nurse of the wealthy standing at the doors of our proud mansions, without sending my imagination not only up-stairs, where the pale sons and daughters of sickness were reclining upon their luxurious sofas, but into the sheds and penthouses of Knightsbridge or Petty France, where their four-footed foster-brothers and sisters, compelled, like the hairy Esau, to exchange their birthright for a mess of pottage, were porrecting their long ears at every sound, and en-

deavouring to snuff the return of their teeming mothers, in the mingled impatience of defrauded appetite and disappointed affection. No substance is so poor in stimulants for present thought, but that it may be rendered pregnant in its past concoction and future decomposition; and as I have sometimes gazed upon this foal-purloined milk, frothing into a tumbler, I have traced it backwards to the earth when it was grass, and to the skies when it was rain; and following its forward destiny, I have fancied it converted into the bloom of beauty's cheek, or the sparkle of its eye, or by a still more subtle sublimation refecting and inspiring the brain until it finally evaporate in dazzling coruscations of wit. We are all compounds of the same matter, and should therefore learn to sympathise with all its organizations.

Although my subject, that I might be strictly asinary, has led me to a grave and serious treatment, it is not unfertile in more trivial suggestions. In England, where cruelty to animals of all kinds has attained its *maximum*, this Paria of the quadrupeds endures so large a share of outrage that I have sometimes imagined there must be a special Tophet reserved for its drivers; and as I once fell into conversation with an individual of that class, I endeavoured to explain to him the doctrine of the metempsychosis, insisting on the probability that he would one day be an Ass himself, and receive exactly such usage as he bestowed. Being assured, in answer to his inquiry whether there was any thing "about that there" in the Bible, that there was grave warranty for the

belief, he appeared staggered, mused a while, and then exclaimed, "Vell, Sir, there's von thing, if it's ever so true—I never hits mine over the head;"—a circumstance which so reconciled him to the doctrine of Pythagoras, that he let fall a heavy blow upon his beast's crupper, and disappeared. If the Ass be not entitled to rank as an esquire, Cervantes makes him at least a squire-bearer, whereas the squire himself is only a shield-bearer; aad our long-eared hero was formally dubbed a gentleman by King Charles. A Mayor of Rochester, just at the commencement of an elaborate address to that Monarch, was accompanied by the loud braying of an Ass, when his Majesty exclaimed, "One at a time, *Gentlemen*, one at a time." A common tradition attributes the black line, or cross, upon the shoulders of this animal to the blow inflicted by Balaam; in allusion to which a witling, who had been irreverently sneering at the miracles in the presence of Dr. Parr, said triumphantly, "Well, Doctor, what say you to the story of Balaam's Ass, and the cross upon its shoulders?"—"Why, Sir," replied the Doctor, "I say, that if you had a little more of the Cross, and a great deal less of the Ass, it would be much better for you." A singer once complaining to Sheridan that himself and his brother (both of whom were deemed simpletons) had been ordered to take Ass's milk, but that, on account of its expensiveness, he hardly knew what they should do.—"Do?" cried Sheridan, "why apply to one another, to be sure."

Gentle reader, whether of that sex whose limbs hang together against the ribs of this forlorn animal,

from a side-saddle, or of that more ponderous gender that doth bestride his narrow back like a Colossus, if in thy summer jaunts to Margate or Brighton thou dost make him minister to thy pleasures, toiling through the sun and dust to bear thee to cake-smelling bowers, and tea-dispensing shades, O, bethink thee of his regal stalls in Palestine, and grudge him not the thistle by the way-sides: recall his silken housings, and have pity on his gored and ragged sides: remember his glorious burden in the valley of Cedron, and respect his present wretchedness: muse upon the fate of Balaam, and cast away thy staff.

PETER PINDARICS.

The Auctioneer and the Lawyer.

A City Auctioneer, one Samuel Stubbs,
Did greater execution with his hammer,
Assisted by his puffing clamour,
Than Gog and Magog with their clubs,
Or that great Fee-fa-fum of war,
The Scandinavian Thor,
Did with his mallet, which (see Bryant's
Mythology) fell'd stoutest giants:—
For Samuel knock'd down houses, churches,
And woods of oak and elm and birches,
With greater ease than mad Orlando
Tore the first tree he laid his hand to.

He ought, in reason, to have raised his own
Lot by knocking others' down;
And had he been content with shaking
His hammer and his hand, and taking

Advantage of what brought him grist, he
Might have been as rich as Christie;—
But somehow when thy midnight bell, Bow,
  Sounded along Cheapside its knell,
  Our spark was busy in Pall-mall
Shaking his elbow,—
Marking, with paw upon his mazzard,
The turns of hazard;
Or rattling in a box the dice,
  Which seem'd as if a grudge they bore
To Stubbs: for often in a trice,
Down on the nail he was compell'd to pay
All that his hammer brought him in the day,
  And sometimes more.

Thus, like a male Penelope, our wight,
What he had done by day undid by night:
No wonder, therefore, if, like her,
  He was beset by clamorous brutes,
Who crowded round him to prefer
  Their several suits.

One Mr. Snipps, the tailor, had the longest
  Bill for many suits—of raiment,
And naturally thought he had the strongest
  Claim for payment.
But debts of honour must be paid,
Whate'er becomes of debts of trade;
And so our stilish auctioneer,
From month to month throughout the year,
Excuses, falsehoods, pleas alleges.
Or flatteries, compliments, and pledges.
When in the latter mood one day,
He squeezed his hand, and swore to pay.—
"But when?"—"Next month.—You may depend on't,
My dearest Snipps, before the end on't;—
Your face proclaims in every feature,
You wouldn't harm a fellow-creature—

You're a kind soul, I know you are, Snipps."
"Ay, so you said six months ago;
But such fine words, I'd have you know,
Butter no parsnips."

This said, he bade his lawyer draw
A special writ,
Serve it on Stubbs, and follow it
Up with the utmost rigour of the law.

This lawyer was a friend of Stubbs;
This is to say,
In a civic way,
Where business interposes not its rubs;
For where the main chance is in question,
Damon leaves Pythias to the stake,
Pylades and Orestes break,
And Alexander cuts Hephæstion;
But when our man of law *must* sue his friends,
Tenfold politeness made amends.

So when he meets our Auctioneer,
Into his outstretch'd hand he thrust his
Writ, and said, with friendly leer,
"My dear, dear Stubbs, pray do me justice;
In this affair I hope you see
No censure can attach to me—
Don't entertain a wrong impression;
I'm doing now what must be done
In my profession."——
"And so am I," Stubbs answer'd with a frown,
So crying "Going—going—going—gone!"
He knock'd him down!——

The Gouty Merchant and the Stranger.

In Broad-street Buildings, on a winter night,
Snug by his parlour fire a gouty wight
Sate all alone, with one hand rubbin
His leg roll'd up in fleecy hose,
While t'other held beneath his nose
The Public Ledger, in whose columns grubbing,
He noted all the sales of hops,
Ships, shops, and slops,
Gum, galls and groceries, ginger, gin,
Tar, tallow, turmerick, turpentine, and tin.

When, lo! a decent personage in black
Enter'd, and most politely said,—
"Your footman, Sir, has gone his nightly track,
To the King's Head,
And left your door ajar, which I
Observed in passing by,
And thought it neighbourly to give you notice."

"Ten thousand thanks—how very few get,
In time of danger,
Such kind attentions from a stranger!
Assuredly that fellow's throat is
Doom'd to a final drop at Newgate.
He knows, too, the unconscionable elf,
That there's no soul at home except myself."

"Indeed!" replied the stranger, looking grave;
"Then he's a double knave.
He knows that rogues and thieves by scores
Nightly beset unguarded doors;
And see how easily might one
Of these domestic foes,
Even beneath your very nose,

Perform his knavish tricks,—
Enter your room as I have done,
Blow out your candles—*thus*—and *thus*,
Pocket your silver candlesticks,
And walk off—*thus*."—

So said—so done—he made no more remark,
Nor waited for replies,
But march'd off with his prize,
Leaving the gouty merchant in the dark.

THE CAVE OF THE ENCHANTRESS.

" —— Che trar di sotto a i chiusi marmi
Può corpo estinto, e far, che spiri, e senta:
——— che al suon de' mormoranti carmi
Fin nella reggia sua Pluto spaventa,
E i suoi Demon negli empj ufficj impiega
Pur come servi; e gli discioglie, e lega."

TASSO.

PASSING through Calabria last year, on my return from Greece, I found myself near the site of the ancient Apollonia, in whose neighbourhood, according to Plutarch, a sleeping Satyr was once caught, and brought to Sylla as he returned from the Mithridatic war; but as his inarticulate voice, partaking both of the neighing of a horse and the bleating of a goat, prevented him from making any intelligible answer to interrogatories, the Roman spurned from him a creature which seemed to partake more of the bestial than of the human nature. As caves and grottos seldom

disappear, I thought it not unlikely that the one in which this monster was stated to have been discovered might still exist; and on making inquiry of the peasants, I was informed that there was a large subterranean opening into the rocky earth at about four miles distance, which was reported to be of considerable extent, but that no good Christian cared to visit it, because it was haunted by an enchantress, or modern Witch of Endor, who possessed the terrific power of raising up the phantoms of whatever dead persons might be named by her visitants. This superstitious legend, as I deemed it, only making me more anxious to investigate the spot, I procured a guide, with whom I traversed a singularly wild and romantic country in the direction of the sea, much musing whether the being I was to encounter would present herself to me under the appearance of some ancient Pythoness, of the Cumæan Sibyl, the Nymph Egeria, whose subterranean mode of residence she imitated, Circe, Medea, or any other prophetess of the classic ages; whether she would prefer the semblance of Alcina, Melissa, Armida, the fairy Morgana, or some of those enchantresses who figured in the days of chivalry; or whether, finally, she might assume the guise of the Weird Sisters, and so "hold the word of promise to my ear to break it to my hope," or condescend to personate a vulgar witch, and resemble some of those numerous old hags who were condemned to the stake to confirm the treatise upon witchcraft and demonology, written by his most learned and sacred Majesty King James the First. In the midst of these meditations we reached

the entrance of the cave, which my guide contemplated with a profound horror; and as no entreaties would prevail upon him to enter, I took a pistol in each hand, being in sooth somewhat apprehensive of banditti, though perfectly undismayed by any fear of supernatural adversaries, and marched slowly forward into the mouth of the aperture.

From the appearances of the interior, I should conjecture it to have served as a place of refuge for some pious hermit of the early ages, rude seats being hewn out of the rock, and sufficient light admitted by tunnels communicating with the surface to enable a person to read in any part without difficulty. Passing through a narrow passage at the extremity of the first porch I entered a second, where, to my infinite amazement, I beheld a young and beautiful female gazing earnestly upon a large book: her complexion was pale, and her dark hair parting at the top of her head, and falling on each side upon her shoulders, discovered a high and fair forehead, with a finely carved brow, which seemed to be the seat of intense thought. So much was she absorbed in study, that she did not observe my entrance until I intercepted a portion of the light that fell upon the volume, when, without expressing any surprise or alarm, she turned towards me, and said with a gentle voice—"You are a stranger; why do you invade my solitude?" Simple as was the question, I hardly knew what reply to make, stammering out with some hesitation, that I had no excuse for my intrusion but curiosity, excited by the marvellous stories related by the peasants

of the surrounding district; although I assured her that I put no faith in the absurd rumours of her supernatural powers, particularly of her ability to raise apparitions of the dead. "And why not?" she calmly resumed. "Is not every thing that surrounds you, the earth, the sea, the sky, with their respective tenants, and all the glorious pageant of nature, a mystery and a miracle? Will you believe in innumerable things that are incomprehensible, because they are of frequent occurrence, and refuse to credit one because it is rare? Is it more wonderful that men should reappear than that they should live and die? Speak; name the mortal, either of the past or present times, whom you would wish to behold."

Startled at the determined confidence of her tone, which I attributed to the delusions of some mental hallucinations, rather than to any consciousness of supernatural power, I felt somewhat embarrassed by her command, although resolved to put her assumed magic to the test of proof. Having lately been reperusing Sappho's Hymn to Venus, preserved by Dionysius of Halicarnassus, as well as her celebrated ode, so indifferently imitated by Catullus, and so admirably translated by our Ambrose Phillips, one of those sudden associations of thought for which there is no accounting suggested her at that moment to my mind, and I suddenly exclaimed—"Sappho, the poetess."—"Behold her!" said the female, and quietly resumed her studies.

Turning eagerly round, I observed for the first time that one side of the grotto was covered by a

black curtain, which began slowly to arise; but what words can express the wonder with which I was bewildered and astonished, when, as the mysterious drapery became completely upfurled, I found myself gazing upon the island of Delos, in the Egean Sea, with an intuitive knowledge of the localities that surrounded me, and even of the living personages that figured in the scene. Ancient tradition having asserted that it was a floating island until Jupiter "Immotamque coli dedit, et contemnere ventos," I at first imagined that it had again broken from its rocky moorings and been wafted up to the mouth of the cave; but a moment's observation dissipated this fancy, for I seemed to be standing in the centre of the island, surrounded by a vast multitude of people, who were assembled to celebrate the great quinquennial Festival of Apollo. Before me was the beautiful Temple of that deity, forming the principal ornament of a city, watered by the little river Inopus, behind which rose Mount Cynthus, covered with laurel groves. The sun had not yet risen; but the moon was full, and Diana, as if anxious to show all honour to her brother deity, poured from the heavens a steady and resplendent light, illuminating the whole group of the Cyclades, and diffusing a rippling brightness over the Egean, whose waves laid themselves gently down upon the yellow sands of the island with a hushing sound. The ocean was covered with vessels from the Saronic Sea to the Hermaic Gulf on the west, and from the Icarian Sea to the Hellespont on the east, their white sails alternately catching and losing the moonbeams,

and their oars, as they cut the glittering waters, appearing to flash like meteors. All were loaded with votaries, bearing offerings of statues, pictures, and costly presents, or with visitants from various parts, hurrying to witness this magnificent festival. The Ionians were there with their wives and children, the natives of Thessaly, Bœotia, Arcadia, and Argolis; and even the remote Hyperboreans had freighted a bark with the tribute of their first fruits.

But that which excited most attention was the splendid deputation of the Athenians, in five handsome vessels, headed by the sacred galley called Paralus, which was said to have been preserved from the times of Theseus, and during whose absence from Athens no criminal could be executed. Crowding with other inhabitants to the beach, I saw the Deliastes descend from it, followed by the four priests of the family of the Ceryces, who claimed Mercury for their ancestor; the priestesses called Deliades, all crowned with laurel; and lastly, the dancing-girls, attended by Philammon, whom Plutarch mentions as the inventor of the sacred dances used at Delphi. As it was customary to rehearse their performance beforehand, they danced, as soon as they landed, the Geranon, intended by its figure to represent the turns and intricacies of the Labyrinth.

By the time this was concluded, a thin grey light had stolen over the deep blue of the eastern heavens, which, gradually assuming a rosy hue, deepened at last into those golden flushes which fly up the sky to announce the coming of the god of day. At this sight

the multitude, with the priests and priestesses, the officers of the sanctuary, and all those who were to figure in the ceremonies, arranged themselves in order in front of the Temple, anxiously gazing towards the quarter whence their deity was to arise; and as soon as the upper surface of his fiery orb became visible above the horizon, the whole assembled people sunk upon one knee, and stretching their right hands to the east, shouted out simultaneously—"Apollo! Apollo! Apollo!" leaving a short interval between each exclamation. The seas and islands, and the blue concave of the air, reverberated the sound, and as I contemplated the illuminated countenances and glistening eyes of this vast assemblage, and, upon turning to the east, beheld the sun's disk now fully developed, I could not help imagining that he had quickened his uprising at this triumphant summons, and that he cast a complacent smile upon this crowd of kneeling votaries, assembled in the island which his rays had first vivified after the great Ogygian deluge.

Musical instruments now sounded a solemn prelude, and the whole body of the priests and choristers united their voices in the following chaunt:—

"Hail to Apollo, the magnificent, the beautiful,
Glorious God of Creation;
Celebrate his jubilee with sacrifices dutiful,
And hymns of devout adoration;"

which was followed by an animated Pæan from the Priestesses:

"God of the Earth!—God of the Earth!
Our praises we pour from the place of thy birth:—

May our Pæans and cries, with our Holocausts, rise
To thy dwelling on high, O thou Lord of the skies!"

The sacred band now falling back on either side to the sound of the dulcimer, tabret, lute, the silver cythern, and the Phrygian pipe, I perceived in the centre her whom I had ordered to be summoned—the poetess Sappho; the cincture that bound her white garments fastened by a golden sun, and her black hair and laurel wreath attached by a similar clasp. Of low stature, dark complexion, and features far from beautiful, there was yet something indescribably interesting, and even fascinating, in her appearance. It exhibited nothing wanton or immodest, and though her burning blood seemed to flush through her face and every part of her naked throat and arms, a high and holy intelligence sate with such a redeeming virtue upon her brow, that I pronounced her to be a mental, rather than a sensual voluptuary. As a votaress of Venus, love was her religion; as an exalted poetess herself, she reverenced intellect in others: and when these feelings combined to produce an intense excitement of all her ideas and sensations, both of heaven and earth, I easily imagined that she could abandon herself to their beatitudes with a passionate enthusiasm both of the head and heart, of the senses and affections, which might well terminate in that deliquium and ecstasy she has so eloquently described in her ode. In modern times she would have been a devotee—a fanatic—perhaps a maniac or a martyr; but she would have been cold and chaste, for the same reason that she was susceptible and amorous—because her religion en-

joined it. Her modest and dignified rebuke of Alcæus, preserved by Aristotle, and her unalterable constancy to Phaon, for whom she finally sacrificed her life, confirm this view of her character, and seem to refute every imputation of gross or promiscuous attachment.

A dead silence pervaded the whole multitude as she stepped forward a few paces and made a graceful reverence to the sun. Methought her languid eyes at first justified her own phrase of the Ὀψεων ὑπολυσεις, but she had no sooner swept the golden lyre she held in her hand, than they became animated with a holy rapture; she then extended both arms to the god of day, and in a voice of surpassing sweetness began—"Twin-born of Dian!"—when, lo! the envious curtain suddenly fell, and I found myself alone with the Enchantress of the Cave!

"By all that is beautiful and mysterious!" I passionately exclaimed, "disappoint me not thus!" and I was rushing forward to tear down the drapery that robbed me of this glorious vision, when she cried in an authoritative voice—"Rash man, forbear! you have seen my power; provoke not its exercise against yourself. You demanded to see, not to hear, the poetess;—have you not been gratified?"—"O fully, most fully! And if this enchanting pageant must no more be seen, I have only to submit with gratitude, and depart; trusting that ere I quit this vicinity I may again be allowed to visit your abode, and witness some new display of your inexplicable power."—"That is unnecessary; you may summon me to your presence

whenever you think fit."—Startled at an announcement which suggested to my mind that I might be associating myself with some of the manifold incarnations of the arch-fiend, I replied with some hesitation —"By what name shall I invoke you, and how shall I obtain dominion over your magical incantations?"—"You yourself," said the female with a playful smile, "can best judge of your implicit power over me and my enchantments, when I inform you that my name is—IMAGINATION."

PETER PINDARICS.

The Fat Actor and the Rustic.

CARDINAL Wolsey was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, Shakspeare says,
Meaning (in metaphor) for ever puffing
To swell beyond his size and span;
But had he seen a player of our days
Enacting Falstaff without stuffing,
He would have own'd that Wolsey's bulk ideal
Equall'd not that within the bounds
This actor's belt surrounds,
Which is, moreover, all alive and real.

This player, when the peace enabled shoals
Of our odd fishes
To visit every clime between the poles,
Swam with the stream, a histrionic Kraken,
Although his wishes
Must not in this proceeding be mistaken,
For he went out professionally—bent
To see how money might be made, not spent.

In this most laudable employ
He found himself at Lille one afternoon;
And that he might the breeze enjoy,
And catch a peep at the ascending moon,
Out of the town he took a stroll,
Refreshing in the fields his soul
With sight of streams, and trees, and snowy fleeces,
And thoughts of crowded houses and new pieces.

When we are pleasantly employed, time flies;
He counted up his profits, in the skies,
Until the moon began to shine,
On which he gazed awhile, and then
Pull'd out his watch, and cried—"Past nine
"Why, zounds, they shut the gates at ten!"—
Backwards he turn'd his steps *instanter*,
Stumping along with might and main;
And though 'tis plain
He couldn't gallop, trot, or canter,
(Those who had seen him would confess it,) he
March'd well for one of such obesity.

Eyeing his watch, and now his forehead mopping,
He puff'd and blew along the road,
Afraid of melting, more afraid of stopping,
When in his path he met a clown
Returning from the town.
"Tell me," he panted in a thawing state,
"Dost think I can get in, friend, at the gate?"
"Get in?" replied the hesitating loon,
Measuring with his eye our bulky wight,—
"Why——yes, Sir, I should think you might,
A load of hay went in this afternoon."

The Bank Clerk and the Stable-keepers.

Shewing how Peter was undone
By taking care of Number One.

Or Peter Prim (so Johnson would have written)
Let me indulge in the remembrance;—Peter!
Thy formal phiz has oft my fancy smitten,
For sure the Bank had never a completer
Quiz among its thousand clerks,
Than he who now elicits our remarks.

Prim was a formalist, a prig,
A solemn fop, an office Martinet,
One of those small precisians who look big
If half an hour before their time they get
To an appointment, and abuse those elves
Who are not over-punctual, like themselves.

If you should mark his powder'd head betimes
And polish'd shoes in Lothbury,
You know the hour, for the three-quarter chimes
Invariably struck as he went by.
From morning fines he always saved his gammon,
Not from his hate of sloth, but love of Mammon.

For Peter had a special eye
To Number One:—his charity
At home beginning, ne'er extends,
But where it started had its end too;
And as to lending cash to friends,
Luckily he had none to lend to.

No purchases so cheap as his,
While no one's bargains went so far,
And though in dress a deadly quiz,
No Quaker more particular.

This live automaton, who seem'd
To move by clockwork, ever keen
To live upon the saving plan,
Had soon the honour to be deem'd
That selfish, heartless, cold machine,
Call'd in the City—a warm man.

A Bank Director once, who dwelt at Chigwell,
Prim to a turtle-feast invited,
And as the reader knows the prig well,
I need not say he went, delighted!
For great men, when they let you slice their meat
May give a slice of loan—a richer treat.

No stage leaves Chigwell after eight,
Which was too early to come back;
So, after much debate,
Peter resolved to hire a hack.
The more inclined to this because he knew
In London-Wall, at Number Two,
An economic stable-keeper,
From whom he hoped to get one cheaper.

Behold him mounted on his jade,
A perfect Johnny-Gilpin figure;
But the good bargain he had made
Compensating for sneer and snigger,
He trotted on,—arrived—sat down,
Devour'd enough for six or seven,
His horse remounted, and reach'd town,
As he had fix'd—exactly at eleven.
But whether habit led him, or the Fates,
To give a preference to Number One
(As he had always done),
Or that the darkness jumbled the two gates,
Certain it is he gave *that* bell a drag,
Instead of Number Two,
Rode in—dismounted—left his nag,
And homeward hurried without more ado.

Some days elapsed, and no one came
To bring the bill, or payment claim:
He 'gan to hope 'twas overlook'd,
Forgotten quite, or never book'd—
An error which the honesty of Prim
Would ne'er have rectified, if left to him.
After six weeks, however, comes a pair
Of groom-like looking men,
Each with a bill, which Peter they submit to;
One for the six weeks' *hire* of a bay mare,
And one for six weeks' *keep* of ditto:
Together—twenty-two pounds ten!

The tale got wind.—What, Peter make a blunder!
There was no end of joke, and quiz, and wonder,
Which, with the loss of cash, so mortified
Prim, that he suffer'd an attack
Of bile, and bargain'd with a quack,
Who daily swore to cure him—till he died;
When, as no will was found,
His scraped, and saved, and hoarded store
Went to a man to whom, some months before,
He had refused to lend a pound.

THE LAST OF THE PIGTAILS.

"The body is the shell of the soul; apparel is the husk of that shell; the husk often tells you what the kernel is."

QUARLES.

No; never will I forgive thee, Frank Hartopp! Hadst thou been mine enemy, I might have obeyed the divine injunction, and pardoned thee; but as we are no where enjoined to forgive our friends, thou

shalt never have absolution for thine offence. Talk not to me of the last of the Romans; thou hadst a prouder distinction, for thou wert the last of the pigtails!—And to cut it off, at the solicitation of thy Dalilah of a daughter!—verily, Frank, thou must wear in thy head the instrument that Samson wielded:—it was an act of capillary suicide, a crinigerous *felo-de-se;* and were the locks of Berenice, which ascended from the Temple of Venus, to shoot from their constellation, or the golden hair by which Absalom was suspended in the forest of Ephraim, or the immortal ringlet ravished from Belinda, to offer themselves as a substitute for thy loss, they could neither restore thee to thy former honours, nor to thy pristine place in my esteem. Feeling with that author who could not bear to see an old post grubbed up to which he had been long familiarised, what must I endure at the excision of this appendage, which I had seen hanging from a head I loved for nearly half a century, until I had identified it with my friend as part and parcel of himself?

The blow, too, fell upon a wounded spirit; for I had scarcely recovered the extinction of the last of the cocked-hats, with which my old friend John Nutt, of happy civic memory, had walked away into the other world. What a treat was it to me, some of whose senses have already left me, and gone forward to the land of shadows to announce my speedy coming—what a treat was it to me, in my walks city-wards, to throw mine eyes over the profane round-hatted vulgar of Fleet-street or Cheapside, and encounter in the distance

the lofty triangular summit of my friend, like some precious argosy or "huge ammiral" sailing up out of the last century, every corner richly freighted with antique reminiscences, and as pregnant with triple associations as the trident of Pluto! What a collyrium to my feeble eyes to gaze upon his blue, collarless, basket-buttoned coat, ever fresh in texture though venerable in form, with its circular halo of powder behind, gradually shading off into that debateable land which was daily invaded by pulvillio and daily recovered by the brush! His long-flapped waistcoat was of the same material and hue; so were his breeches, (for I renounce the new-fangled squeamishness of expressing them by "small clothes;") his narrow stock allowed his worked frill to meander upon his bosom, or wanton in the wind, in sympathy with the ruffles on his sleeve; his powdered wig balanced itself with majestic curls, like fins, on either side; and behind—(dost thou hear, Frank Hartopp?) there depended a goodly *pigtail*. By heavens! I'll have a starling taught that word to ring it in thine ear!—John was characteristic in every thing, even in epicurism, of which he was the professed high-priest. Methinks I now behold the peevish expression and drop of the under-jaw, which would sometimes follow the first mouthful of venison, and hear the gentle oath with which he would excommunicate the gamekeepers, for shooting a buck and leaving it to die slowly while they went in pursuit of another. His, however, was not the anger of feeling, but of taste; inasmuch as the animal thus expiring in a feverish state, the flesh

(to use his own phrase) "ate tough and coddled, instead of being short and crisp in the mouth!" How important and reflective was his look, as his palate toyed with the first glass of Madeira, ere he pronounced that verdict against which there was no appeal; for to question his authority in a tavern would have been to deny Diana at Ephesus. It was said that he could distinguish by the flavour from what island a turtle had been imported, and in what forest a buck had been shot; but these, I apprehend, are fond exaggerations of his disciples. He is swept into the invisible world, but his form and figure are still present to my mind's eye: the warrants of the grim serjeant cannot be served upon those who reside within the verge of the imagination; Death himself cannot prevent our friends from living in our memory.

Time, alas! has not left me many with whom I can grapple in a more tangible form, and I am jealous of the smallest fragments of these relics. Three-fourths of my heart, like an old ivy-plant, are under ground, and I do but cling with a more stubborn and sinewy grasp to that which I can still embrace. The least change, even in the external appearance of my remaining friends, is as an uplifted finger, pointing to the great metamorphosis impending over them. Their outward figure is finally made up in my mind, and I cannot bear to have it altered; they are all remnants, and should consider themselves as having survived the fashions. I miss even an old button from their coats, as if I had lost one of my holdfasts. To me the very hairs of their head are numbered; and to cut off a

whole handful of my affections at once!——Frank! Frank! if *I* should pardon thee, how canst thou forgive thyself?

Whither am I now to turn these aged eyes, if I would seek any thing antique or picturesque in the surface of society? I see the earth thickly studded with black and blue reptiles called men; but as to distinguishing one from another, I might as well attempt to pick out a particular bee from his hive, or ant from its nest. The world is nothing now but a monotonous modification of broad-cloth—a homogeneous mass of bipeds;—and so far from encountering those pictorial varieties of costume which give such graphic animation to Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrims, we have lost even the wig and gold-headed cane of our Doctors; our cocked-hats have fallen into as much desuetude as the desecrated Tripod of the Pythoness, and the last of our pigtails has been decollated! When I look around me I seem to have survived myself, or to have walked by mistake into a wrong century. I hate such a congregation of duplicates as our streets present—such a mass of dittos—such an accumulation of *fac-similes*—such a civil regiment:—and as if the human monotony were not sufficient, we build our streets so like barracks or manufactories, so mathematically uniform, so much like prolonged honeycombs, that it has always puzzled me to explain how the tenants find their respective cells, even in the day-time. By night, I take it for granted that they rarely succeed. If I ever change my residence, it shall be to Regent-street, where there is at

least a chance of finding my own house; or where, if I am at a loss, I may at all events describe it as a nondescript, belonging to the order of Disorder.

The establishment of mail-coaches accelerated this social amalgamation, by conveying the fashions in four or five days from Bond-street to the Highlands and the Land's End, and enabling the extremities of the island to be whisked up to London by four blood-horses. Bell and Lancaster have completed the process: we can all read and talk alike, though I flatter myself some can still write a little better than their neighbours: the rural Echoes no longer babble in dialect, and our farmers neither wear cowskin waistcoats, nor rusticise like Hobbinol and Diggon Davy. Character, as to its broad delineations, is blotted out; individuality is extinct: nobody is himself, we are all every body, and we ought each of us to be designated as Mr. Community, or —— Public, Esq. I pity the dramatist who is compelled to see the broad foot of Improvement (as it is termed) trampling down his harvest, and crushing the very elements and materials of his art. We have no longer any genuine quizzes or odd fellows—society has shaken us together in its bag until all our original characters and impressions have been rubbed out, and we are left as smooth and polished as old shillings. Having no angles, we slip through the fingers of the play-wright: he might as well attempt to dramatize a bag of marbles. Can we wonder at the degraded state of the drama, the remaining interest of which is still feebly upheld by a gross violation of existing costume, and the retention

of those ancient modes, particularly in our farces, which by stamping the age, character, and profession of the wearer, adapted themselves so happily to dramatic representation.

Dress is a greater ingredient in the formation of character than is generally supposed, and we may be strictly called, in more senses than one, the creatures of habit. The Romans were aware of this when they gave their citizens the exclusive *jus togæ*, as a garment which might distinguish them in every quarter of the world, and stimulate them to uphold the national reputation. Our clergymen are restrained from any public indecorum by respect for their cloth: Quakers carry about with them a drab-coloured Mentor, which sticks closer to them than did Minerva to Telemachus; and the gentlemen of the long robe see in their garment a Janus-like kind of monitor, somewhat resembling the Agatho-demon of Socrates. As an artificial memory may be created by types and symbols, so we may peruse these woollen didactics until we acquire a morality of broad cloth, and derive a character from our wardrobe. Individuals may partake this sentiment without reference to their profession. Could the wearer of laced garments, when they were in vogue, be seen in any act or situation unworthy of a gentleman? No; he must act up to his clothes. But now all distinctions of rank are annihilated:—hair-powder, the last difference between masters and servants, has vanished; our heads are as much alike externally as they are within; we are become a characterless multitude. Elijah's mantle retained his

inspiration; but I should wish to know what gifts can be expected to reside in a *poodle upper-benjamin*, or whether artists can extract more from our modern uniforms than the dramatist. What sort of a figure should we cut in marble? or could any existing Hogarth throw a mass of modern hats into the corner of his picture, so that we might individualize every one, and appropriate it to its owner amid the group of living figures? The drab-coloured Quakers have never yet produced an artist; and the black and blue ones will probably be no better provided should the present modes continue.

But worse than this confusion of ranks is the levelling and jumbling of ages by this preposterous omniparity of appearance. It was but last week that a young acquaintance of mine overtaking, as he imagined, a fellow-collegian, and saluting him with a hearty slap on the back and the exclamation—"Ah! Harry, is it you?" found he had nearly knocked the breath out of his own grandfather! These pedestrian anachronisms, these walking impostors, these liars in broad-cloth, these habitual cheats, all ought to be sent to Bridewell; for if the reputation of juvenility be a good, is it not felonious to obtain it under false pretences? Every superannuated Adonis and "Dandy of sixty" should be shut up with all the grandmothers of the Loves in a House of mutual correction. What! is the tailor to be our modern alchymist, and take measure of us for a new youth? Is his magical goose to lay the golden egg which we may resolve into the true *aurum potabile* and *elixir vitæ*? Are his scissors

to dash the fatal shears from the hand of Atropos, and is he to pass the thread of life through his needle? Some of our juvenile septuagenaries, who strive to escape a second childhood by never going out of the first, seem besotted enough to imagine that they can stop the great wheel of Time by stuffing their wigs and cocked-hats between the spokes, and blunt the scythe of Death by wreathing it with bunches of touch-me-not, as the Tyrannicides, Harmodius and Aristogiton, twined roses around their swords. As well might they expect to arrest the progress of senility by stopping their watches, or ensure a perpetual spring by sticking artificial primroses in their button-holes. Let them "bid Taliocotius trim them the calves of twenty chairmen," and if he obey the summons, I will credit the possibility of their rejuveniscence; let them imitate Sinbad the Sailor, and shake the old man from their shoulders, and I will allow them to be covered with a youthful habit. Rather should they recollect the reproach of Fontenelle to a greybeard who had dyed the hair of his head black—"Sir, it is easy to see that you have worked more with your jaws than your brains." The old Frenchman who refused to take physic because he was in hopes death had forgotten him, and was afraid of putting him in mind, had better plea for his folly than these ancient simpletons, who hope to sneak by him in the disguise of boy's clothes. When any such are detected and carried off by the hawk-eyed King of shadows, I recommend their friends to insert their deaths in somewhat the following style: "Died in the full flower of his poodle

great-coat, aged eighty"—or, "Cut off in the prime of his Cossack trowsers, aged threescore and ten"—or, "Suddenly snatched from his friends in the first year of his Petersham hat, and sixty-seventh of his age"—Mr. such-a-one. And should I myself survive a certain friend, which I hardly wish now that he has disfigured himself so piteously, I will take care to perpetuate that which he has vainly endeavoured to cut off from my recollection, by inscribing on his tomb—"Here lies Frank Hartopp, *the last of the Pigtails.*"

PETER PINDARICS.

Piron and the Judge of the Police.

PIRON, a poet of the Gallic nation,
Who beat all waggish rivals hollow,
Was apt to draw his inspiration
Rather from Bacchus than Apollo.
His hostess was his deity,
His Hippocrene was *eau-de-vie,*
And though 'tis said
That poets live not till they die,
When living he was often dead,—
That is to say, dead drunk.—"While I,"
Quoth Piron, "am by all upbraided
With drunkenness, the vilest, worst,
Most base, detestable, degraded,
Of sins that ever man repented,
None of you blames this cursed thirst
With which I'm constantly tormented.

Worse than a cholic or a phthisic,
E'en now it gripes me so severely,
That I must fly to calm it, merely
Swallowing brandy as a physic."—

To cure this unrelenting fever
He pour'd such doses through his lips, he
Was shortly what the French call *ivre*,
Anglicè—tipsy;
And while the midnight bell was pealing
Its solemn tolling,
Our Bacchanal was homeward reeling,
Tumbling and rolling,
Until at last he made a stop,
Suffering his noddle, which he could not keep
Upright, upon the ground to drop,
And in two minutes was asleep
Fast as a top.—

Round came the guard, and seeing him extended
Across the gutter,
Incompetent to move or utter,
They thought at first his days were ended;
But finding that he was not dead,
Having lost nothing but his head,
They popp'd him on a horse's back,
Just like a sack,
And shot him on the guard-house floor,
To let him terminate his snore.

Next morning, when our tippling bard
Had got his senses,
They brought a coach into the yard,
And drove him off to answer his offences,
Before the judge of the police,
Who made a mighty fuss and clamour;
But, like some justices of peace,
Who know as much of law as grammar,
Was an egregious ninny-hammer.

"Well, fellow," cried the magistrate,
"What have you got to say for boosing,
Then lying in the streets and snoozing
All night in that indecent state?"
"Sir," quoth the culprit to the man of law,
"It was a frost last night in town,
And tired of tripping, sliding, and slipping,
Methought I might as well lie down,
And wait until there came a thaw."
"Pooh! nonsense! psha!
Imprisonment must be the lot
Of such a vagabond and sot.
But tell me, fellow, what's your name?"—
"Piron."—"The dramatist?"—"The same."
"Ah, well, well, well, Monsieur Piron;
Pray take your hat and quit the court,
For wags like you must have their sport;
But recollect, when you are gone,
You'll owe me one, and thus I show it:
I have a brother who's a poet,
And lives as you do by his wits."—
Quoth Piron, "that can never pass,
For I've a brother who's an ass,
So we are quits."

The Farmer and the Counsellor.

A Counsel in the Common Pleas,
Who was esteem'd a mighty wit,
Upon the strength of a chance hit
Amid a thousand flippancies,
And his occasional bad jokes
In bullying, bantering, browbeating,
Ridiculing and maltreating
Women or other timid folks,
In a late cause resolved to hoax

A clownish Yorkshire farmer—one
  Who, by his uncouth look and gait,
  Appear'd expressly meant by Fate
For being quizz'd and play'd upon:
So having tipp'd the wink to those
  In the back rows,
Who kept their laughter bottled down
  Until our wag should draw the cork,
He smiled jocosely on the clown,
  And went to work.
"Well, Farmer Numscull, how go calves at York?"
  "Why—not, Sir, as they do wi' you,
  But on four legs instead of two."
"Officer!" cried the legal elf,
Piqued at the laugh against himself,
"Do pray keep silence down below there.
Now look at me, clown, and attend,
Have I not seen you somewhere, friend?"—
"Yees—very like—I often go there."
"Our rustic's waggish—quite laconic,"
The counsel cried with grin sardonic;—
"I wish I'd known this prodigy—
This genius of the clods, when I
  On circuit was at York residing.—
Now, Farmer, do for once speak true,—
Mind, you're on oath, so tell me, you
Who doubtless think yourself so clever,
Are there as many fools as ever
  In the West Riding?"
"Why no, Sir, no; we've got our share,
But not so many as when *you* were there."

The Collegian and the Porter.

At Trin. Coll. Cam.—which means, in proper spelling,
Trinity College, Cambridge, there resided
One Harry Dashington—a youth excelling
In all the learning commonly provided
For those who choose that classic station
For finishing their education:—
That is—he understood computing
The odds at any race or match;
Was a dead hand at pigeon-shooting;
Could kick up rows—knock down the watch—
Play truant and the rake at random—
Drink—tie cravats—and drive a tandem.

Remonstrance, fine, and rustication,
So far from working reformation,
Seem'd but to make his lapses greater,
Till he was warn'd that next offence
Would have this certain consequence—
Expulsion from his Alma Mater.

One need not be a necromancer
To guess that, with so wild a wight,
The next offence occurr'd next night,
When our Incurable came rolling
Home as the midnight chimes were tolling,
And rang the College bell.—No answer.—

The second peal was vain—the third
Made the street echo its alarum;
When to his great delight he heard
The sordid Janitor, old Ben,
Rousing and growling in his den.—
"Who's there?—I s'pose young Harum-scarum."
"'Tis I, my worthy Ben—'tis Harry."
"Ay, so I thought—and there you'll tarry.

"'Tis past the hour—the gates are closed,
You know my orders—I shall lose
My place if I undo the door."—
"And I" (young Hopeful interposed)
"Shall be expell'd if you refuse,
So prythee"——Ben began to snore.—

"I 'm wet," cried Harry, "to the skin;
Hip! hallo! Ben!—don't be a ninny;
Beneath the gate I 've thrust a guinea,
So tumble out and let me in."

"Humph!" growl'd the greedy old curmudgeon,
Half overjoy'd and half in dudgeon,
"Now you may pass; but make no fuss,
On tiptoe walk, and hold your prate."—
"Look on the stones, old Cerberus,"
Cried Harry as he pass'd the gate,
"I 've dropp'd a shilling—take the light,
You 'll find it just outside—good night."

Behold the porter in his shirt,
Cursing the rain which never stopp'd,
Groping and raking in the dirt,
And all without success; but that
Is hardly to be wonder'd at,
Because no shilling had been dropp'd;
So he gave o'er the search at last,
Regain'd the door, and found it fast!—

With sundry oaths, and growls, and groans,
He rang once—twice—and thrice; and then,
Mingled with giggling heard the tones
Of Harry mimicking old Ben.

"Who 's there?—'Tis really a disgrace
To ring so loud—I 've lock'd the gate—
I know my duty—'Tis too late—
You wouldn't have me lose my place?"—

"Psha! Mr. Dashington: remember,
This is the middle of November,
I'm stripp'd;—'tis raining cats and dogs."
"Hush, hush!" quoth Hal; "I'm fast asleep;"
And then he snored as loud and deep
As a whole company of hogs:
"But, harkye, Ben, I 'll grant admittance
At the same rate I paid myself."
"Nay, master, leave me half the pittance,"
Replied the avaricious elf.

"No: all, or none—a full acquittance:
The terms, I know, are somewhat high;
But you have fix'd the price, not I—
I won't take less;—I can't afford it."
So, finding all his haggling vain,
Ben, with an oath and groan of pain,
Drew out the guinea, and restored it.

"Surely you 'll give me," growl'd th' outwitted
Porter, when again admitted,
"Something, now you've done your joking,
For all this trouble, time, and soaking."
"Oh, surely—surely," Harry said;
"Since, as you urge, I broke your rest,
And you're half drown'd, and quite undress'd,
I'll give you——leave to go to bed."

ROUSSEAU'S HERMITAGE.

———O qui me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi
Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ!

O WHAT picturesque, what romantic associations did I connect with this spot! A hermitage in the midst of woods, is abstractedly scenic and *piquant* to the fancy; but when I recollected the glowing and pastoral beauties with which this morbid enthusiast had invested it in his Confessions—when I called to mind that he had here composed some of his most touching effusions, and had attributed their fervour to the inspiration of these sylvan and sequestered haunts, my imagination was disposed to run riot in the luxuriance of its rural shadowings. I had determined, however, that the Hermitage itself was a kind of Swiss cottage, somewhat like those in the gardens of the little Trianon, the trellis-work of whose latticed windows was nearly hidden by clusters of roses, jessamin, and honeysuckle; while acacias, mountain-ash, laburnum, and other flowering trees, gracefully threw their varicoloured foliage over the roof, contrasting finely with the gigantic boughs and impenetrable shade of the forest in which the whole was embowered. Alas! this inauspicious day was but a tissue of disappointments. After toiling up the hill of Montmorency, I looked around me, and if its valley be in reality what it is generally stated to be,—one of the most picturesque and romantic spots in France,—I can only say, So much the worse for France. I agree with the

Parisian, who pronounced that the view from Richmond Hill would be no great matter, *if you took away the wood and water*, for here they are both wanting, and the prospect is precisely as he states—no great matter.—The town itself is small and shabby, and would be little known but from its vicinity to the Hermitage, and the influx of pilgrims to visit it, for whose accommodation a large and well-appointed establishment of donkeys is in perpetual readiness. Not choosing to avail ourselves of this conveyance, we walked along a winding road, which led to the point of attraction, and here we did encounter the prettiest and most pastoral scene imaginable. A sudden dip of the path left some high and broken ground on our left, thickly planted with the finest walnut-trees we had yet seen. The sound of music induced us to climb this ascent, and upon the summit, under the shade of outspreading boughs, was a group of peasant girls dancing quadrilles, all attired alike in their Sunday costume, (for it was the Sabbath-day,) consisting of crimson cotton gowns, black aprons, and elegantly-worked caps; while the band had converted a grassy bank into an orchestra, and the parents, seated on benches, or reclining upon the ground, encircled the whole assemblage. Nothing could be more melodramatic than the dresses, scenery, dancing, and *tout-ensemble* of this picturesque little company; and yet nothing could be more unaffected, simple, and modest, than the air of the performers. It seemed a spontaneous effusion of tranquil enjoyment; and was rendered doubly attractive to us, whatever it might be to

the parties concerned, by the absence of men, who in this country are in woeful discordance with all pastoral associations. Unwillingly quitting this primitive scene, we bent our steps to the Hermitage, which we found to be a common-place, square, vulgar house, in the court-yard of which stood a carriage, no very hermit-like appendage. Passing through some shabby rooms, we were ushered into the far-famed garden,—a small, formal, square enclosure, surrounded by walls, in one corner of which was a poor bust of Jean-Jacques, with some lines by his *quondam* patroness; in another was a bust of Gretry, the musician, who tenanted the house after Rousseau; and at the extremity was a miserable miniature attempt at rusticity, consisting of a cork-screw walk, a gutter with a large stone or two, meant to imitate a cascade and rock, and that indispensable article in all French gardening, a little basin with a *jet d'eau*. "O what a falling off was here!"—Disappointed and dejected, I left this paltry cabbage-garden, resolved to plunge for consolation into the woods of Montmorency; but these have long since gone to warm *ragouts* and *fricandeaus* for the epicures of Paris, and nothing now exists but some mathematical rows of poplars, and straggling plantations of young trees and underwood. Yet this dry chalky valley, glaring with white houses—this forest of twigs and young poplars—this cockney hermitage, worthy of Mile End or Homerton, the Parisians consider as the *beau idéal* of all that is wild, sylvan, and romantic; proudly adducing them as irrefragable proofs of the superiority of their own environs, whenever a Lon-

doner ventures to say a word in behalf of Richmond Hill.

Almost every eminence in the vicinity of Paris capable of affording a view has been seized by some monarch or mistress for the construction of a chateau; and if Voltaire and other leading writers of the French have fixed their Augustan æra of literature in the reign of Louis Quatorze, and decried all deviation from this standard of perfection as barbarous, it is not to be expected that succeeding builders of palaces should depart from the established system of gardening practised by Le Notre under that *Grand Monarque*, and so happily illustrated in the quincunxes, stars, terraces, parterres, clipped alleys, and verdant sculpture of Versailles. The ostentatious, formal, and artificial style of that age, has not only extended itself by means of the Academy to the literature of France, but has stamped itself upon the taste of the country, and left a legible impress upon the national character. Magnificence and extent in some degree redeemed the original;—its successors have only meanness and poverty superadded to the reproach of servile imitation, and this is the character of nearly all the gardens and grounds in the immediate vicinity of the capital. Circumstances have conspired to perpetuate the parsimony of nature. The practice of cutting down all the trees of a certain age for fuel is utterly destructive of any thing like scenery. Those hoary monarchs of the forest, which impart a character of grandeur to the glades they overshadow, and awaken correspondent emotions in the spectator by carrying his thoughts

into the past and future, are strangers to these purlieus; but there is no lack of slim, sickly shoots,—plantations of underwood, and forests of sticks disposed in rows, with rectilinear avenues. With the exception of the trees that line the roads, and those forming the Boulevards, I have not yet seen one of any apparent age; nor even among these have I encountered a single noble or majestic specimen.

There is nothing fantastical in supposing some general analogy to exist between the features of a country and the character of its inhabitants. Unconversant with the physical beauties of nature, the French know not how to appreciate her moral charms; and as they supply her niggardliness in the one instance by a *jet d'eau* and an evergreen maze, so they substitute for the other, frigid declamation, pedantic rules, and elaborate art. Who can wonder at La Harpe's declaration, that pastoral poetry is in more discredit among them than any other species of composition? or at the Abbé de Lille's regretting that the "false delicacy and unfortunate prejudices" of his countrymen should have proscribed the style suited to such writings? Who can be amazed that they are not only blind to that fervent, impassioned, and enthusiastic drama, which draws its inspiration from the deep founts of Nature, but that from the time of Voltaire they have ever flouted it with derision and contempt? Is it not consistent that they should exalt the classical, meaning by that term the productions of Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire, over the romantic, as exemplified in the works of such bunglers as Shakspeare?

Can we wonder, in fine, that they should utterly fail in gardening, and in all those works of art the perfection of which requires an intense feeling of nature or taste for simplicity; while they are the inventors of cocked-hats, hoops, and hair-powder; unrivalled in *bijouterie*, and all the littlenesses of art; peerless in dancing, as far as perfection consists in deviating from all natural attitudes, and paramount in cookery, which necessarily implies a similar departure from every thing primitive and simple?

Whatever be their other deficiencies, no one can accuse them of being wanting in grandiloquence.—Have they not, in the very heart of this classical metropolis, fountains of the Elephant, of the Naiad, of Bacchus, and of the Devil; Barriers of Battle, Mount Parnassus, and Hell; a Hospital of Scipio, a Pantheon, Odeon, Gymnasium, Olympic Circus, a Cosmographic Saloon, besides Turkish Gardens, Gardens of the Delta and Tivoli? Not only have they triumphal Arches and Columns, but a single Coffee-house of a thousand Columns, which is at the same time a low shabby room, with a fine lady in the bar, and a few pillars against the walls. May not the traveller who pays attention to their gaudy signs encounter in the single street of St. Honoré, the Guardian Angel, the Symbol of Peace, the Palm of Victory, the Triumph of Trajan, the Blush of Aurora, and the Pharos of Leander?—Even the Christian names of the rabble are pagan and poetical. The writer, being in want of a maid-servant, received applications from a Zoe, a Rosalie, an Adrienne, two Augustines, one Anastasie,

and one Adèle; the latter of whom, by way of summing up her qualifications, declared that she was of a disposition altogether sweet and amiable, knew how to touch the piano a little, and could sing songs for the amusement of children. The French of all ranks, and under all circumstances, are just as fond of grandiloquence and altisonant phrases as they were in the time of Sterne. Boileau's maxim, that "one would rather tolerate, generally speaking, a low or common thought, expressed in noble words, than a noble thought expressed in mean language," has not been lost upon them; for it was exactly adapted to the pride of a people who could more easily obtain the command of a thousand sounding words than of a single fine idea.

SATIRISTS OF WOMEN.

CHANCES OF FEMALE HAPPINESS.

"But what so pure which envious tongues will spare?
Some wicked wits have libell'd all the fair." POPE.

"On me when dunces are satiric,
I take it for a panegyric." SWIFT.

ANACREON being asked why he addressed all his hymns to women and none to the gods, answered,—"Because women are my deities;" and the ladies were, no doubt, mightily indebted to him and similar

voluptuaries, who set them up in their houses, as certain barbarous nations did their Lares and Lemures, for playthings and ornaments, to be deified when their owners were in good luck and good humour, and vilipended and trodden under foot in every access of passion or reverse of fortune. Little flattering as is such praise, it is still observable that the ancient writers seldom abused the sex "in good set terms," or carried their vituperation beyond the excusable limits of raillery and a joke. Socrates vented only witticisms against Xantippe: Xenarchus, the comic poet, in noticing that none but the male grasshoppers sing, exclaims, "How happy are they in having dumb wives!" and Eubulus, another old Grecian jester, after mentioning the atrocities of Medea, Clytemnestra, and Phædra, says it is but fair that he should proceed to enumerate the virtuous heroines, when he suddenly stops short, wickedly pretending that he cannot recollect a single one. Among the Romans we know that Juvenal dedicated his sixth Satire to the abuse of the fair sex, but his worst charge only accuses them of being as bad as the men; and if we are to infer that the licentiousness of his own life was at all equal to the grossness of his language, we may safely presume that his female acquaintance were not among the most favourable specimens of the race. The unnatural state of Monachism has been the bitter fountain whence has flowed most of the still more unnatural abuse of women; the dark ages have supplied all the great luminaries of Misogyny, who have ransacked their imaginations to supply reasons for per-

verted religion, and excuses for violated humanity. Valerius's Letters to Rufinus, the Golden Book of Theophrastus, and St. Jerome's Exhortations to Celibacy, have furnished all authors, from the Romance of the Rose downwards, with materials for this unmanly warfare—so narrow is the basis on which are grounded all the sorry jests, shallow arguments, and pitiful scandals of ribalds and lampooners; and so easy is it to obtain a reputation for that species of wit which, as Johnson says of Scriptural parody, "a good man detests for its immorality, and a clever one despises for its facility."

Chaucer's Wife of Bath, Merchant's Tale, &c. all borrowed from the above-mentioned sources, were little more than good-humoured, though gross caricatures; Boileau, whose tenth Satire is a more bitter denunciation, should have recollected, that he was naturally as well as professionally compelled to celibacy, and might have consulted his friend Fontenelle upon the fable of the Fox and the Grapes: it was perhaps to be expected that the melancholy Dr. Young, who undervalued human nature and happiness, should have levelled his shafts against the masterpiece of one and the dispenser of the other—Woman!—but what shall we say of the contemporary satirists, Pope and Swift, each of whom, after trifling with and inveigling the affections of two accomplished ladies, who sacrificed every thing to the promotion of their happiness, slunk back from marriage, or, if married, were not only mean and cowardly enough to conceal it, but ungrateful enough to publish heartless

libels against the whole sex? Let this be always recollected when any one ventures the hackneyed quotations from Pope, "Every woman is at heart a rake" —"Most women have no characters at all"—"The love of pleasure and the love of sway:" with other citations equally just and novel. As to Swift, he can luckily be seldom quoted in decent company; yet even he could confess that the grossness and degeneracy of conversation observable in his time were mainly attributed to the exclusion of women from society. Conscious that this self-spotting calumny is somewhat like spitting against the wind, modern writers have generally had the good sense to avoid putting themselves in the way of its recoil; and if a late noble author delighted to vent his spleen against the sex in general, and his wife in particular, he might plead in his defence that which I believe might be adduced by all similar libellers—

> "Forgiveness to the injured doth belong;
> They never pardon who commit the wrong."

Nor be it forgotten that such men may be only exemplifying the fable of the Painter and the Lion, for it is easier to traduce fifty women than practise one virtue.

> ——— "Women want the ways
> To praise their deeds, but men want deeds to praise."

I do not merely admire women as the most beautiful objects of creation, or love them as the sole sources of happiness, but I reverence them as the redeeming glories of humanity, the sanctuaries of the

virtues, the pledges and antepast of those perfect qualities of the head and heart, combined with attractive external charms, which, by their union, almost exalt the human into the angelic character. Taxation and luxury, and struggles for existence, have made us such a cold, selfish, plodding nation, that we should be base indeed, were it not for the disinterestedness and enthusiasm of our females, whose romance is necessary to qualify the painful reality of our existence. And yet, from the first moment when I began to reflect, I have always thanked God that I was not born a woman, deeming them the bestowers rather than enjoyers of happiness—the flower-crowned victims offered up to the human lord of the Creation.

Passing over the early period of her life, which, however, is one of perpetual restraint and unvaried subjection to the most self-denying forms and observances, we will suppose a female to have attained a fitting age for that great and paramount end of her being—marriage. Men have a thousand objects in life—the professions, glory, ambition, the arts, authorship, advancement, and money-getting, in all their ramifications, each sufficient to absorb their minds and supply substitutes in case of primary failure; but if a woman succeed not in the one sole hope of her hazardous career, she is utterly lost to all the purposes of exertion or happiness; the past has been all thrown away, and the future presents little but cheerless desolation. Love is only a luxury to men, but it may be termed a necessary to women, both by the constitution of society and the decrees of nature; for she has

endowed them with superior susceptibility and overflowing affections, which, if they be not provided with an object, perpetually corrode and gnaw the heart. And what are her feelings and chances in this fearful lottery?—A constant sense of degradation, in being compelled to make her whole life a game, a manœuvre, a speculation; while she is haunted with the fear of ultimate failure. And how alarmingly must the number of these involuntary nuns increase with the yearly augmenting distress of taxed, and luxurious, and expensive England, where the moral restraint of Malthus, while it inflicts no privations upon the man, condemns the female to an utter blighting of the soul, aggravated, perhaps, by dependency or want. Blistered be the tongue that can ridicule, and paralysed the hand that can libel, those victims of an artificial and unnatural system who have been unfeelingly taunted as Old Maids! Well could I excuse them, if, in the bitterness of sickened hope and the idleness of unjoyous solitude, they *were* even prone to exercise a vigilant censorship over the peccadilloes of their more fortunate rivals; but I repel the charge, and can safely affirm that some of the most amiable, kind-hearted, liberal women I have ever known, were in this calumniated class.

One chance of "single blessedness" is still reserved for these Celibates. Their affections, unclaimed upon earth, sometimes seek a recipient in the skies; responding to the manifestations of divine love which they see on every side of them, they draw down religious lightning direct from Heaven, while men seek

conductors, which only guide it towards the earth.—The devotion of the former, as it is founded upon feeling, may be uninquiring, and have a tendency to enthusiasm, but it will be cheerful and happy, because emanating from the heart; the latter approach this subject with their heads—a process which not unfrequently makes them sceptics, or bigots, or hypocrites.

But let us suppose the happier case of a young woman, who, from her beauty or fortune, is sure to receive offers—that is to say, who will attract fools or sharpers, and be taken as a necessary appendage of her face or her purse. Even here, how little selection is allowed to her:—she may reject one, perhaps two; but if the third be merely free from positive objections, prudence urges his acceptance, relations second prudence, and she marries a man because he affords her no good excuse for hating him. The Circassians of Europe have little more choice than their namesakes of Asia. "The happy pair" begin by committing a great mistake—they withdraw themselves from the world to spend the honeymoon together: familiarity produces its usual effects; they see too much of one another at first, and the results are exhaustion and *ennui*. She who marries an Idler, who will hang upon her society till she is wearied, and then seek recreation elsewhere, has not so many chances of happiness as the woman whose husband is compelled to tear himself from her company for his duties, and gladly returns to it for his enjoyments.

A man's love generally diminishes after marriage, while a woman's increases; both of which results

might have been anticipated; for that appetite, either of person or purse, which the Bridegroom too often dignifies with the name of love, disappears with enjoyment; while the Bride, whose affections were perhaps little interested at first, finds them imperceptibly kindled by a sense of duty, by the consciousness of her dependence, and the gratifications and novelty which her total change of life invariably presents at the outset. Awakening from this trance, she has leisure to discover that she has made over to her lord and master, strictly and truly so designated, not only all her present possessions, but all her future expectations—all that she may even earn by her talents:—she has not become his servant, for servants, if ill used, may depart, and try to *better* themselves elsewhere; but his serf, his slave, his white negro, whom, according to Judge Buller, (himself a married man,) he may correct with a stick of the same thickness as his thumb, whatever may be its dimensions. We hear of rosy fetters, the silken chains of love, the soft yoke of Hymen—but who is to bear the soul-grinding bondage of dislike, contempt, hatred? How is a woman to avoid these feelings if she be maltreated and insulted; and how is she to redress her wrongs? The laws, made by the men, and therefore flagrantly in their own favour, provide no remedy: if she use her sole weapon, the tongue, she is proclaimed a scold, a shrew, and reminded of the ducking-stool; if she make his own house uncomfortable to her husband, every body's else is open to him; he may violate his marriage-vow, and is still a marvellous proper gentleman; he may

associate with profligates, and his friends exclaim—"Poor man! he has been driven to this by a bad wife! If the deserted and injured woman meantime seek relief from her sorrows in the most innocent recreation, Spite, with its Argus eyes, keeps watch upon her door, and Calumny dogs her footsteps, hissing at her with its thousand tongues, and spitting out lies and poison from every one. Let no man choose me for umpire in a conjugal dispute. I need not ask who is the delinquent—my heart has decided against him by anticipation.

Such, I shall be told, is the result of uncongenial unions; but it is a mistake to suppose that men seek congeniality in their wives. In friends, who are to share their sports and pursuits; to accompany them in shooting, hunting, fishing; to talk politics or religion over a bottle; they naturally select similarity of tastes: but women are to do nothing of all this; they are chosen for their domestic duties, and as these are perfectly distinct from the man's, he looks out for contrast rather than uniformity. Hence the male horror of Bluestockings, the sneer with which every blockhead exclaims—"Our wives read Milton and our daughters plays!" the alacrity with which he assumes that such *learned ladies* must necessarily "make sloppy tea, and wear their shoes down at heel;" and the convincing self-applause with which he quotes the trite epigram—

> "Though Artemisia talks by fits
> Of councils, fathers, classics, wits,
> Reads Malbranche, Boyle, and Locke," &c.

Let us imagine, not a patient stock-fish, like Griselda, but an accomplished woman, "paired, not matched," with "a sullen silent sot, one who is ever musing but never thinks," an animal who, like London small-beer, gets sour if not soon drunk;—or united to a drone and a dunce, who lounges all day long before the fire, spitting into it like a great roasting apple;—or submitted to the caprices of a man who keeps his good temper for company and his bad for his wife; abroad as smiling and promising as a Siberian crab, while at home his heart's core is as sour;—or tormented with a profligate, who ——— But I must have done, although I have not half finished, for I might stretch the line to the crack of doom. When I consider all the hardships and trials to which the fair sex are subject by those unjust institutions of society which exact the greatest strength from the weakest vessel, and reflect, moreover, that Nature has unkindly imposed upon it all the pains and penalties of continuing the race, I can only repeat once more, that I thank Heaven for not having made me a woman.

ADVERTISEMENT FOR A DEDICATEE.

"Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present time; and I feel now
The future in the instant." *Macbeth.*

"I will contrive some way to make it known to futurity that had your Lordship for my patron." SWIFT.

I HAVE just completed an Epic Poem, in twenty-four cantos, constructed as Apelles painted his Venus, by combining all the most distinguishing beauties of my contemporaries, prosaic and poetical, in one elaborate and immortal work. It is in the octo-syllabic irregular metre: my hero is a sort of civilized savage, uniting all the bursts of passion and ferocious valour of a barbarian with the refined love and unalterable constancy of a *preux chevalier;* and after many melting, fierce, and tragical adventures with the heroine, who has a bluish bloom upon her glossy black hair, voluptuous lips, and eyes like the Gazelle, they both finally disappear in a mysterious and unexplained manner; making themselves air, like the witches in Macbeth or the spectral figures of a phantasmagoria. Then I have a supernatural nondescript, in the shape of a crazy beldame, who, however, occasionally assumes the semblance of a deformed imp, or dwarf, seemingly a cross breed between the Pythoness and the Gipsy, or Caliban and a witch, who reads and prophesies in the fustian style of Bobadil or Pistol, and though he, she, or it, have not wit enough to

escape from hunger and rags, is yet gifted with real prescience, made the pivot of the whole plot, all the complications of which are forced to wind and evolve in subserviency to the delirious rhapsodies of this inspired hag, or urchin. The propriety of such a character, in a work professing to be a picture of real life, and founded upon authentic history, as mine is, will not, I think, be questioned by the most hypercritical reader. Moreover, I have a metaphysical muffin-man, who indulges in high and holy musings, philosophises the face of nature, disserts upon the mysteries of creation, delights in the most exalted and profound abstractions, and occasionally rings his bell and cries "Muffins!" with as simple, natural, and penny-beseeching a look, tempered, however, with dignity, as was ever assumed by Belisarius himself. I have also a ————; but softly, let me not divulge too much; for in these times of literary competition, a rival author may first steal a hint, and by that means pick my pocket of my whole story, as has already been effected in numerous instances. One may submit to be pillaged by the dead, and in this way it is astonishing what a number of good things I myself have had stolen from me by Shakspeare and others; but this plagiarism by anticipation on the part of the living—this ante-natal robbery, sometimes extending to our very names and attributes, as in the instance of the unfortunate Peter Bell,—loudly calls for legislative interference, or we may all of us have our literary bantlings cut off before they are born, or see them ushered into the world as forgeries.

of themselves — copied originals—counterfeits of their own identity.

No more glimpses, therefore, no more furtive peeps, will I afford into the *penetralia* of my poetic temple. Suffice it to proclaim that I may cry, with Archimedes, "*Eureka!* I have found it,"—not the problem he was solving, but the road to immortality; and that the "*jamque opus exegi*," and the "*exegi monumentum*," and the "one half of round eternity" with which the Classics flattered themselves at the termination of their labours, appear flat and insipid, as having received their accomplishment, when compared with my correspondent auguries which have yet to enjoy the gratification of their fulfilment. I have regularly booked myself as an inside passenger to future ages; but I hate travelling alone: there is room for one more; and as it is customary to advertise for partners in a trip to Paris, Switzerland, or Naples, so I take this public method of announcing that I can accommodate any nobleman or gentleman who is willing to become my Dedicatee, with a conveyance to posterity; and should he be married, I will endeavour to oblige his wife (upon a suitable remuneration) with a seat in the dickey. It may be satisfactory to both parties, before I expound the fare for which I stipulate, that I should say a word or two on the nature of the journey which we are about to undertake, and the advantages which I have to offer to my companion.

First and foremost, I beseech the parties to whom I address myself, to recall the assertion of Horace, that many heroes who lived before Agamemnon died un-

celebrated, and have become utterly forgotten for want of a poet to record their achievements. To judge what they have lost, let us contemplate what has been gained by their more fortunate successors who have become immortalized in Homer's Iliad. That poem was written about twenty-eight centuries ago, within which period the Roman Empire was begun, and has utterly passed away! Conceive, for a moment, the innumerable generations of Greeks, Romans, and barbarians, that have disappeared in that time, and "left not a wreck behind;"—the mighty kingdoms that have successively obtained dominion over the earth, and passed away like shadows;—the stupendous temples of marble and granite which have been built and gradually crumbled into dust, while the perishable paper and parchment, rendered buoyant and indestructible by the genius of Homer, has floated down the stream of time unaltered and uninjured. The art of printing has now placed his work beyond the reach of accident, and we may safely predict that it is only in the first infancy of its fame; that when the foot of Time shall have crushed the pyramids into sand, and the wild Arab shall gallop his camel over their site, the poem of Homer will be as popular as it is now; and that it will not finally perish until "the great globe itself and all which it inherit shall dissolve."

Well, my worthy readers, noble or gentle, is it nothing to be one of the company in this insubmergible passage-boat, pleasantly sailing down the stream of time till you are proudly launched upon

the ocean of eternity? Such is the nature of the little jaunt I propose to you, if you accept a place in my epic ark; but I will candidly avow that there is a peculiarity in its structure which may materially affect its durability. Alas! the fame of a modern poem is like the statue set up by Nebuchadnezzar—its feet are of clay. To write in a living language is like tracing figures upon the seashore: the tide of ages renders it soon indistinct, and at last illegible. Only four centuries have elapsed since the death of Chaucer, and he is already obsolete: it is probable that the future changes of our language will not be so rapid, for Shakspeare did much to fix it, and we shall not willingly run away from a standard which he has rendered so delightful; but still it is mortifying to use such mouldering materials, and build upon a quicksand. A living language is as a painting—perpetually changing colour and soon perishing; a dead one is as a marble statue—always the same. What has occasioned the Greek and Roman tongues to be preserved, but the beauties of their authors? and why should not the English of the nineteenth century live as a dead language, after it is dead as a living one, for the sole purpose of handing down my immortal epic? I see nothing improbable in the supposition.

But even a temporary preservation from oblivion is no trifling boon; and it is an instructive proof of the innate superiority of low-born pennyless talent over birth, rank, riches, power, and honour, however grand

and distinguished in their fleeting generation, to reflect what nameless nothings some of their once proud possessors would have now become, but that they threw their crumbs from their table to some poor devil of an author; and by having their names foisted into a Dedication, were preserved from oblivion, as straws and gilded flies are enshrined in amber, and beetles and crawling things occasionally eternised in petrifactions. Such is the difference between the aristocracy of nature and of courts;—the nobility of genius, and that of stars and ribands. This becomes ludicrously striking, when the author, who holds no patent of nobility but that which God has signed, addresses his patron, some titled amateur scribbler, and requests the sanction of his celebrity that he may descend to posterity with his lordship or his grace, who in the course of a few years is only unearthed from his illustrious obscurity by the digging of commentators.

Take for instance, the following passage from Dryden's Dedication of the Rival Ladies, to the Right Honourable the Earl of Orrery:—"I have little reason to desire you for my judge, for who could so severely judge of faults as he who has given testimony he commits none? Your excellent poems have afforded that knowledge of it to the world, that your enemies are ready to upbraid you with it, as a crime for a man of business to write so well. * * * * * * There is no chance which you have not foreseen; all your heroes are more than your subjects—they are your creatures; and though they seem to move freely in all the sallies of their passions, yet you make destinies for them

which they cannot shun. They are moved (if I may dare to say so) like the rational creatures of the almighty poet, who walk at liberty in their own opinion because their fetters are invisible. * * * I have dwelt, my Lord, thus long upon your writings, not because you deserve no greater and more noble commendations, but because I am not equally able to express them in other subjects," &c. &c. Who knows any thing now-a-days of his lordship's plays and poems, except from this passage?—Let us make another citation from the same author's Dedication of "An Evening's Love," to "His Grace William Duke of Newcastle, one of his Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council, and of the most noble Order of the Garter," &c. &c.—"Methinks I behold in you another Caius Marius, who in the extremity of his age exercised himself almost every morning in the Campus Martius, amongst the youthful nobility of Rome. And afterwards in your retirement, when you do honour to poetry by employing part of your leisure in it, I regard you as another Silius Italicus, who, having past over his consulship with applause, dismissed himself from business and the gown, and employed his age amongst the shades in the reading and imitation of Virgil." His Grace's plays, like himself, have passed away, leaving nothing but their titles behind them; and his literary celebrity is destined to be solely upheld by his splendid folio on Horsemanship, still occasionally encountered in collections of scarce rubbish, where, after the noble author has been engraved in every possible attitude and dress, he is at length represented mounted on Pegasus, as a poet.

should be, and in the act of ascending from a circle of houyhnhnms, kneeling around him in the act of adoration.

But for Pope's exquisite mock-heroic, what should we have known of Lord Petre, the lock-severing peer; or of Mrs. Arabella Fermor, from whom the fatal ringlet was excised; or of Sir George Brown, the Sir Plume of the Poem, who, in Bowles's splenetic edition, smirks at us in an engraving in all the self-satisfaction of a black wig, embroidered sleeve, and silken sash? After strutting their little hour upon the stage of life, they would long since have sunk into their original dust, and the passing of a single century would have overwhelmed them in impenetrable oblivion.

Patrician and wealthy readers! I implore you to bear in mind that Cheops and Cephrenes, who entrusted their preservation to the Pyramids, have been filched from their sarcophagi, and nobody knows by whom. I invite you to contemplate that affecting rebuke of ancestral pride, the burial-place of Thebes, whence the mummies of the whole aristocracy are dug up as fuel, cut into hundred and half hundred weights, and sold to the Arabs for the purpose of heating their ovens. Now, if they had committed the preservation of their name and exploits to some competent poet, they might have abandoned their earthly tegument to its kindred element;—they could not altogether have perished. Had they been embalmed in verse, they need not have been solicitous about pickling their bodies. I counsel you seriously to perpend what Epicurus wrote to Idomeneus: "All the glory and gran-

deur of Persia, even should you succeed in all your undertakings, will never equal the honour conferred on you by my letters;"—and that Seneca, writing to Lucullus, says; "I have credit with posterity, and can confer immortality upon you:" both of which assertions have been abundantly verified. But it is useless to multiply examples, or accumulate exhortations. Mine, I repeat, is the sole perpetuity. I have a seat to sell, not in a certain House, but in an imperishable vehicle just about to start for posterity. I have a portion of immortality to dispose of; and that it may be fairly knocked down to the highest bidder, I request that all offers and tenders may be sent to the publishers, postage paid, it being always understood that the fortunate purchaser of my Dedication must undertake to get my work noticed in the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, or I will not answer for the sale of my first edition.

THE MISERIES OF REALITY.

"Expectation whirls me round;
Th' imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense." SHAKSPEARE.

I WISH I had been born in that bloom and spring of the young world which modern phlegmatists presume to denominate the fabulous ages. To have died then would have been better than to live now; for me-

thinks I might have left a name alone whose shadowy existence should have been sweeter than my present dull and lustreless vitality. When the beautiful Helle fell from the golden-fleeced ram into the sea, since called the Hellespont, I might, perchance, (for I am as stout a swimmer as Leander,) have supported her fainting loveliness to the Propontic shore;—might I not have arrested the flight of Cupid when the fatal curiosity of the trembling Psyche shook the oil from her suspended lamp and broke his slumbers; or have assisted Arethusa in the rescue of Proserpine, when "swarthy Dis" tore her from the flowers she was gathering "in Enna's field, beside Pergusa's lake," and so have left my name to be entwined with those rose-like nymphs in the unfading wreaths of poesy?—Of one thing I am confident; I should have joined the expedition of the Argonauts. My feet would have instinctively hurried me to the sea-shore,

"When Hercules advanced with Hylas in his hand,
Where Castor and Pollux stood ready on the strand,
And Orpheus with his harp, and Jason with his sword,
Gave the signal to the heroes, when they jump'd on board;"

for even now I have taken the same leap with my imagination. I feel myself shaking hands with the warriors and demigods, the sons of Jupiter, Neptune, Bacchus, and the winds, who formed the glorious crew; I taste the banquet and hear the music in the Cave of Chiron; I see the enamoured Naiads stretching up their white arms to pull the blooming Hylas into their fountain as he stoops to fill his vase; and I feel myself a partaker in the adventures with the

Harpies and Sirens, and all the magic and Mystery of Medea and the Golden Fleece. What a delicious perpetuity of stimulus and excitement, when the unexplored world was not only a continual novelty, offering fresh nations and wilder wonders with every new coast that was navigated, or country that was explored, but supernatural prodigies, "Gorgons, and Hydras, and chimeras dire," established themselves in every lone mountain and sequestered cave; and the woods, waves, and fields were peopled with satyrs, fauns, and nymphs; while innumerable deities, hovering in the elements, occasionally presented themselves to human vision! In those imaginative days the faculties of man kept bounding from one enchantment to another. All nature was ready-made poetry, and life itself the very quintessence of vitality.

Oh, the contrast of the present!—We have passed through all the stages of civilization, and arrived at the antipodes of the fabulous: the world is in its old age; the fountain of its young fancies is as dry and dusty as a turnpike-road. We have fallen upon evil days, ay, and upon evil tongues too, for there is a suicidal rage for destroying the imaginations of our own youth, and degrading into bald, hateful allegory, all the poetic visions and romantic illusions of the world's infancy. It is a dull, plodding, scientific, money-getting, measuring, calculating, incredulous, cold, phlegmatic, physical age—a tangible world, limited to the proof of sense—a horrible æra of fact. We have dragged up Truth from the bottom of a well, and looking through her muddy spectacles, refuse to

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

see any thing beyond our nose. If it appear too startling to aver that ignorance is bliss, I can maintain, from my own experience, that it is sometimes a misery to grow wise. With what awful wonder, not untempered by delight, have I, when a boy, contemplated a Will-o'-the-wisp, or Jack-o'-lanthorn, especially if he performed his luminous minuet in the vicinity of a churchyard; and how intensely was I interested in Dr. Shaw's account of the mysterious *ignis fatuis* which attended his whole company for above an hour in the valleys of Mount Ephraim, in the Holy Land; not to mention the numerous ballads and stories illuminated by the presence of this ominous flame!—Alas! it never appears to me now; and if it did, I should only recollect that one nasty philosopher has assured me it is generated by putrescence; another maintains it to be gaseous; and I have the satisfaction of reflecting that, under a new modification, I may every night see those fine old mysterious personages, Jack and Will, imprisoned in a lamp, and shedding their innocuous light upon the gutters of Thames-street and Pudding-lane. Their near relation, the fire-damp, the destructive agency of which, in mines, has rivetted my attention to many a tale of terror, has, by another lamp, been rendered so passive and uninflammable, that he now takes fire at nothing, and affords no materials for sympathy or fear.

Thunder and lightning have lost many of their sublime associations, since I have learnt the theory of their production. Every theatre contains a Salmoneus —the electric fluid has been brought down from

Heaven by a Prometheus in the shape of a kite, and we have even converted it into a plaything, bidding it stream from our knuckles at the working of a glass machine. Not content with familiarizing and degrading every thing that was grandly real, we have utterly annihilated all that was strikingly illusory. As to the man in the moon, whose features I could once distinctly recognize, I take it for granted that he has long since been had up, or rather down, to Bow-street, and committed as a vagrant. The Patagonian giants of Magellan, and the nine-feet high Tartarians of Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, have no more real existence than the Brobdignagians of Swift; and as to the "Anthropophagi, and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders," our cursed good sense compels us to laugh at them as ridiculous and unwarrantable fictions. Let no author calculate on being able to invent any thing permanently supernatural and appalling; all his impossibilities will be realized, his mysteries familiarized. Does the reader recollect the Spectre Boat in Coleridge's Ancient Mariners, or the Storm Ship in Washington Irvine's story of Dolph-Heyliger, which, to the consternation of nautical eyes, was seen ploughing up the waves at the rate of ten knots an hour in a dead calm, or sailing with great velocity right against the wind and tide, manifestly impelled in this preternatural manner by spectral or diabolic influence? These watery apparitions have lost their terrors: the boiling of a kettle has dissolved the mystery; an impalpable vapour performs all these prodigies at once, and we go to Richmond and back in

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

the steam-boat, against wind and tide, by the aid of no other demons than a copper of water and half a chaldron of coals. Ghosts of all sorts have been compelled to give up the ghost, and the Red Sea must possess incredible shoals of exorcised apparitions. The unicorn is defunct as an imaginary animal; it has been recently discovered in the interior of Asia, and now only lives in stupid reality. A stuffed mermaid has been exhibited in Piccadilly. Sphinxes, griffins, hypogriffs, wiverns, and all the motley combinations of heraldry, will probably be soon visible at sixpence a-head; while the thought-bewildering family of witches, wizards, and conjurers, spite of the demonology of King James and the authority of the sorceress of Endor, have been all burnt out and obliged to move over the way—into the verge of history. Our judges no longer, like Sir Matthew Hale, fall upon their knees after condemning an old woman to be burnt for witchcraft, and thank God that they have not departed from the approved wisdom and venerable institutions of our ancestors; but content themselves with applying the same phraseology to other abuses equally inhuman, and alike destined to correction in the progress of light and reason. Oberon and Titania, and Puck and Robin Goodfellow, and all the train of "urchins, ouphies, fairies green and white," who were wont, with tiny feet, to imprint the mystic ring upon our meadows, and drop the magic tester in cleanly chambers, whither are ye fled? Ye are gone, with the "giants of mighty bone and bold emprise," to people the belief of less sensual nations, leaving us to

grope our lonely way through this ignorant present, these dark ages of the mind, this night of fancy, this tomb of the imagination.

I myself, simpleton that I am, have been instrumental in defrauding my mind of some of its most hallowed and romantic impressions, by joining the rabble rout whom the peace vomited forth to penetrate into all the sanctuaries of the Continent. What vague and reverential notions had I of the interior of a Catholic church!—how deeply interesting to read, at the commencement of a romance, that "the evening bell was just tolling for vespers, when the beautiful Donna Clara, attended by her Duenna, entered the great church of St. Ildephonso, at Madrid!"—and what a rich association of gorgeous shrines, lovely nuns, choral monks, mellow symphonies, floated up at the bidding of this simple exordium! I have stood in these churches. Heavens! what a revulsion!—It is like being admitted behind the scenes at a theatre. I have seen them used as a thoroughfare by porters and errand-boys, making a short cut from one door to another, first carefully dipping their dirty fingers in a puddle of holy water;—I have gazed upon shrines of tin and tinsel flaring in the sickly light of two farthing rushlights;—I have beheld nuns, old, ugly, and corpulent, with a bundle of keys, relics, and trumpery, at their girdle; and as to getting a glimpse of even one that was loveable—filthy hags! I wouldn't cross a five-barred gate to kiss a whole convent.

A vineyard, which my imagination had clothed with all sorts of scriptural and poetical embellishments,

appeared, upon actual inspection, little more romantic than a potatoe-field, and infinitely less picturesque than our Kentish hop-grounds.—This was a violent slap on the mental face, but my elastic hopes still suggested a consolation: France, said I, is a flat, unlovely country—the least interesting in Europe; but Clarens, the groves of Clarens, which fired the imagination of the sensitive author of "La Nouvelle Heloise," and inspired those eloquent outpourings of love which———. In short, I fed upon the expectation of these leafy landscapes, until I arrived in Switzerland, when, with a throbbing heart, I hurried to the scene of enchantment, and was horrified by a grisly apparition of stumps, the hallowed woods having been lately cut down by the monks of St. Bernard to supply fuel for boiling their miserable broths and pottages. Oh, the sacrilegious, soup-eating old curmudgeons! Still sanguine, I looked forward to Rome: the eternal city could not, at all events, disappoint me. On my arrival, I engaged an erudite Cicerone, who took me to one of the most celebrated remains of antiquity, consisting of a few mouldering walls scarcely elevated above the surface, which I found, according to the researches of the most learned investigators, was the unquestionable site either of a theatre, or a forum, or a palace, or public baths; but they had not yet settled which. Few of the other ruins were better defined or appropriated; and as to the locality of the ancient city, the topographers agreed in nothing but in ridiculing each other's decisions. Thus I went on, trampling down some beautiful illusion at every

step I took, shattering with my carriage-wheels all the fair forms which my imagination had set up by the road-side, and perpetually substituting the real for the ideal, to my own infinite loss in the exchange.

But I saved nothing by returning home; for the farther mischief which I had refrained from perpetrating myself, had been committed by others. The whole earth had been rummaged by restless tourists: my table was loaded with travels, and my pathway beset with panoramas desecrating every thing that was holy, familiarizing the romantic, and reducing the wild and visionary to a printed scale of yards, feet and inches. The new world is now as neighbourly as the New River, and the Terra Incognita is as well known as the Greenwich Road. Athens is removed to the Strand, the North Pole to Leicester Square: Memnon's head, with a granite wedge for a beard, is set up in Great Russell Street; the Parthenon is by its side; the tomb of Psammis has been open to all the passengers of Piccadilly, Alexander's sarcophagus may be seen every day except Sunday, Cleopatra's needle is on its way to Wapping, and all the wonders of the world are become as familiar to the cockneys of London as the Chelsea Bun-house or the Pump at Aldgate.

All my waking dreams are dissolved, and I might define myself as a two-legged matter-of-fact, but for the fortunate circumstance that the illusions of my sleep seem to become more vivid as those of the external world fade and die away. The nightmare has not yet been put in the pound, or carried to the green-yard. The

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

phantasms of the brain, conjured up by the wizard Moon and the sorceress Night, are beyond the jurisdiction of travellers, painters, or allegorists. No meddling Ithuriel starts from amid their shadows to withdraw the veil of fancy and show me the dowdy features of truth; thither, therefore, does my imagination delight to escape from this benumbing world of matter and reality; so gladly abandoning itself to the wild abstractions of dreams, that I pursue them long after I am awake, and when they melt into daylight, I can almost sit down, like Caliban, and cry to sleep again.

END OF VOL. I.

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